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VOLUME 17 NUMBER 7

NAKED HEAT

THEY'RE COMING IN SHORT PANTS!

CHARLOTTE
KATE
JUDIE
FRANCES
ALISON
BARBII
JULIE
DEE
LINDA

SCHOOL'S OUT FOR ANDREA!

SNAPPED!

SHARRON DAVIES
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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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CLUB

POUR HOMMES

PREFAB SPROUT: LA CREME DES CHOUX LA DRAGUE ESTIVALE EN MUSIQUE

SHELLEY, ROCKY & KEISHA DES CHAT

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GROOVY STABLEMATE

CONTENTS

CLUB INTERNATIONAL
Volume Seventeen Number Seven

Cover girl Wendy says she likes to shag hard. *That* explains why the Ed was in his office for two hours with her choosing the cover shot.

Publisher: Paul Raymond
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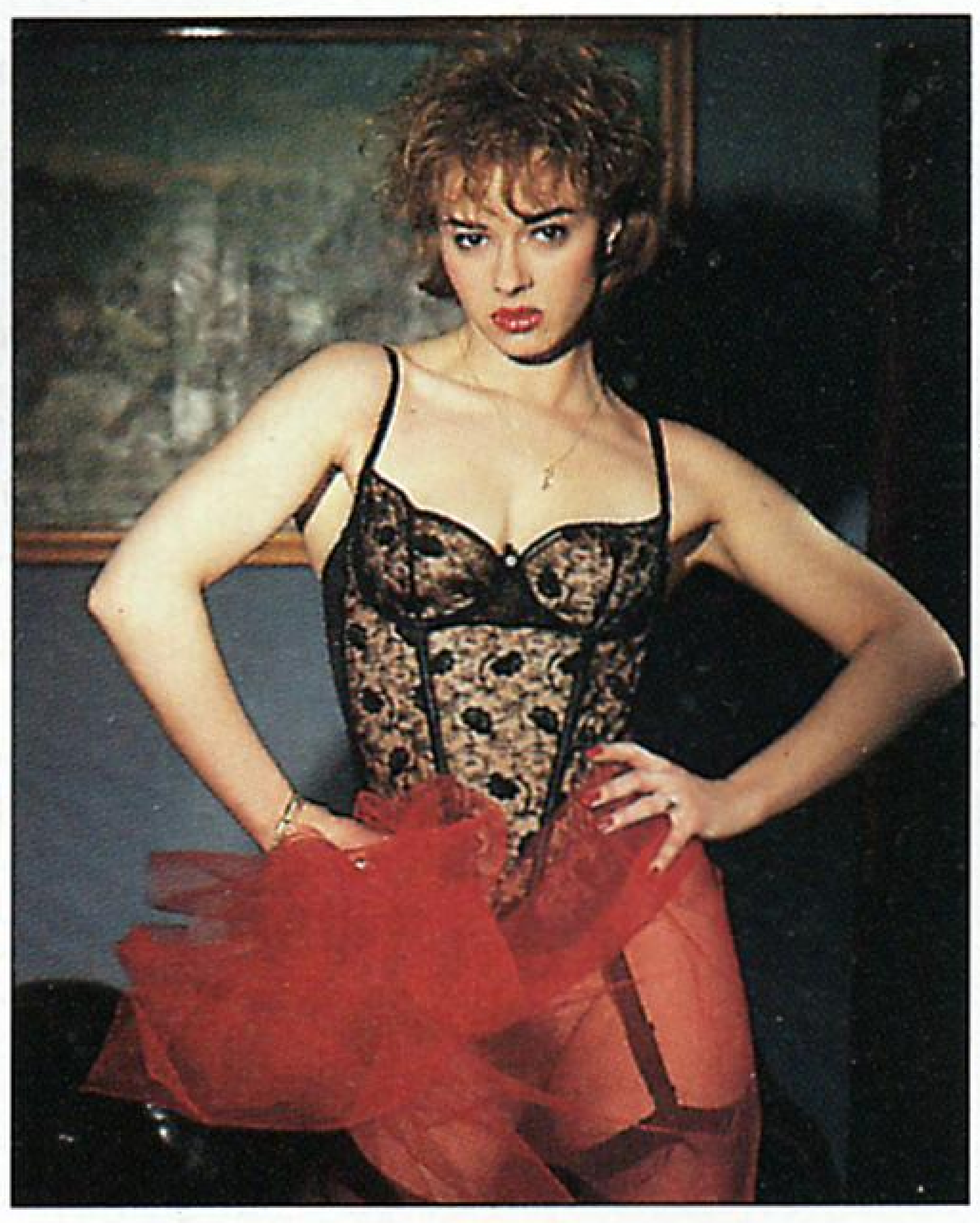
4 **TEASE!** to lead you astray

Frances soaks up the sun

5 **COME AGAIN** thumbs up for Dee
6 **IN THE BAG** where you get stuck in
8 **FRANCES** frankly, she's gorgeous
16 **BUM CHIC** very cheeky!
17 **TAPED!** on-screen comings and goings
19 **ALISON** she's got you under control



Alison's in control

26 **TWANG!** music to your ears
28 **GOBBLE!** oh no, it's Nathaniel Fatbastard!
29 **SNAPPED!** the stars get a seeing-to
30 **ASK ANDREA** behind the bike sheds

Getting a bum deal?

36 **CHARLOTTE** spotte-on
42 **MICHAEL DOUGLAS** in the Kirk of the poison grind

Andrea – top of the class for giving erections

45 **KATE** a shaggable Sloane

Barbii gets down to it

54 **JUDIE** all her clothes fall off!
58 **SHORE LEAVE** alien sex fiction
63 **TALKING BLUE** it's the way you tell 'em!

Upper-crust Kate

80 **BARBII** the porn screen's latest doll
94 **JULIE** the lady says "I will!"

Charlotte's a darlin'

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

If this is the first time you've bought the best men's magazine in the world, welcome – you've made the right choice. If you're a regular, skip this bit: you'll know it all already.

Now, some magazines claim they can cure all human ailments. Others think they can enable you to get the rust out of a G-reg Fiat. Still more say they'll stop that annoying habit you have of twisting paper clips into one long strippy bit and then breaking them.

Here at Club we make no such extravagant claims. We say only one thing about our magazine: *It'll give you a bloody great raging stonk-on*.

We can prove it. Last week we lined up a representative sample of lazy alcoholics from the art dept here, and asked them to remove their trousers. Then, when we felt better, we placed in front of them a life-sized cardboard cut-out of Rolf Harris, and a copy of Club International. We asked them to look from one to the other.

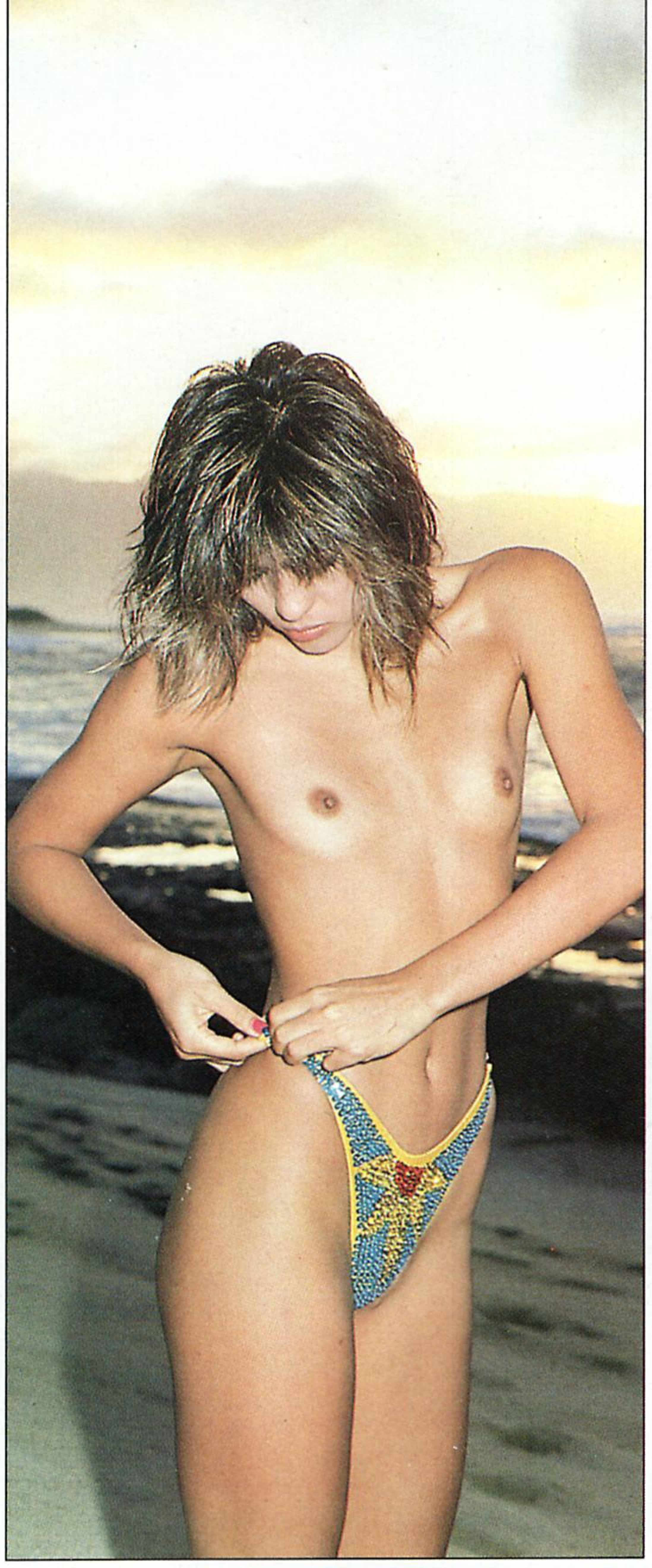
The results were conclusive: each dick shot to the skies when they saw Kate on the centrespread, and shrunk to the size of a biro top when they switched to Rolf. All apart from one, that is – but he said he liked the thought of the didgeridoos. He has now been sent to the Alice Springs sub-office.

Which only goes to prove that Club is a damn sight better than all those other crappy magazines. If you still don't believe us, just look at the girls. Fwaaaaaa (as we like to say round here). Good, eh? Q.E.D. ♣

Julie recovers from her hen party

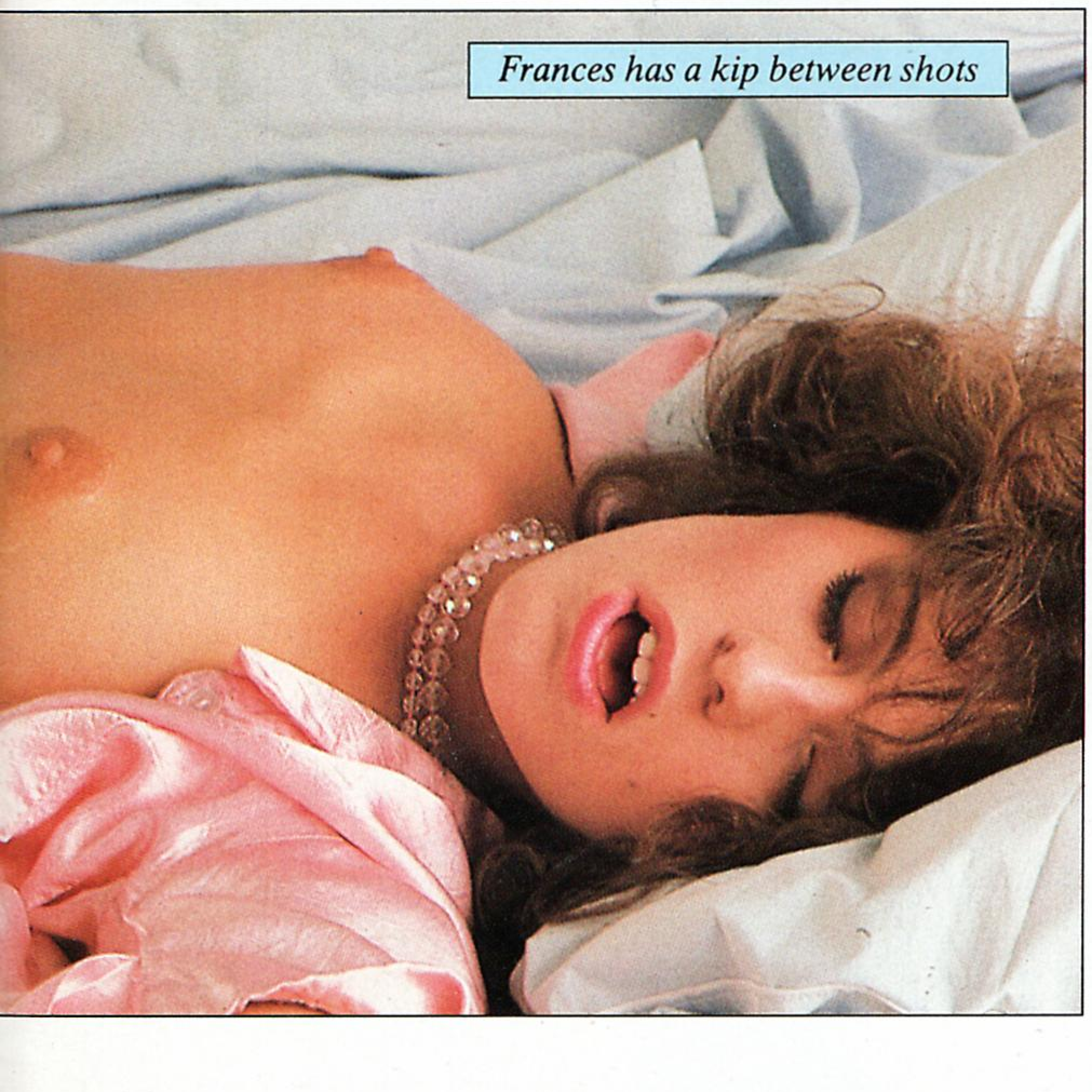
What else can you say but wow!?

Want to go Bonking with the Braddons?



Our randy holiday guide

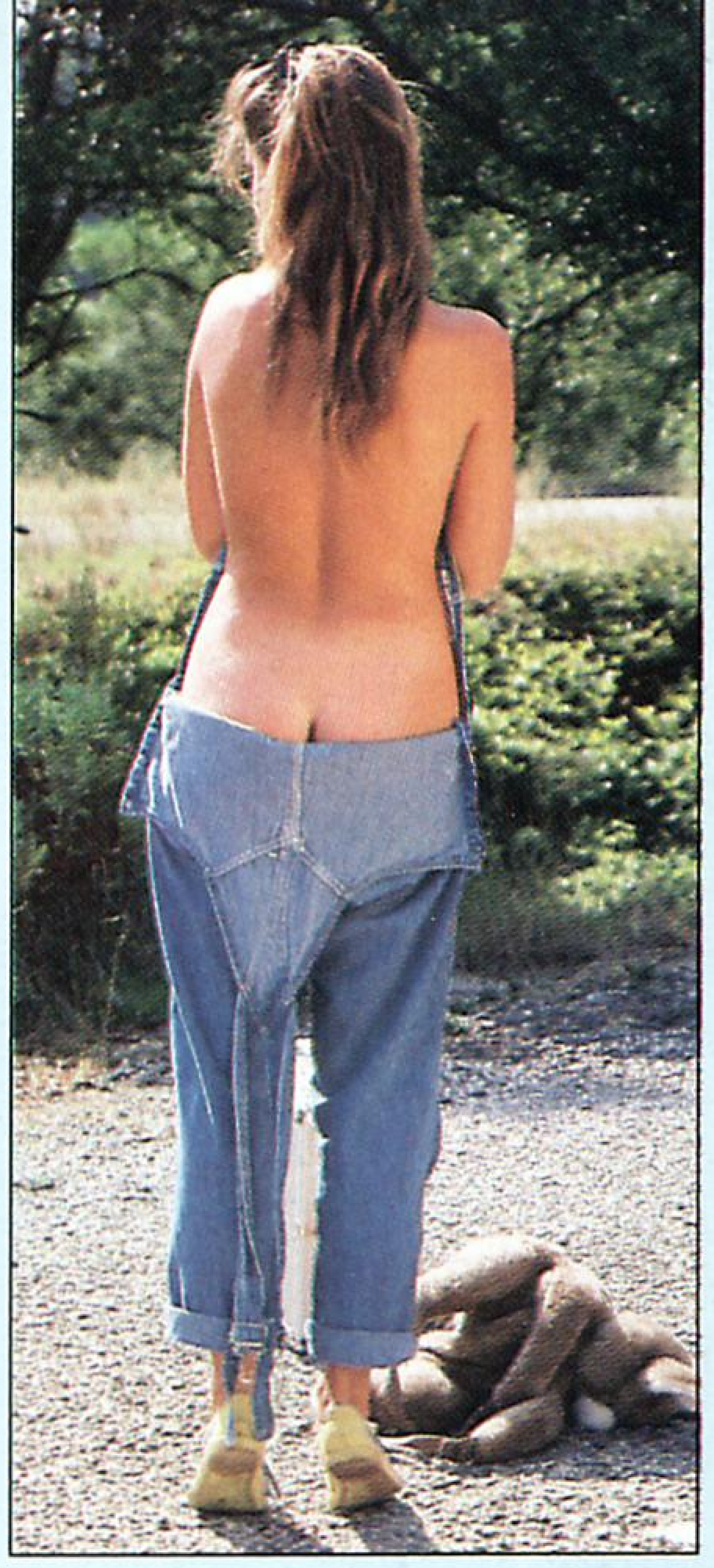
Barbii: a real hot doll



Frances has a kip between shots

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see



We've rarely had so many requests to have another flash of one of our girls as we've had for our cute and cuddly hitch-hiker, Dee. Her first appearance in the pages of Vol 17 No 4 caused scenes of near hysteria among readers nationwide, or so it seems.

And as the Ed quite likes her arse as well, we thought it was a good enough excuse to show it, and the rest of her, again. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Six girls, and not a shirt in sight. Yummeee!

Going Dutch?

Firstly, may I compliment you and your good team for the production of a first-class magazine – the girls and features are always top-notch.

I would also like to thank you for an article in Vol 17 No 2 – *Going Dutch*. It was most informative, especially as I am planning a "naughty" short break. However, my destination is still undecided between Amsterdam or Hamburg. May I ask if your magazine has done, or intends to do, a similar article on the sex scene in Hamburg? I'm certain there are many other readers asking the same question. Obviously if an article has been done I would like to purchase the back issue. Any other sources of info on Hamburg would be gladly appreciated, an article better still! – *Adam, Sheffield*

No, unless the Ed's sneaked off to Hamburg on the sly, we don't reckon we've covered it. But if we can collar the intrepid Tim Scott when he's next in the office . . .

Shaven Heaven

Let's get one thing straight – I love Club and have bought it for years. One thing I can never understand, though, is why you don't get a lot more mileage out of your multi-girl features.

The Vol 17 No 3 *Club Event* features six lovely ladies and yet only gets four measly pages – they're worth ten! I know it's not just me; colleagues at work agree with me – you would effectively fill another six pages for free. In the same issue, there are tempting pictures of the *Stocking Fillers*, but there is no real coverage on this – again, they're worth several pages.

Final moan; there are not *nearly* enough depilated ladies. I grew up in the 50s, and worked for a year or so as a photographer's assistant. Virtually all the models were depilated. If only I'd realized that this "fashion" was going to pass, I wouldn't have thrown out hundreds of old black and white photos.

I challenge you to find a team of ladies, all depilated, for a *Club Event*. I'd probably die of pleasure.

Looking back, the most exciting thing – which I didn't think much of at the time – was helping take some publicity shots for a small troupe (six sexy dancers). In those days, they only undressed to G-string and tiny panties, but for the publicity shots they were nude, and only one had the slightest wisp of pubes. The other five were all as smooth as peaches. The photos were not frontal, but modestly angled to one side or the other. Between shots, the sight of so many neat little fannies was all very pleasant, but depilation being "the norm" somehow lessened the excitement value.

If I could see such a scene now, I'd probably go into orbit. It would be worth a month's pay. I'm sure I'm not alone, as you must have thousands of readers who grew up in that period. – *Pete, Hastings*

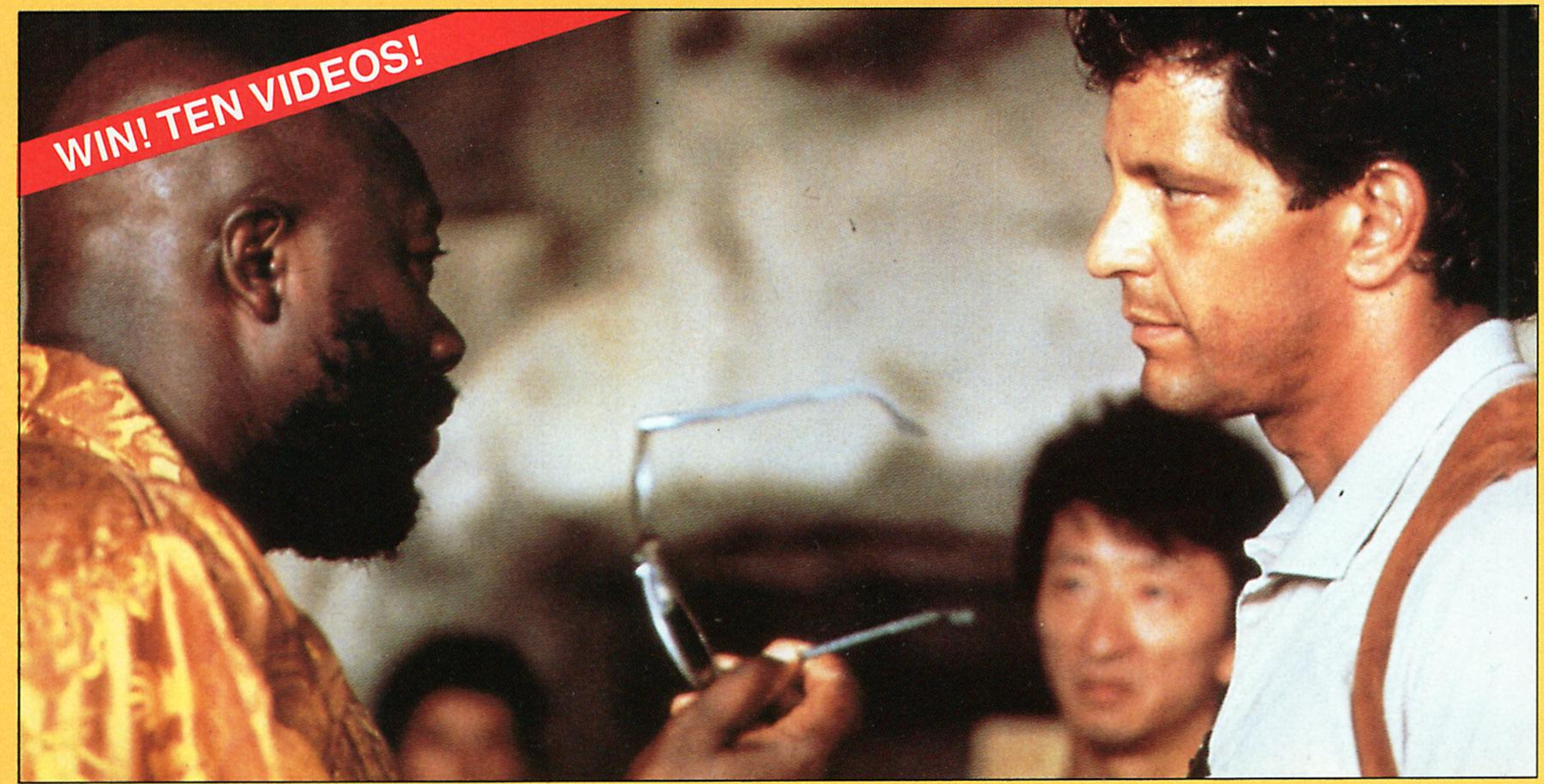
Just put the month's salary in the post, and we'll see what we can do for you. A shaven-pussy Event *ain't such a bad idea – Ed.*

Mmmmphhmmfff!

A Wrestling Sight

I have just seen the pictures of Lucy in Vol 17 No 3. What fantastic tits this blonde

BLIMEY! IT'S BRILL



WIN! TEN VIDEOS!

Shock! Horror! Cor blimey what a turn-up! We're offering you the chance to win a *really good film*! Well, the Club Really Violent Film Society liked it, anyway.

***Death Games* is an everyday story of drugs, vigilantes, topless bars, shootouts, knees in the groin, and filth and degradation generally. You can find out more from big Al Bryce in his *Taped!* column: what we're offering here is the chance to win the thing.**

Our pic from the video shows Isaac "Shaft" Hayes and Ed "Hill Street" Marinaro having a minor disagreement over a couple of tons of coke. The usual, everyday American cops 'n' robbers story, really. Sling what you reckon is a gutbusting caption on the coupon, then sling said coupon in the post with this on the front:

Hell, My Gonads!, Death Games Comp, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

As usual, the best ten entries out of the secretary's bra win the tape.♣

NAME……………………………………………

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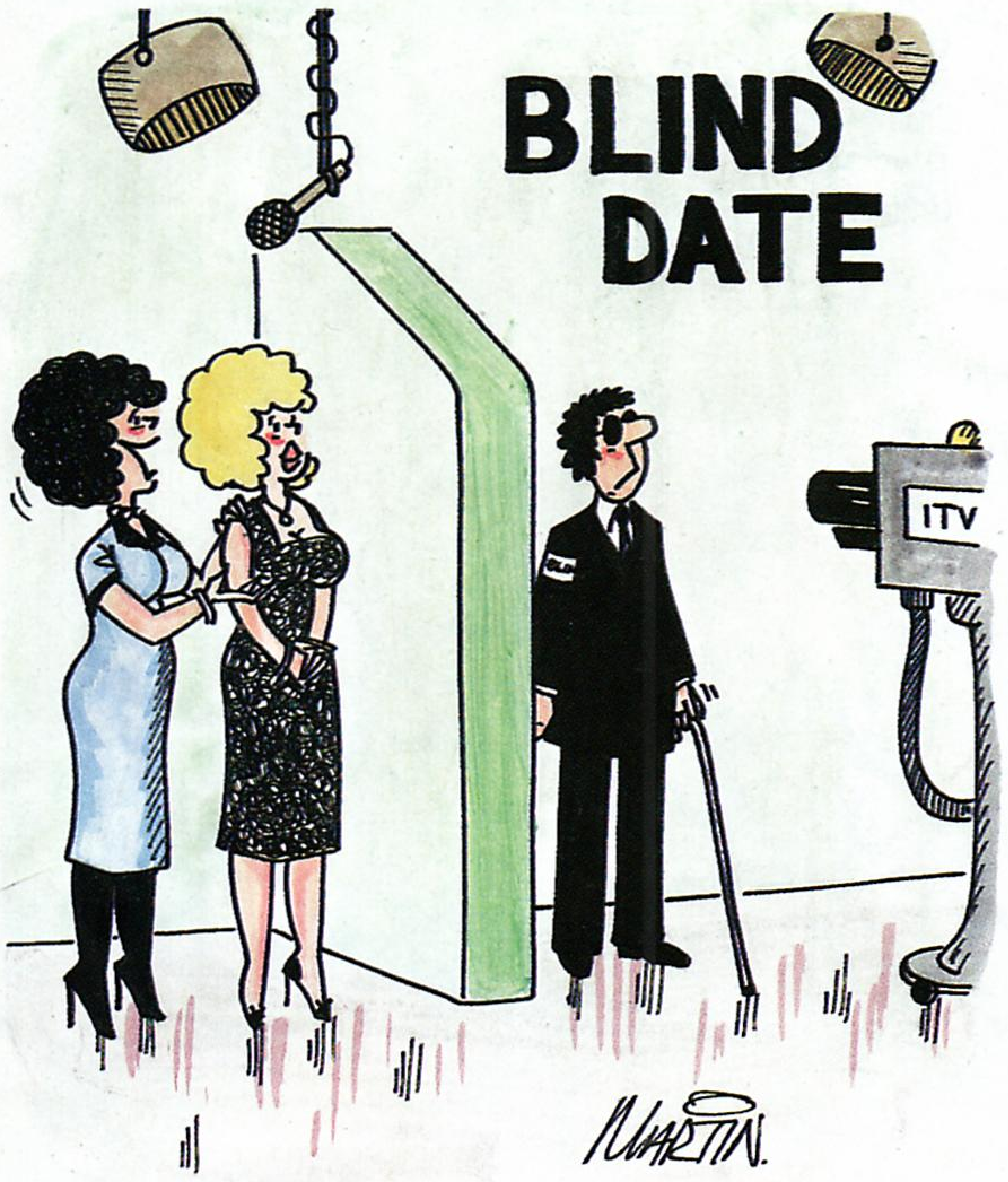


So let's remove the screen and see who you've chosen as your blind date . . .

Amazon has, and I *must* see more of her.

What would be a great turn-on for me, and I am sure many of your readers, is to see Lucy in a wrestling ring, covered in sweat, wearing only black wrestling boots and a black G-string. As a climax, seeing her spreadeagled on the canvas and totally KO'd would bring more than tears to my eyes.

Please, *please* see what you can do. I shall scan future copies of Club International in constant anticipation. – *Dave, Brighton*

Strip Poke 'Er

Both me and my husband have been regular readers of your mag for some years now, but in the past I've always taken some of your readers' exploits as being pure fantasy. Believe me, this story I'm about to tell definitely is *not*! I'm 28, five foot six tall and 38-27-37 – a bit large, but very highly-sexed and ready any time of the day or night for a good fuck. I really get turned-on by well-built guys, or anyone that I think may be good in bed. I'll give anything a go!

My husband's eldest sister is old enough to be my mother, and has a son, James, who is 24, tall, dark and handsome. I've fancied him for ages. Both Steve, my husband, and I have been on the swapping scene for about five years on and off, so we both know each other's likes and dislikes, and we don't mind each other fancying different people from time to time.

When we visit Steve's sister we never get offered a cup of tea or coffee, it's always some kind of booze. There've been so many times when I've been put to bed ratted. Carmen has undressed me once or twice, feeling my tits into the bargain, but that's another story.

On one visit, I got really legless. Carmen started to tell Steve his life story, her husband fell asleep, and I started to feel James's cock through his jeans, telling him how much I fancied him. He couldn't believe that Steve didn't mind! It was no good – something had to be done.

IN ARREARS

Ba bu bu baaa, ba bu bu ba bu bu BAAA . . . And you don't need an IQ the size of my dick to recognize that this month's famous TV theme tune is none other than brainbox fave, *Mastermind*. Don't you just *love* it when all those terrified eggheads have to perch on the hot seat under that interrogation lamp and make fools of themselves? What a winner.

Fortunately, as you can see from the picture here, it's obvious what this lady's specialist subject is. A good thing, too, in my opinion – and I wouldn't pass on *this* one. – *Billy Buttock.* ♣

MOTORVATION

***John Masham** was disgusted when the Street's Mike Baldwin was stopped for drunk-driving. "He's (hic!) let the side down by getting caught," is how he feels about it . . .*

What's all this fuss about no booze on sale in petrol stations, then? I can't see the problem, providing a few pubs get the chance to crank out the odd pint of four-star. Failing this, of course – and here's a technical tip from the Masham Institute of Better Motoring – you could do a lot worse than run your motor on a drop of the hard stuff; unleaded single malt Glencastrol has never let me down, and more than a couple of MG owners are getting upwards of 50mpg (that's per *gill*, of course) from nothing stronger than Babycham.

As our resident restaurant critic, Nathaniel Fatbastard, has observed, there is no finer accompaniment to good food than 27 pints of Meagan's Old Goat. Indeed, the same goes for bad food, and indifferent food. And while some of us don't like to admit it, the same is true when it comes to driving.

Consider this: if you fall over you hurt your knees, right? Now try this simple experiment, developed by a team of top boffs at the Masham Institute, working hand in hand with a major brewery. Enter the Frog's Head, deliver unto your host hearty felicitations and a few squid, order up and consume 14 pints of Meagan's, seven Guinness chasers and a quart of British sherry. Now fall over. See? You don't feel a thing! Pure Genius.

But why be pessimistic? You may never crash. The Masham Liquid Diet also helps the car's handling, thus bringing to a close all the old arguments about what kind of car handles the best. Front-wheel Drive? Rear-wheel Drive? All-wheel Drive? No. No. And No. The best handling car in the world is *someone else's*, and addled by an evening in the Prune & Laxative you'll have no problem "accidentally" selecting someone else's motor.

Freed of worries over the state of your bodywork, the validity of your insurance, and the dimensions and integrity of your no-claims bonus, you can go to work on someone else's. With this will come the confidence to try new, more exciting manoeuvres – and if they don't come off, why worry? Your no-claims is safely tucked up against the fence back at the pub.

And it's while attempting those manoeuvres that the benefits of booze really come into their own. There is, for a start, the old rule about cause and effect; if you want to be sure of the effect, make sure you're the cause. Or, to put it another way, don't let accidents happen to you; if you're to stand a hope in hell of surviving the Big Biff, make sure you caused it – that way you're in control.

That's the theory, anyway. But back to the manoeuvres. If I suggested to you that you drive on to the Severn Bridge at 90, hit the clutch, shift into neutral, up the handbrake, spin through 360 degrees, *and all without paying your 50p toll* you'd say no. If you were a bit drunk you'd say yes, you'd do it, and you'd fuck up. But if you were really steamed . . .

IN·THE·BAG

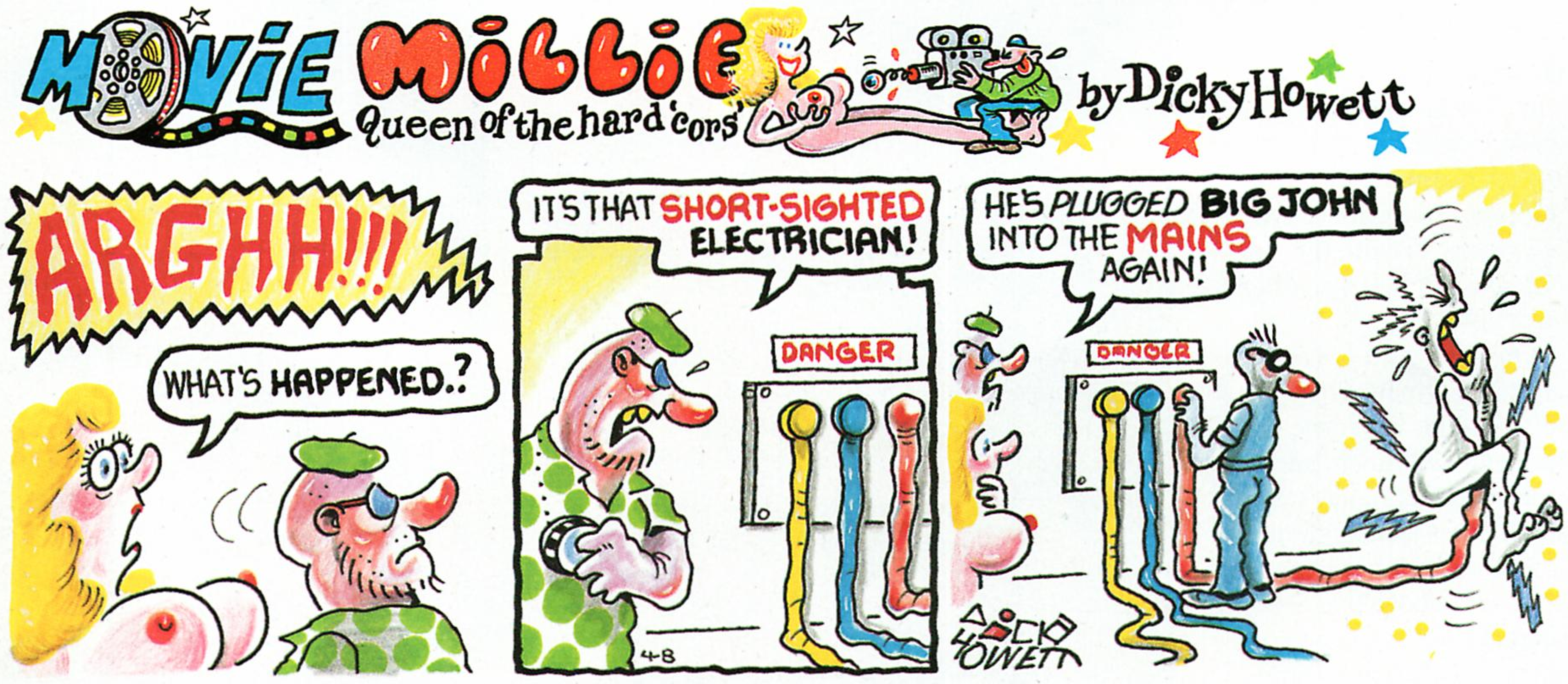
A few weeks later, James stayed the night at our place on his way home from a business trip. We stayed up late playing Trivial Pursuit, but soon got bored of that. So Steve had the idea of taking the dice from the game and playing strip poker with them. James wasn't keen until I'd pulled my blouse off, then my bra. He couldn't keep his eyes off my large boobs! Soon we were all stripped down and I saw James's cock for the first time. Then we decided it was time to play forfeits.

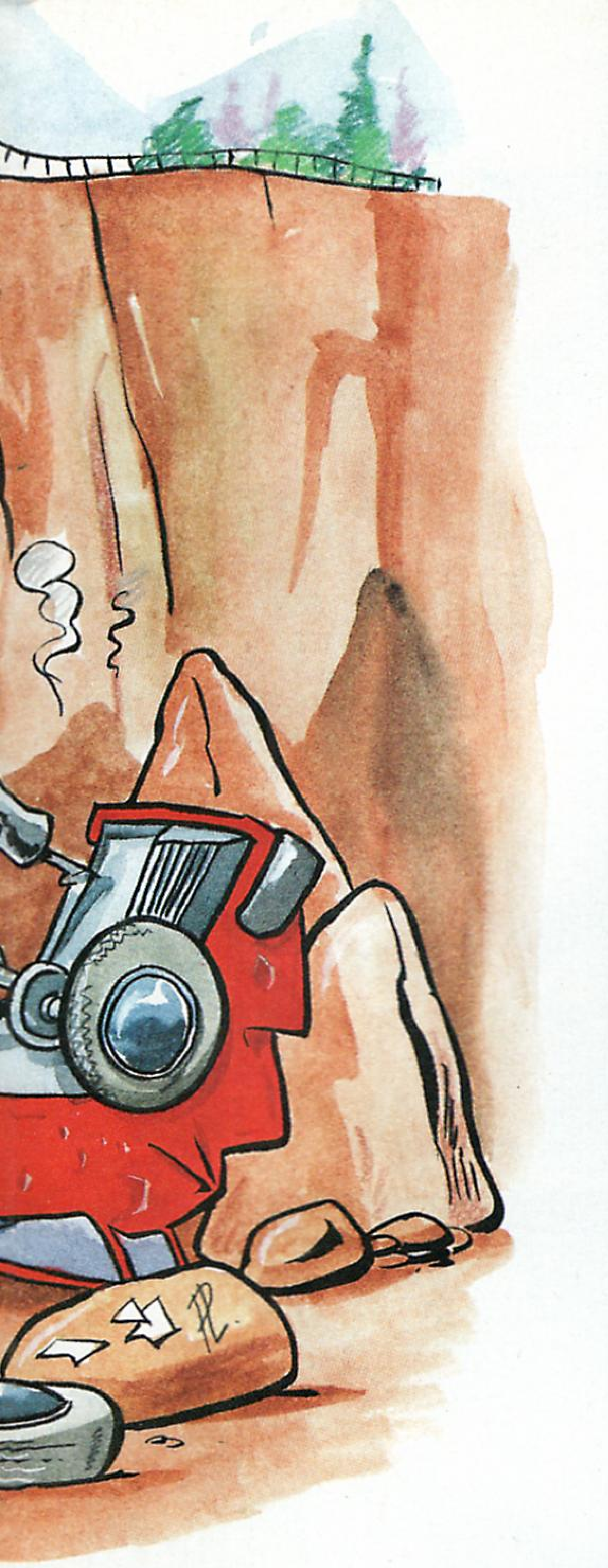
Steve told me I had to suck James's cock. James said there was a problem, as his cock was getting hard. With that, I rolled over to him and took his large cock in my hand, rubbed it gently, then placed it in my mouth, licking and sucking while Steve caressed my pussy with his fingers. Soon, James was really hard and extremely big. I took it out of my mouth and guided it into my soaking wet pussy. It didn't take long before James announced that he was about to shoot his load, which he did, all hot and sticky right up inside me. We fucked and played for

quite a while. He came in me and on me, then I wanked him until he shot his cum all over my hand. Steve came over my tits, and I loved every minute of it. For days after, I couldn't stop telling our intimate friends how beautiful James's cock was, and boasting about what a great time he gave me. – *Sophie, South Australia*

Nubile Knobbing

I found I just had to write and congratulate you on your excellent magazine. I have been reading Club for a number of years and always thought it far superior to any other girlie mags. My main reason for writing is to recall a great sex session after reading Vol 17 No 5. My





Well, they do say that hesitation kills and if there's one thing about being drunk, it's this: you'll do anything, no matter how silly, how dangerous, and do it without thinking twice.

But remember one thing. Open the window before you chuck out the empties. ♣

prick was at bursting point after seeing all the randy girls in that issue.

Unfortunately, I got so excited while wanking over the mag, I came in several massive spurts which shot all over it. The magazine was such a mess I had to go and buy another copy, which amused the girl in the newsagent's shop so much, she had a fit of giggles. She was called Mickey, and had obviously seen my enormous prick through my tight jeans. She seemed very interested by it.

I asked her if she would like to come back to my place after she had finished work, and she readily agreed.

After meeting Mickey

continued on page 26

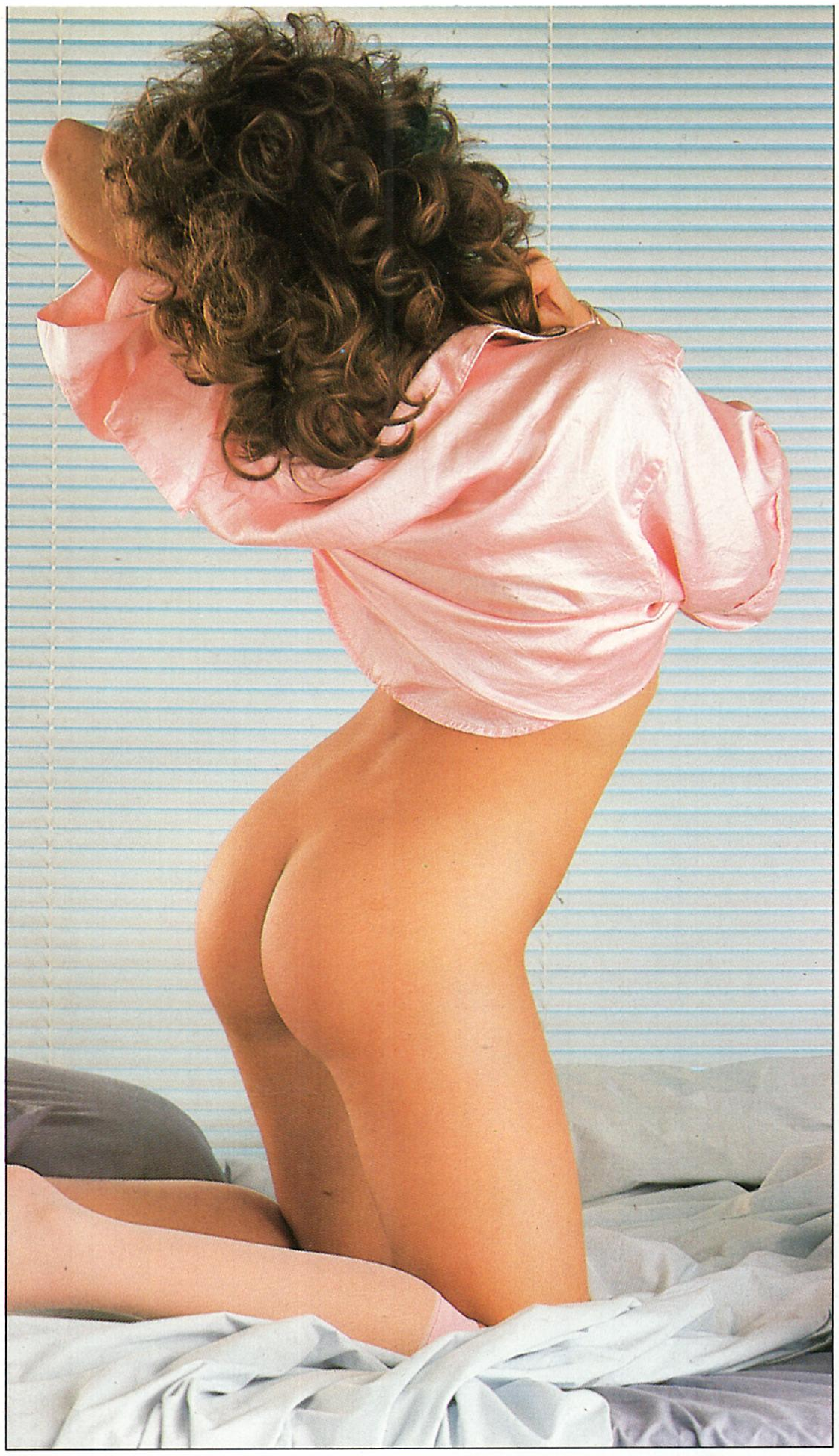
HOLIDAY GIRLS

FRANCES

Photographs by Rupert Daines

It's funny the way things turn out. I was due to do a session for Club International on my return from holidaying in France – then I had a brainwave. I contacted the Ed and suggested he send a

photographer over to Brittany to do a set of me as a Holiday Girl. *He thought it was a good idea – in fact, he was nearly tempted to come over and take the pics himself. However, as he has difficulty focusing even* without a camera, *he backed down on that one. From our base in St Malo, we could take our pick of any number of deserted, rocky*



beaches along the marvellous Brittany coastline – just great for taking your clothes off and letting the foaming sea rush all over you. Nothing like it to get your nipples throbbing!

But it pissed down something terrible for most of the photographer's visit, so we retreated to the chalet to take some more pictures. My nipples still throbbed . . . – Frances♣

BUM CHIC

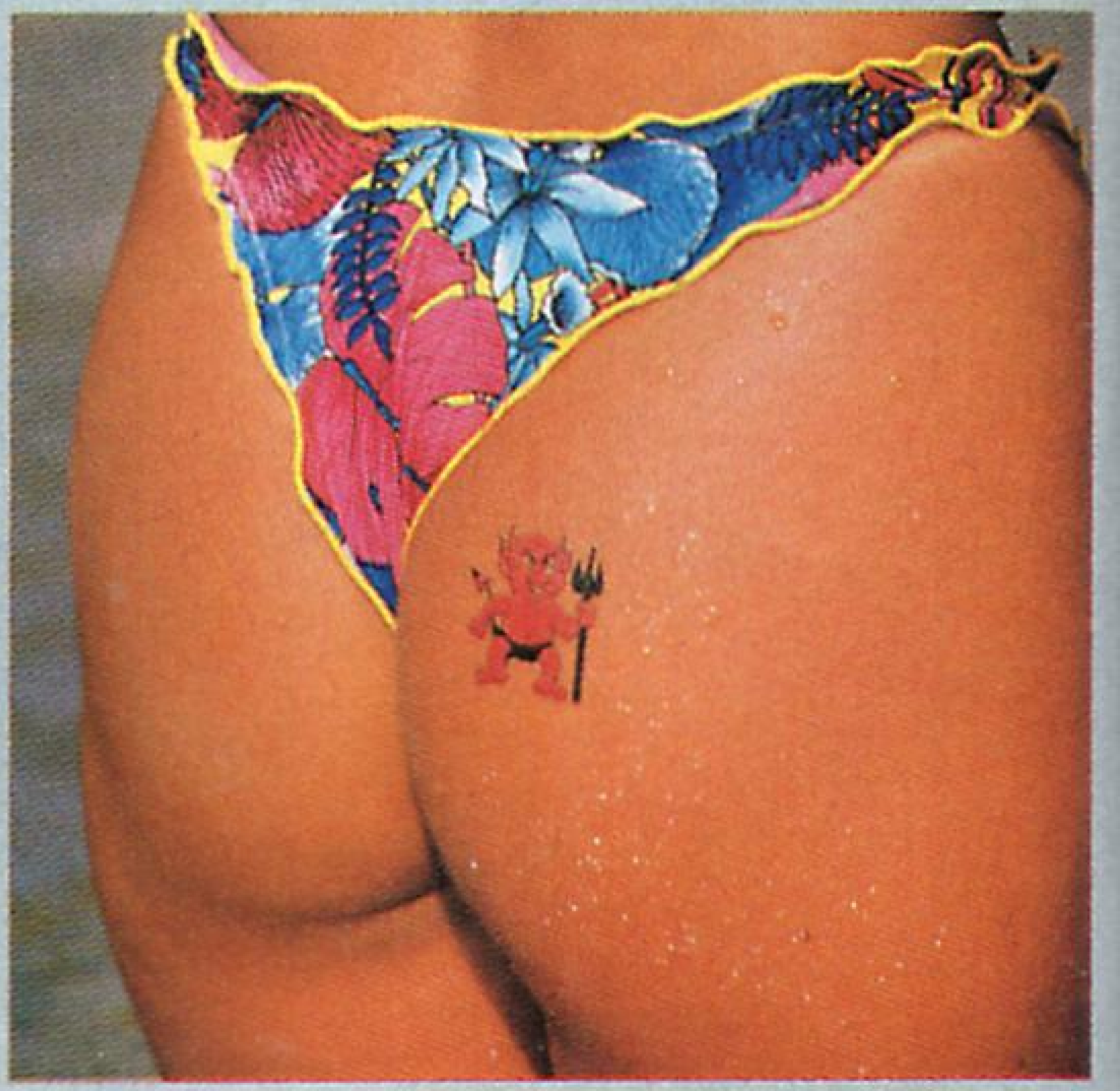
If we started talking about the transfer market, the majority of you would reckon we were referring to how much certain First Division managers would be willing to fork out for John Barnes these days, right?

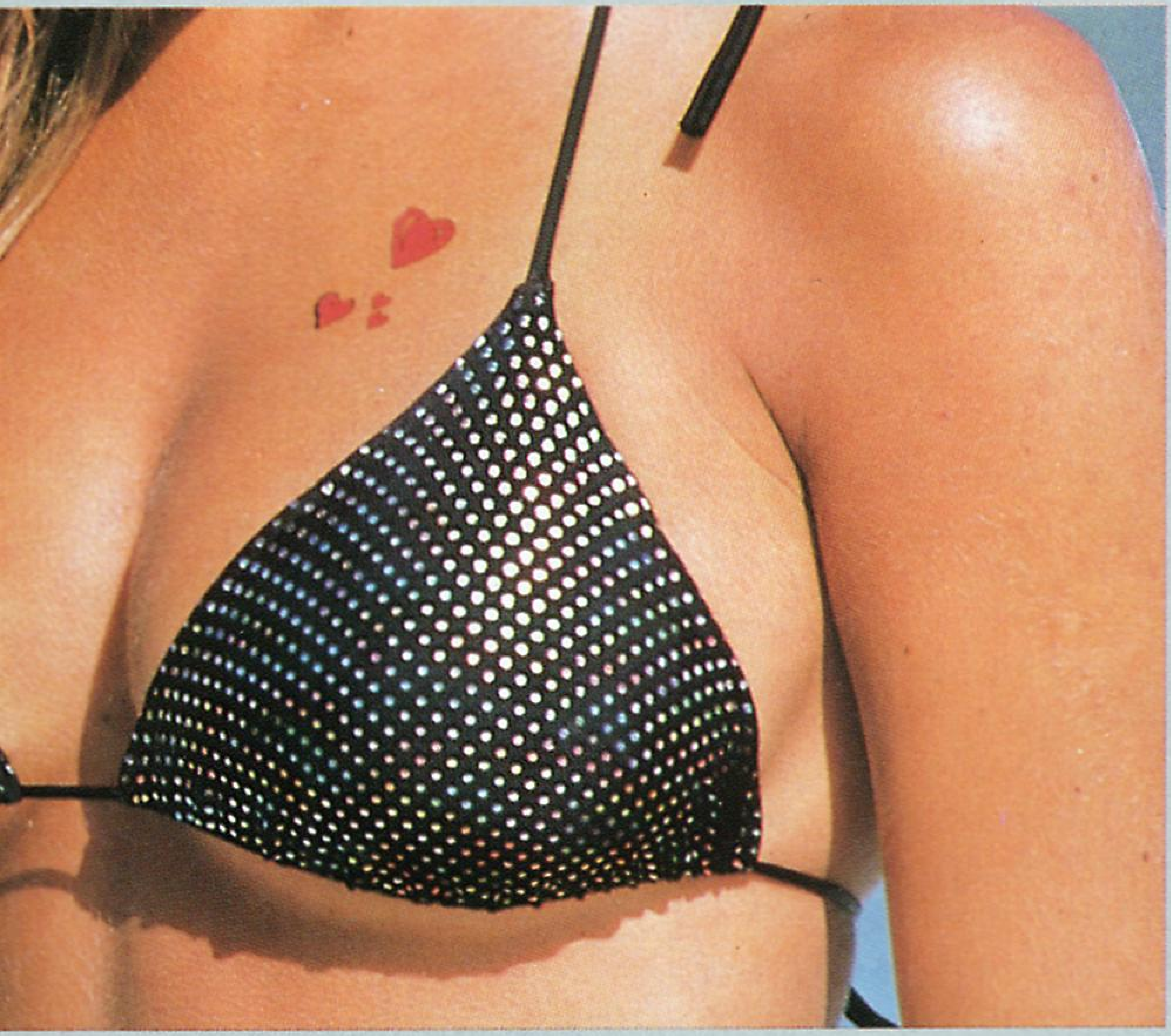
Wrong. What we'd actually be talking about is the growing fashion on all the trendy beaches of Europe for decorating the cheeks of one's arse with removable tattoos. Remember, boys, you saw it here first.

They come in all shapes and sizes. The tattoos, that is. Angry little red devils holding pitchforks, floating pink hearts, even black skulls and crossbones. They can be applied in seconds, and removed just as easily with a drop of water, leaving no traces. We have been told it's even better to lick them off, but this claim has yet to be substantiated in the Editorial department.

However, the *really* great thing about them is that it's only the most goddess-like of sun worshippers who actually have the bottle to sport these transfers. What better way to pass a lazy afternoon on the beach than staring at as many beautiful tattooed buttocks as possible, and inspecting the girls' naughty bits at close quarters? Cor, what a prospect, eh?

"No, I am not ogling your bottom, madam, I am merely ascertaining whether you are in the transfer market." We reckon it's a winner – this is one fad that's going to stick! ♣



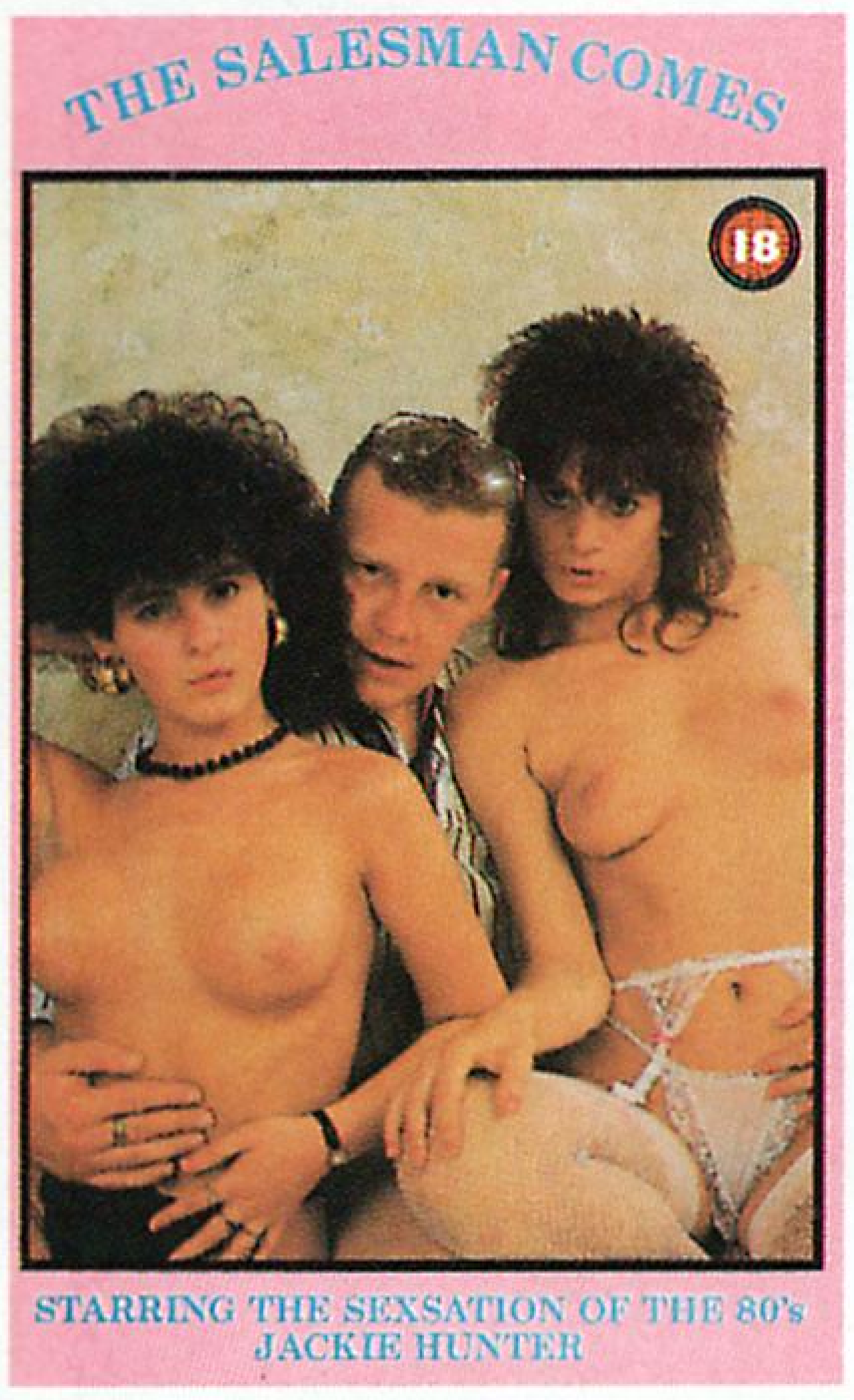


TAPED!

It's our considered opinion that there aren't any Beta reviewers of filthy videos than ***Allan*** *"VHS" (Very Highly Sexed)* ***Bryce****. We really must pay him some day.*

The old 14-incher has been glowing white-hot this month with a trio of trouser-teasing British blues from a company called Piccadilly Video. First up is **The Salesman Comes**, in which two randy young housewives getting together for their weekly coffee morning are surprised by the arrival of a good looking stud selling "fantasy tea".

"Get your lips round this," says the canny lad, pouring them both a cup of the heady brew. One sip and the girls are overcome by rampant eroticism – well, actually they get stripped down to their Marks and Sparks knickers and start clambering all over the furniture while our hero looks on in a bemused fashion, obviously wishing things could be a bit more spicy than the film's 18 certificate permits.



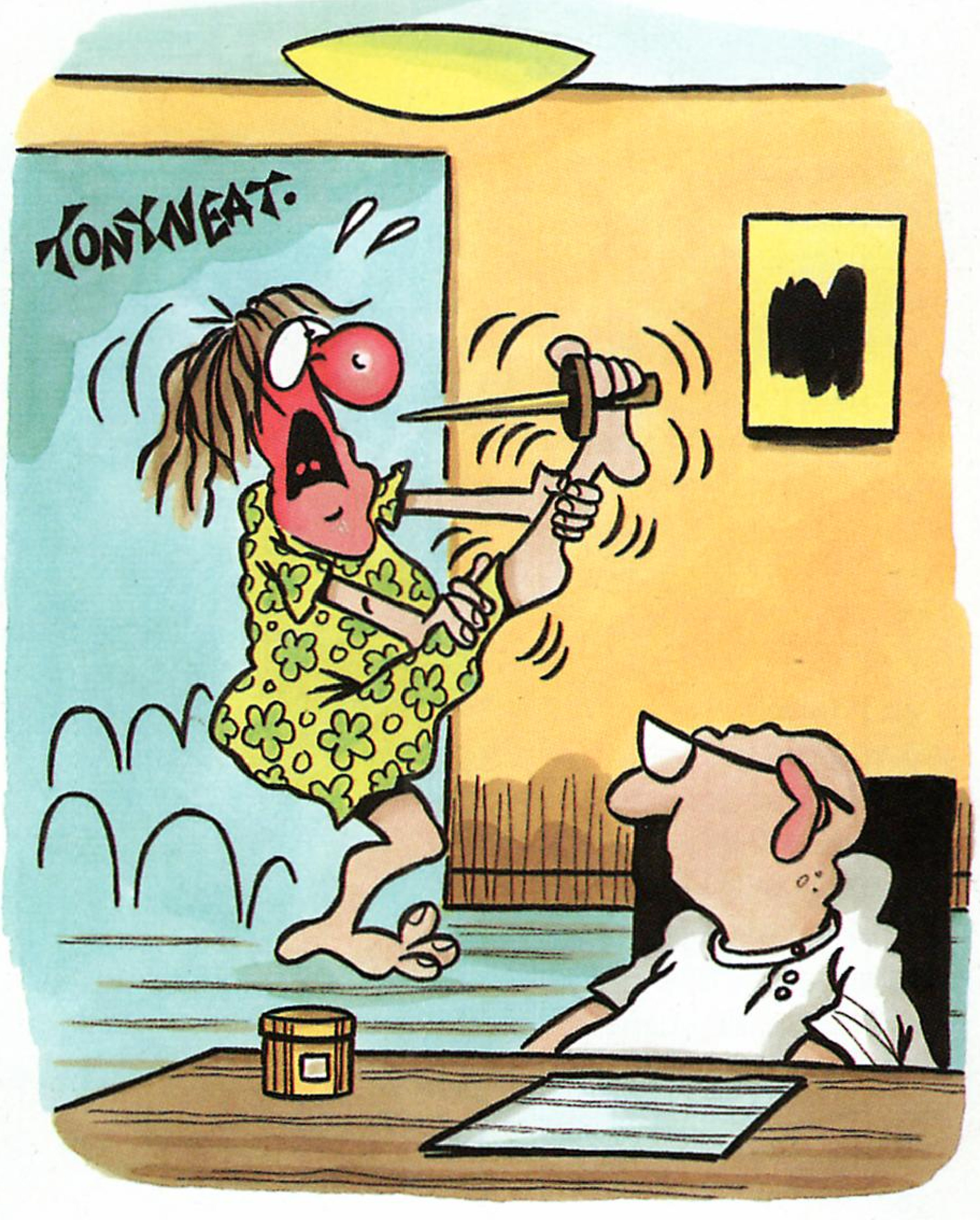
Eventually, the sex-starved kitchen crumpet descend upon him in short order, rubbing their lithe young bodies (I'm really getting into this) (*Yes, we can tell – Ed.*) against his National Health spectacles. I've heard of salesmen getting their foot in the door, but this is ridiculous! That fantasy tea really works – let's just hope our hero doesn't put either of them up the spout . . .

After that we move stiffly along to a megaboob extravaganza called **The Awkward Customer**, which tells of the sensational goings-on when five (count 'em) party-plan girls go on a sales course to sell undies. Anyway, the story unfolds that these top-heavy teasers have to parade around in a variety of sexy lingerie for the erotic stimulation of both the viewer and the sales manager, who says things like: "That's right baby, get into it," when it's plainly obvious that the female in question couldn't get into a phone box without taking out the door and one wall.

But sizing up these magnificent, home-grown wibbly wobblers sort of makes you proud to be British. Wouldn't you just love to shove your face in between them and blow a raspberry? The saucy sales manager doesn't do anything so obvious. He just drops his strides and stands there with a silly grin on his face – perhaps he's only just seen the cameraman in the corner? Then three of the girls move in and start suffocating him with their formidable frontages. Why only three? Well, good salesmen always insist on doing everything in triplicate.

THE AWKWARD CUSTOMER
18
A MEGA BOOOB VIDEO
FEATURING THE BOOOBBETS

Last on the Piccadilly line is **Scandalous Studio Tales**, an amazing exposé of the model girls who will do anything to get to the top – they can climb on me any day, if they really want to get to the top *that* much. Hear them talk frankly about their sexploits, and see how they fulfil their fantasies. "I've



It's my feet, doctor – they're killing me!

been to France twice," says a jolly little blonde nymphet called Julie – so *that* explains the French maid costume!

You might complain there's nothing particularly scandalous about all this, and you'd be perfectly right. But what the hell – if you want scandal you can always get the *News of the World*. If on the other hand you are looking at this movie in a discerning critical fashion, then there's no denying the fact that most of the females on display here are worth one off the wrist any day.

But you can all put your plonkers away for a minute now, while we run the old minces over **Death Games**, one of those thrillers where you can't tell the good guys from the bad without a scorecard. "There's too much shit on the streets," says the D.A. at the start, leading the audience to believe that the plot's going to be about a strike at the sewage company. But in fact he's talking about drugs, a very popular commodity among the topless dancers at a club called Fool's Paradise. The only way to bust the place wide open is to send in undercover cop Mace (Ed Marinaro, late of TV's *Hill Street Blues*), armed with limited acting ability and a copy of Clint Eastwood's last campaign speech.

Mace plays so rough, he makes Dirty Harry look like a social worker by comparison. What's the point of telling someone they have the right to remain silent when you've just blown their head off with a Magnum?

Like it? You can win it on page 6

But back to the plot, which sickens considerably when our macho hero comes up against big Isaac Hayes and his terrorist gang. Isaac orders a hit – well, he hasn't had one since the theme from *Shaft* – but Mace escapes (thanks to the fact that his gun appears to be able to hold about 25 rounds) and strikes back with a single-handed commando raid that wipes out just about every bad guy in the city.

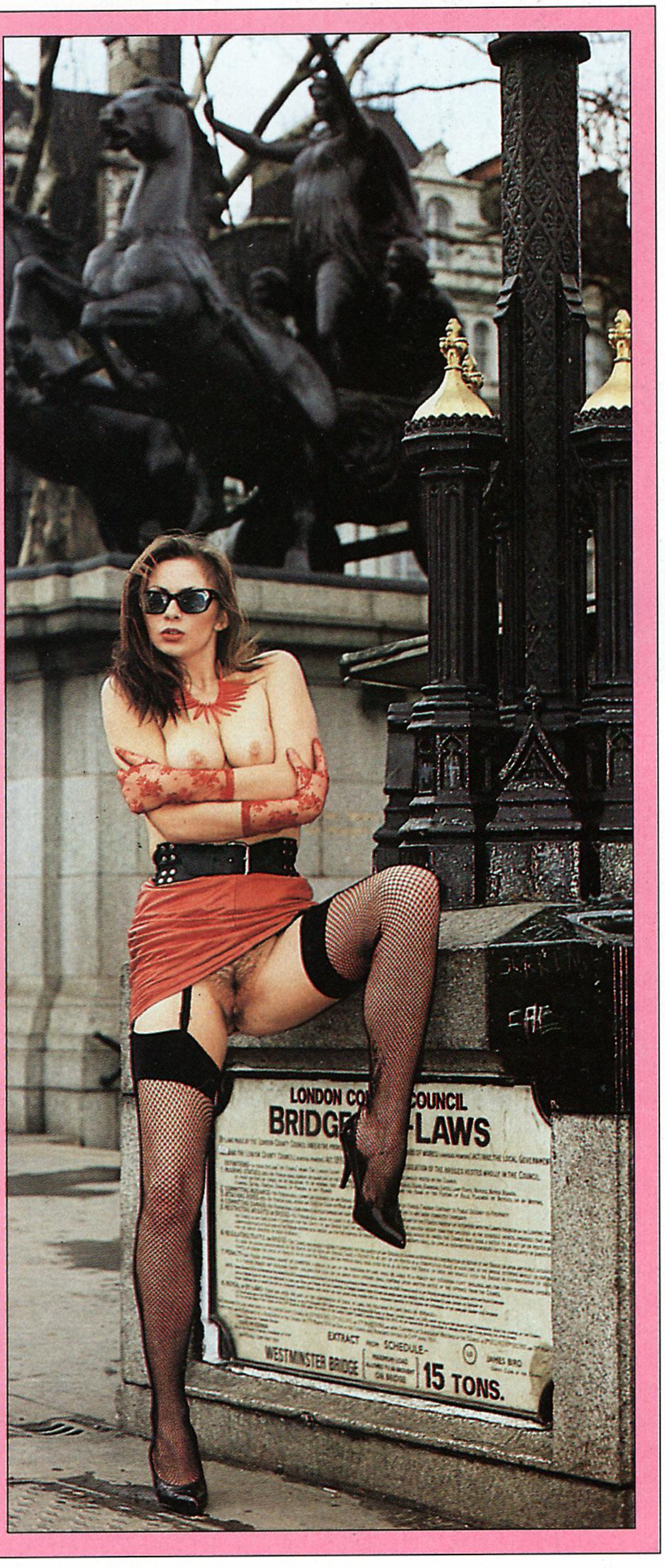
Apart from the fact that the plotline indulges in more tortuous twists and turns than Harry Houdini on amphetamines, *Death Games* is not a bad little movie. It's certainly got more than its fair share of blazing action, and the topless nightspot locale allows for quite a few moments of titillating nudity as well. If you want to win a copy then turn to our competition on page six. Do you feel lucky, punk? Go on, make your day!

And, finally, it's back to the winkle-worriers again with **Leonora**, an Aussie-made sexy which deals with "psychic mind games and a sexual power struggle". In other words it's *Neighbours* with added nookie. The title tease is a pert young blonde (Mandy Miller) who finds life is just like a Rolling Stones song. Yes, she can't get no satisfaction from either her husband, Simon, or her lover, Mark.

So she goes to a celebrated clairvoyant called Madame Helena and ends up romping around with her as well – that's the spirit. It ends with everyone losing their clothes faster than you can shout: "I'll have another can of Four X, please." Hot stuff indeed, with more sultry Sheilas on show than you can shake a Dingo at. I'm off to play with my didgeridoo . . . *(Is that how you spell didgeri-wotsit? – Ed.) (Yes, sport – Rolf Harris).* ♣

The Salesman Comes, The Awkward Customer *and* **Scandalous Studio Tales** *are available from Piccadilly Home Video, PO Box 26, Hove, Sussex BN3 3XD.*
Death Games *is on Sony Video.*
Leonora *is on VIP Video.*

Lisa's Guide to London



Lisa got straight down to it on the Victoria Embankment, as lensman Copthorne got out his equipment by the statue of Queen Boadicea.

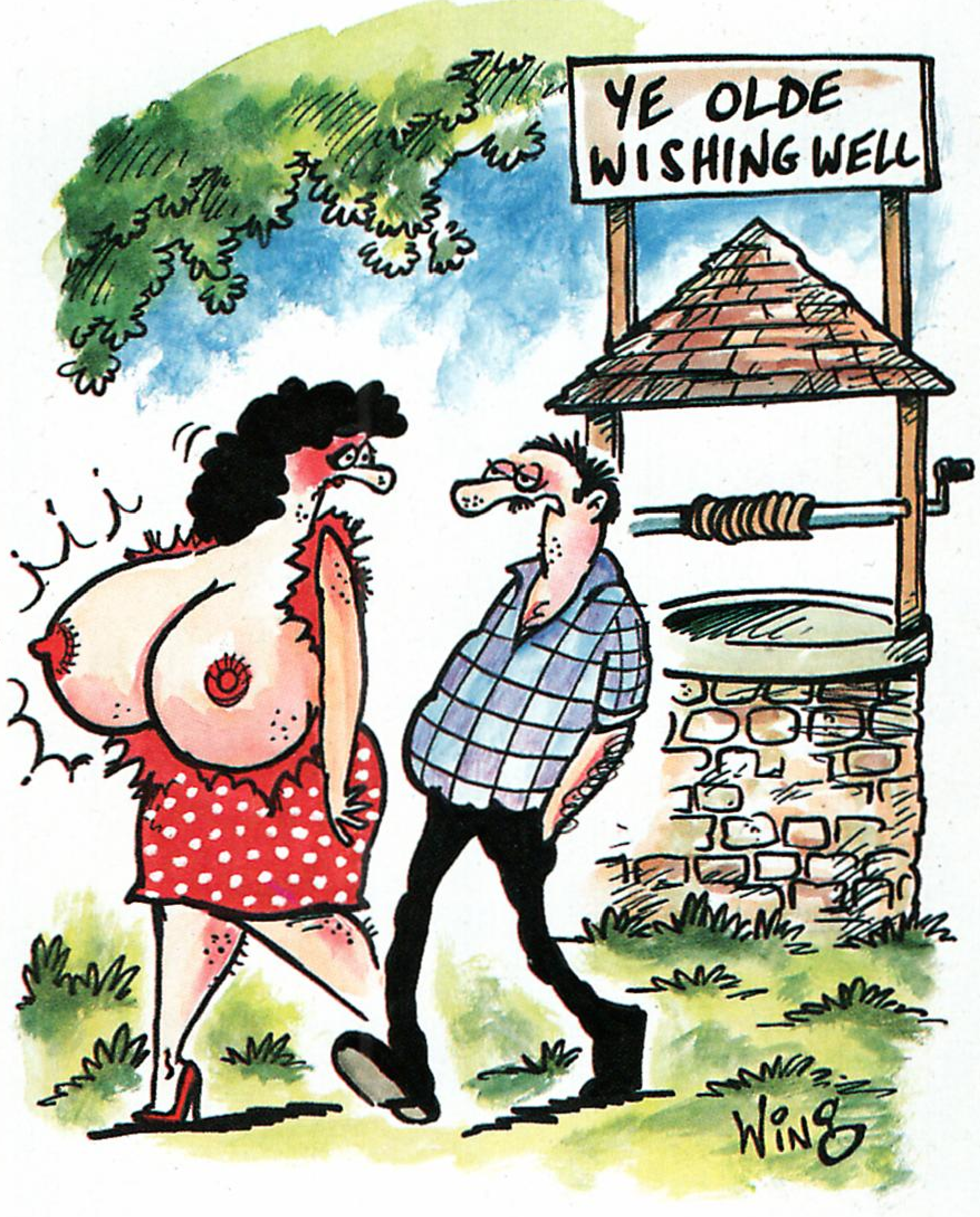
Our daring guide launched into her repertoire to the delight of some passing Japanese tourists:

"Boadicea was Queen of the ancient tribe of the Iceni, and she died in 61 AD after leading her tribe against the Roman invasion."

To rising applause she mounted the old Embankment wall and continued:

"The group statue is modelled in bronze and shows the Queen and her daughters riding a spike-wheeled chariot. It was made in the 1850s by Thomas Thornycroft and unveiled in 1902."

But the swelling crowds seemed much more interested in what Lisa herself was unveiling, and she was forced to beat a hasty retreat before things got out of hand. Find out in next month's issue if Lisa escapes from the clutches of the excited Japanese tourists. ♣



Serves you right, you greedy sod

alison

We're about to state the obvious. There's only one word which springs to mind on seeing the pics Alison brought into the office. DOMINANCE. There, we've said

Photographed by Michael Moore

it. Alison here looks like she'd love to trample all over you and then eat the bits for breakfast.

"That's definitely true," she told us. "I love being in control when it comes to sex – I'm always the one to make the first move, and I like to be on top at first."

Not a lot we can argue with there. But what would be Alison's ideal seduction

scene? "As soon as I've spotted my prey, wherever we are, I'll go straight in for the kill. Walk up, clamp my hand on his crotch . . ." Yes, yes . . .

"Then I'll slowly strip him off bit by bit, not letting him do anything except stand there helplessly . . ."

YES, YES . . .

"And then I'll know I've got him cornered so I'll leap on him and give him the fuck of his life. I tell you, after I've finished with a man, he certainly won't know what's hit him." ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

after work I took her back to my place. Once inside the house, I was to discover she was a real randy girlie! The moment we walked through the door she was fondling my cock through my jeans. After a lot of fondling, I managed to get Mickey to follow me upstairs to my bedroom (which is littered with old issues of Club). Mickey then started to undress, purposely stroking her 34-inch breasts. I stopped her from undressing until I was totally naked. I then unfastened her short skirt and let it drop to the floor.

It was then that I got a most pleasant surprise. Mickey was wearing black stockings and suspenders but no panties. I then lay her down on her back on the bed and started stroking her inner thighs, gradually moving towards my ultimate goal – her gorgeous young pussy. I spread Mickey's legs wide to provide greater access to her cunt. I placed my fingers inside her cunt lips and pulled them apart, then replaced my fingers with my tongue and started lapping hungrily at her clitty. I licked and sucked Mickey's pussy for about 20 minutes until I heard her about to come, and she told me to stop.

I then discovered Mickey was an expert with her mouth and tongue as I experienced the best blow job of my life. I was quite surprised by the fact that Mickey managed to take ten of my eleven inches in her mouth. After about ten minutes of powerful sucking I warned her I was about to come, but she continued sucking until I sprayed a fountain of spunk down her throat and deep into her belly. I then withdrew my sticky prick from her mouth and proceeded to wipe the remaining spunk all over her breasts.

Mickey then asked me to take a few photos of her posing provocatively. In some of the photos she was using a vibrator to bring herself to orgasm. After using up two incredible films, I decided it was time I filled Mickey's tight, young cunt with my enormous prick.

I manoeuvred Mickey into the doggy position, spread her sticky, wet cunt lips and rammed my prick deep into her cunt. At my first initial thrust, Mickey squealed in a combination of pain and pleasure at the deep penetration she was receiving. I gradually built up a steady rhythm until finally spunking deep into her snatch. We both collapsed into a sweaty, spunky heap.

By the way, I'm sure Tracey from Lincoln would just love my eleven-inch prick. So, come on, Tracey, write and say what you would like me to do to you! – *Name and address withheld*

Laid On The Line

Let me tell you about my experience of phone sex. One evening I had to ring my colleague at home about a meeting we had the next day. After some delay, the phone was answered by a very sexy voice, saying: "Hello, this is Susie here." I was taken aback for a second and said: "Oh, it was Jenny I wanted."

"Jenny isn't here," the voice replied. "I'm her flatmate. Wouldn't you like me instead?" As I knew Jenny didn't have a flatmate I realized I must have a wrong number.

I must have hesitated, because Susie went on: "Wouldn't you like to talk to me? I'm all alone and feeling very randy. Does the thought of that make you horny, too? I'll bet it does." I can't really remember what I said, but Susie's overheated and filthy thoughts are fixed in my memory. "Can you imagine what I look like from my voice? I'm blonde, with long, curly hair that reaches to my breasts. I love my body. Can you see me lying on my sofa?

I'd taken off my clothes when you rang. I was feeling so randy I was going to play with my pussy. Shall I do that now? I'm slipping my hand into my panties now and rubbing my pussy." From the rustling noises I could hear and then a series of little moans and sighs, it was obvious she was not making it up.

I got my cock out and, just as if she could see me, Susie said: "I'll bet you've got a nice hard-on, haven't you? Why don't you rub your cock

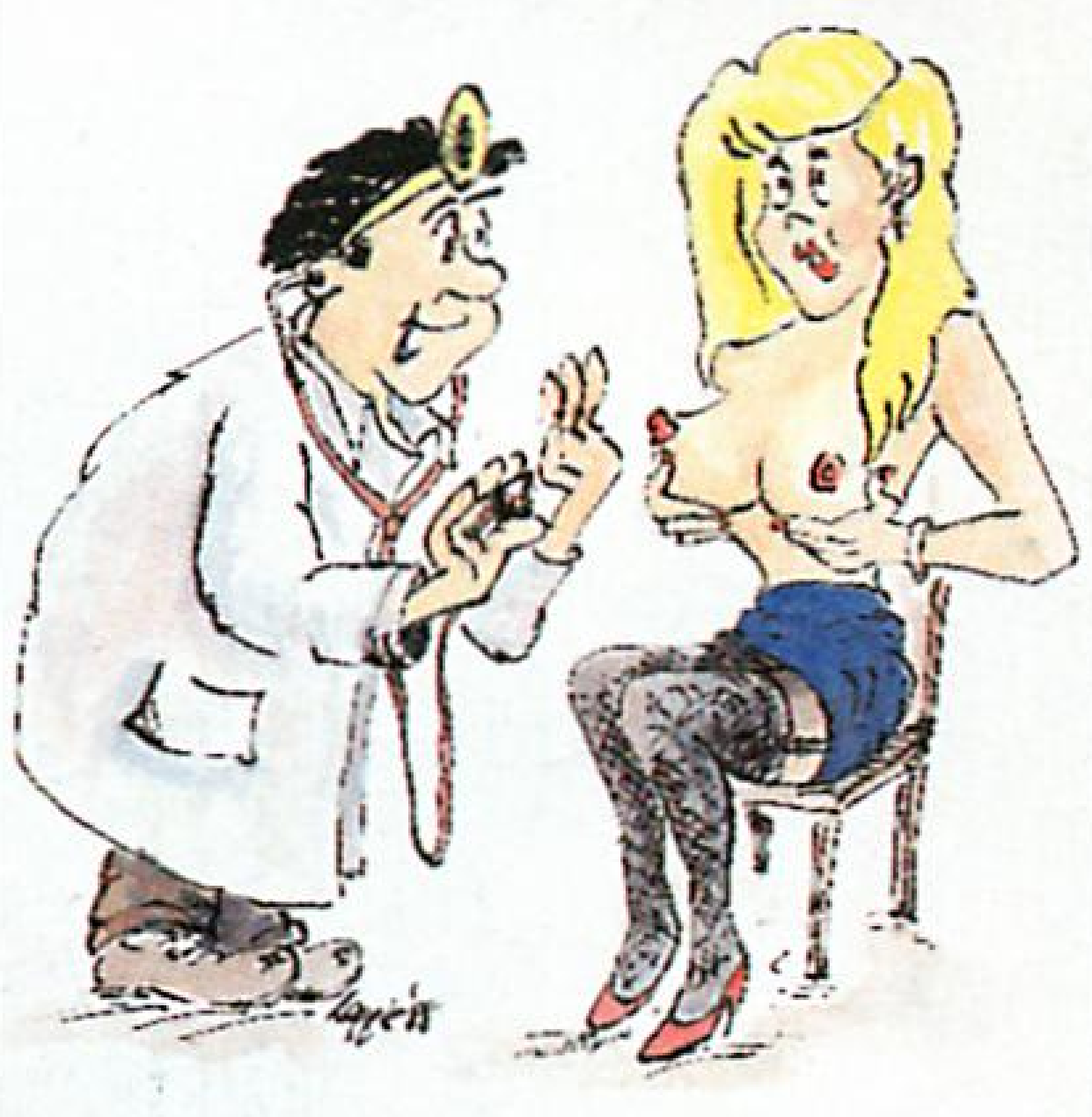
TWANG!

With a title like that, what else could it be but a record review column? And who else could be doing the review but ***Van Doonican****?*

The really outstanding thing about Iron Maiden's LPs is that the covers all look the same – and the music doesn't vary much, either. Their latest offering, Seventh Son Of A Seventh Son **(EMI), fits the bill admirably: you've got the cover, which features the usual scene depicting everyday life in Britain, and then you've got the contents, which are interchangeable with practically any of the previous six IM studio LPs. *Can I Play With Madness* is the one you'll know (and maybe love), and it's positively uplifting compared to the lengthy, concept-ridden, King Crimson-on-a-bad-day tracks it shares the vinyl with.**

Devotees will love it, which is why I'm giving my copy to the guy in our art room with the long hair and the bruised

BAD JOKE



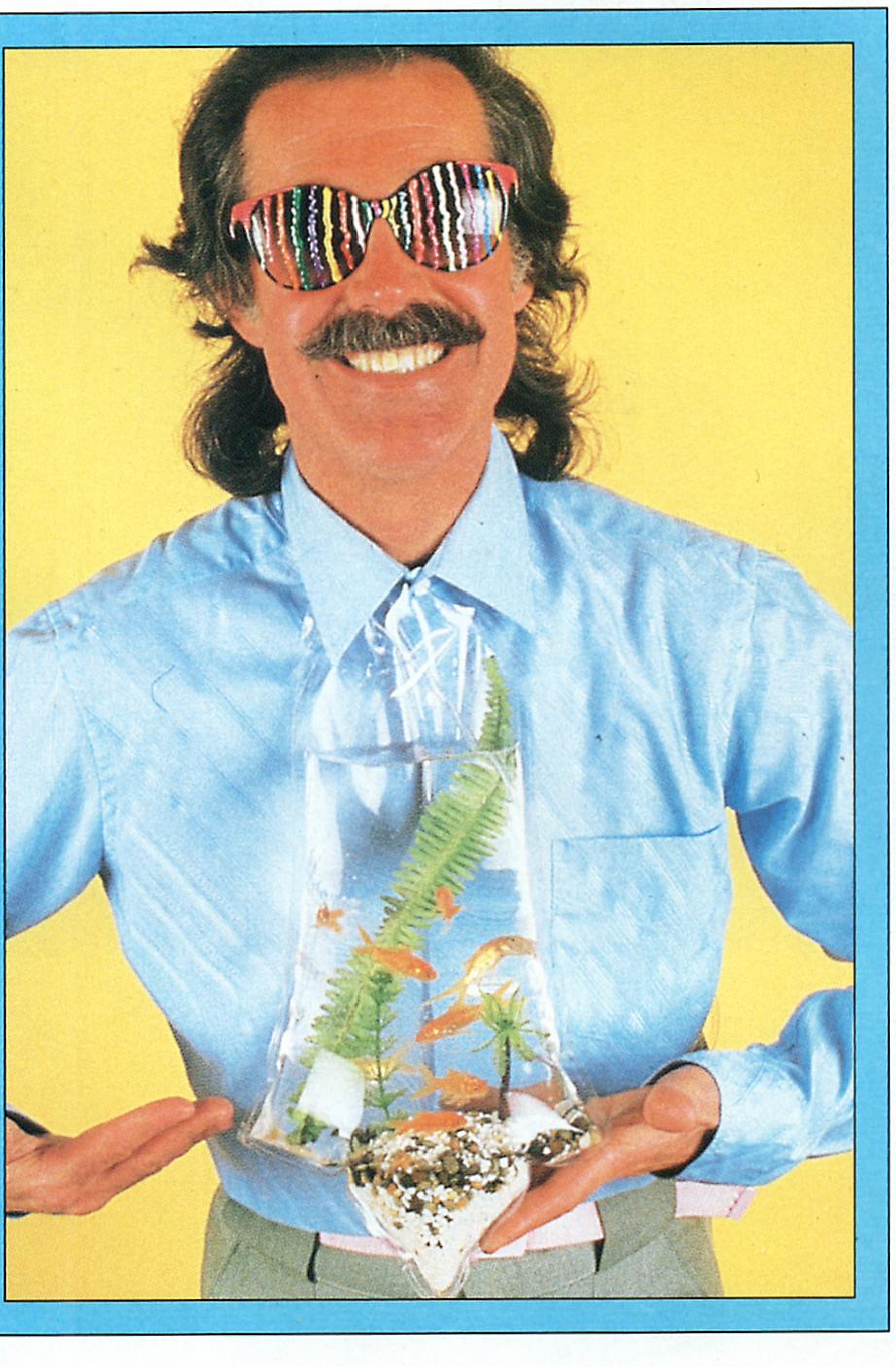
Doctor: "Big breath!"
Woman: "Yeth, doctor, all my men thay tho."
MD, Banbury ♣

NUTTER'S CORNER

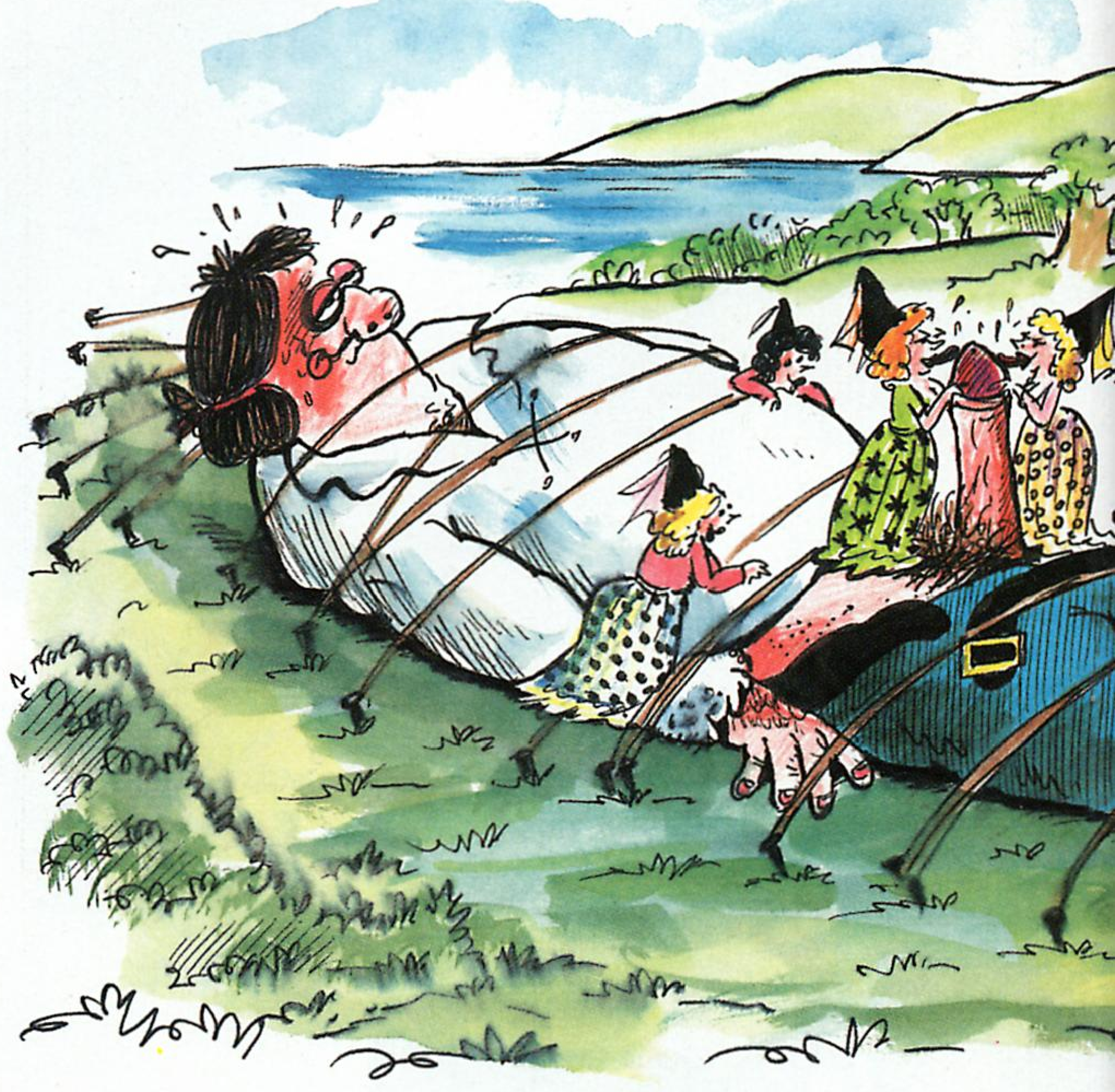
No, your eyes aren't deceiving you: this man *is* wearing a tie with live goldfish in it, even though he should undeniably be wearing a straitjacket.

What's more, dizzy-headed Californian Gary Fisher (good, eh?) uses the tie to house a variety of articles, including perfume samples, whisky miniatures, condoms, lighters ... you know, the kind of stuff blokes usually keep in a tie.

And if the picture here makes you think he looks like the kind of person who collects plastic dinosaurs, there's a very good reason for that. He does. ♣



Photograph: Jamie Budge/Gamma Liaison



forehead.

However, I think I'll hang on to The Primitives' Lovely (RCA), a title which just about says it all. Visions of '78 predominate as the 14 tracks (yes, 14, even!) zap through your ears in exquisite three-minute bursts, in the best Buzzcocks tradition. The tunes are good (mostly) and Tracey's vocals are sublime.

Another goodie comes in the shape of The Toughest (Parlophone), a compilation of the work of Peter Tosh. Prior to his murder last year, Tosh had enjoyed considerable solo success since the demise of The Wailers back in 1974 (yes, it really was that long ago), and this offering shows why. Even those who thought Reggae was Mr Bosanquet's first name couldn't fail to be impressed by this.

Loud 'n' proud – Lita

Primitive behaviour

Same goes for *The First of a Million Kisses* (RCA) by Fairground Attraction. You won't find any synths or drum machines on this sensational debut LP, but what you will find is a collection of smooth, slick, jazzy songs – including *Perfect*, the best No 1 single for ages – that'll go right through to your bones faster than a large Scotch. I'm already looking forward to the next album (The Second of a Million Kisses?), and have no hesitation in naming this one as Record of the Month.

Not in the running for this accolade, however, is *Lita* (Dreamland), by raunchy ex-Runaway, Lita Ford. That particular collection of ladies weren't exactly renowned for their musical subtlety, and Ms Ford obviously hasn't forgotten her Runaway roots: this is knee-in-the-balls, straight-down-the-line heavy metal that leaves you reeling after the briefest of hearings.

If anyone offers you the chance to listen to *Lita*, there's really only one thing to do. Runaway. ♣

while I see to my pussy? She's getting very wet now, my fingers are right inside. Can you imagine me on my couch? My boobs are falling out of my bra, I'm getting so worked up. They're nice and big, my tits. I bet you'd like to lick my nipples while I wank your hot, fat dick." The noises she was making between all this were themselves enough to make me come, but I slowed down and kept her talking. "Oh, I'd love your cock inside my wet cunt, you fucker," she gasped. "Come on, give it to me." It was obvious she was about to climax, and the moans and grunts she let out were an all-time, cock-stiffening turn-on.

After a moment she purred: "And what about you, my dirty little boy? What have you been doing while I've been playing with my pussy? Have you been wanking that big, hard cock of yours? And haven't you come yet? Well, we'll soon see to that. Come on, I'll bet you'd like to wank off between my tits, wouldn't you, you horny bastard? Come on, I'd love your cock between my breasts. Look, I'm squeezing them together. Do you like that?" By this time I could have come without touching my dick. She was amazing. She seemed to know what I was doing and when I was going to ejaculate. "Come on," she coaxed me.

Her panting gasps had started again and she was obviously getting off again at the thought of me wanking. "My tits are waiting for your spunk," she whispered. "Cover my breasts with your come." That was too much for me and I shot more spunk than I had ever done. She must have known what was happening from the noises I made, and she made a fantastic wank even better by cooing: "Oh, you sexy boy, what a lot of spunk! All over my tits and neck! I love rubbing it in! Do you feel nice now? I've made my pussy come twice, thanks to you."

I could hardly believe it, and as much as I begged her, she wouldn't give me her number. I doubt whether any of these professionals could do what Susie did. My fantasies of Susie haven't stopped. How about some sets featuring a girl on the phone? With a suitable text, of course.

Keep up the good work. – *J, Lancs* ♣

LILLIPUT
Wing

TOP TITS

Ever noticed that there's lots of fruity puns you can make about tits? *(Oh, God, Garbonza, not more of your crappy puns – Ed.)* You can describe these delectable dishes as melons, or peaches, with strawberry nipples or teats like cherries.

Coincidentally, this month's juicy pair (or pear) belong to a lady called Cherry, and a finer crop of redcurranty nipples you couldn't hope to find. I wouldn't mind making a fresh fruit salad out of *that* bunch, I can tell you.

And it'd make my banana split. – *Gary Garbonza* ♣

FOUL·PLAY

*We're reaching the stage, argues **U Watt**, where crowd-control policemen will soon outnumber spectators at the Oval or Lords. "I say, Giles, pass the cucumber sandwiches and the golf ball with the nails in it . . ."*

The Ed keeps pestering me to write about the sports that matter. "Try telling Robin Hood that archery doesn't matter," I told him, "and he won't hear you 'cause he's dead." The Ed was very understanding. "Piss off!" he said. "And do what you're bloody well told."

If ever there was a sport that mattered to the British it must be football. So it's high time, I think, that we confronted some of the burning issues that are threatening to engulf with flames the cryptic game of cricket.

While football rules the winter months, so cricket dominates the summer, its leisurely air so apt for hot Sundays on the village green. The winter sports leave their exponents weary and battle-worn, all ready for a season of soothing cricket, ambling across the green pastures of old England and being thoroughly good-natured towards one another. Or so tradition has it. But as with so many English traditions, this, the first pillar of Englishness, has been knocked squarely for six by hooliganism both on and off the field.

In the last year a series of worrying on-field incidents have rocked the very foundations of the sport and shocked the elders of the long room. But even before this, trouble had been brewing and had even reached the dreaded extent of crowd violence, a dishonour previously reserved for the footballing fraternity. Throughout the world, the word "hooligan" has become synonymous with "Englishman." I blame the parents. If they hadn't been so bloody rampant the little buggers would never be here in the first place.

That Ian Botham's got a lot to answer for, and that Lillee fellow with his aluminium bat. Some fine example they've set the youngsters of today. Botham (pronounced Botham) is a contrary sort of bloke. One minute he's walking miles for charity and good public relations, the next he's got some poor sod in a head lock, thousands of feet up in an aeroplane. Rumour has it that the only reason those elephants walked with Botham is that they refused to fly with him.

There's a theory circulating at present that this ill conduct is down to the awful weather we've had over recent summers. Because of the lack of distinction, weather-wise, between the seasons, players and officials lose their awareness of when to change from a soccer mentality to a cricket one. I telephoned the MCC to ask whether they thought a good summer would help stem the tide of hooliganism within the sport, but nobody answered the phone.

To find the true spirit of the game of cricket, one must always return to the village green where sporting people, young and old, sober and pissed, swan around in old flannels, adjusting crusty old boxes in moth-eaten jock straps, recognizing the courtesies that form the cornerstone of the game, and tumbling arse over tit into the stinging nettles in an effort to prevent that smartarse from the undertakers notching up his half century. The tap of leather on willow is a beautiful sound; why spoil it with the screech of Botham on telly? ♣

GOBBLE!

*After inspecting the contents of his stomach, **Nathaniel Fatbastard** has decided that Britain's motorway cuisine is now excellent value.*

When you do as many miles as I do every year in my Lada Coca-Cola GTi, you grow to know and love the many charming roadside eateries that are dotted all over Britain. They're cheap, cheerfully informal and often the only place you can dump your guts for miles.

Passing through Middlesbrough on a recent tour of the land of the Jolly Green Giro, I stopped at one of these traditional resting places for the weary wayfarer. *Big Dick's Caff and Grill* (just off Claimant Road, Middlesbrough) offers unpretentious corrugated iron decor and good olde fashioned English fayre. Eggs, bacon, sausage, grease, chips, beans, fried bread and freshly blackened tomatoes are all on the menu with examples of each thoughtfully displayed on the proprietor's vest. I plumped for the mixed grill (five chops, liver, bacon, sausages, beefburgers, eggs and chips washed down with a generous mug of warm lard) which at £1.45 was excellent value. As I left, Big Dick waved cheerily. "Had away and shite, man," he roared – the local dialect way of wishing us southerners a good journey.

For those who like a more conservative repast, may I recommend the *Merry Masticater* chain. Offering clean white plastic walls with a welcome splash of colour from the skin diseases of the serving staff, *Merry Masticaters* cater for the family motorist. Captain Codpiece's Big Banquet (two fishfingers and chips) will delight the kids for £5.99, whilst for

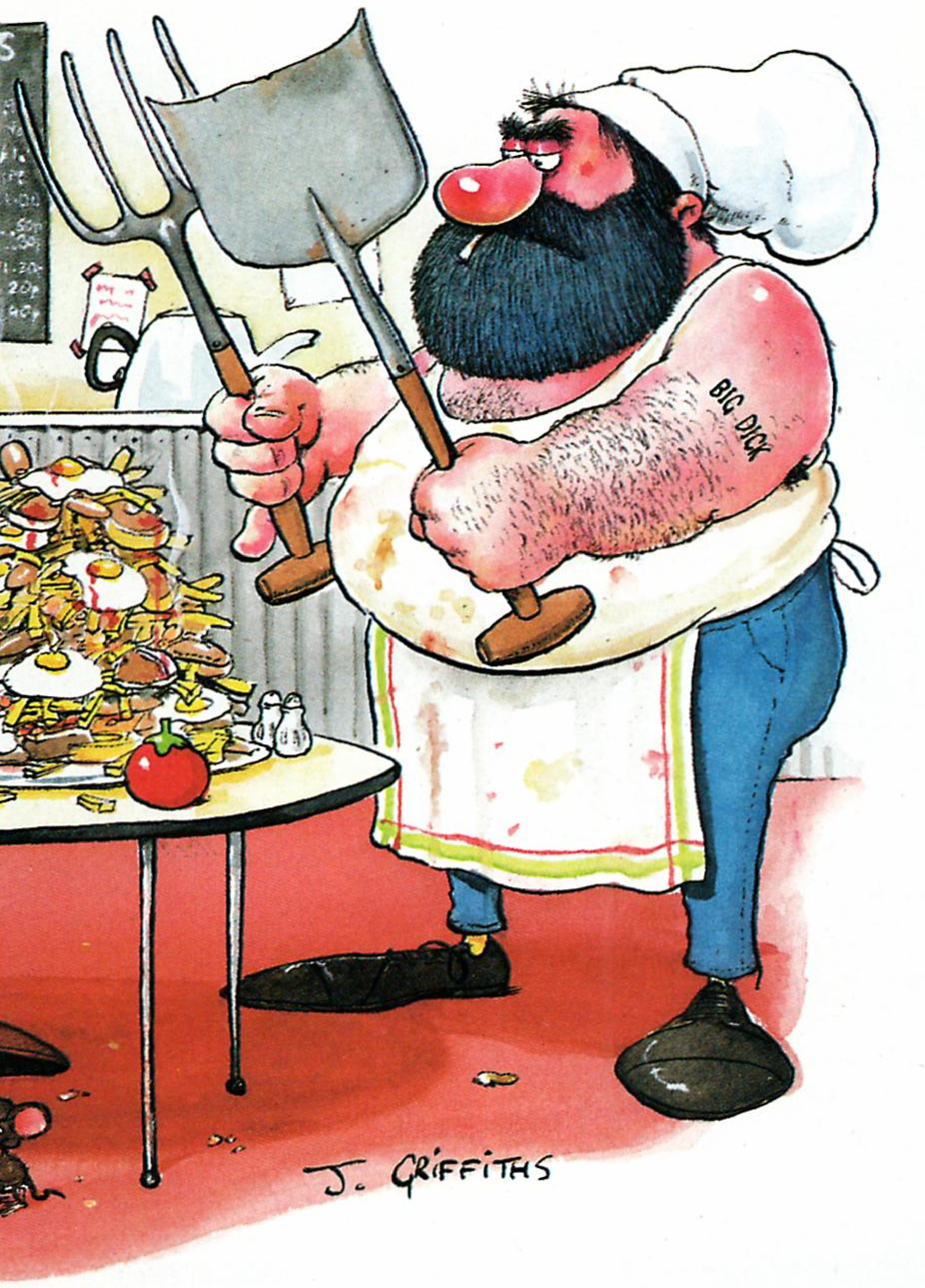
Tina Gets It Off Her Chest

Our roving World Affairs correspondent surveys the globe from above her bazoomas and wonders about the effect of the poll tax on the British economy.

I dunno about this poll tax stuff, do you? Can't grasp the ins and outs of it meself. But I know one thing. It's a bit unfair on the Poles, innit?

I mean, why should they have to pay more tax just 'cos they're Poles? Most of them seem pretty harmless to me. And I even know quite a nice one – he runs my local offie just off the Old Kent Road, and stocks the meanest vodka I've tasted in yonks.

And he's not going to be too happy about this extra tax lark. Enough to drive you to drink, I reckon. ♣



the grown-up there's the Hungry Traveller's Piled-High Platter (two sausages and chips) for £8.50. Each table has its own cruet including Monosodium Glutamate, and as a special promotion this month, any child eating more than ten E numbers qualifies for a Pirate the Parrot wipe clean plastic seat cover, for kiddies who can't keep their Kreemee-Whip Banana and Strawberry Surprise a secret on the long journey north.

Finally, for those who really like to keep on the move, how about a take-out? Teesside is full of them, probably because there are so few places sanitary enough to eat in. Along one street alone I spotted *Burger Inn*, *Burger Off*, *Silly Burger* and *Burger the Cat*, while for those with wider tastes there were *Stirlingmoss Quick Kebabs* or *Le Sic Fast Snails to Take Out*.

I stopped instead at a red and white establishment called *Texas Chain-sawed Chicken*. Inside, the staff were like EEC butter – greasy and the product of more than one country. Their bright moonscape acne put me off the tangy Mayonnaise Dip (99p), so I opted instead for a portion of Big Chick Nibbles in a Basket (£2.50), the private parts of a long-dead rooster coated with eleven herbs and sawdust and fried in polyunsaturated diesel.

To complement it, I chose a two-litre bucket of ice and Diet Cherry-Up (65p), and to finish there was home-made apple pie (green snot-like stuff extruded into a sugar-flavoured cardboard coating – £1.50). I also enjoyed the small portion of lemon sponge until I realised that I was supposed to wipe my hands on it. Still, what it lacked in refinement, it more than made up for in quantity – an admirable trait. Unfortunately, just past the Sunderland turn-off on the A19, I honked the lot in the glove box.♣

ROCKY HOWETT

Doctor Livingstone, I presume?

Snapped!

So there we were, wondering which button to press on the company Nikon – and all these sexy women turned up!

Fair Chers, chaps – and you get those all round with the dresses she's almost wearing these days

All in for a bit of breast stroke! Sharron Davies muffs up the diving position, but still gives the crowd a frill

Her breath's coming in short panties – but Jane's still Fonda a couple of cans after a good workout

Those very interesting shapes that women's bits make in tight trousers are technically called *Nielsens*. And here's Brigitte modelling one we prepared earlier . . .

People in Pictures/Alpha

ASK ANDREA

YOU NAME IT,
MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

The Club offices are at present besieged by rampant Andrea Clarke fans, all begging for a glimpse of one of the sexiest girls who's ever appeared in these pages. Yup, it's Andreamania. And looking at this month's photo special, you can see why.

So many people asked to see Andrea dressed in a schoolgirl outfit that we couldn't possibly name them all, 'cos we'd be here all day and you all want to finish this as soon as possible to get to those uniform shots, right?

The reader who summed up most people's requests was Neil from Halesowen, who wrote:

"I can just picture gorgeous Andrea as a naughty schoolgirl who has been sent to the headmistress. She would be dressed as any other schoolgirl, with a school blouse, tie, short school skirt and black, high-heeled shoes. I *know* the luscious Ms Clarke would look wonderfully wicked as she awaits the arrival of the headmistress, and I would be her biggest fan ever if I could see her like this. I'd love to meet her behind the bike sheds any day!"

So would we, Neil, so get to it. This is one bit of homework *nobody* will want to get out of.♣

BETACAR

letters to ANDREA

Dear Andrea,

I am so glad you are now appearing frequently in Club magazine. It is the least you deserve. Your body is so perfectly curvaceous that no man could dream for better.

My fantasy is that you are lying upon a silk-sheeted bed, wearing a fox fur coat. Fur would be your favourite fetish and you would be fondling it close to your stiffening nipples and dampening cunt. The fox fur would have been a present from me and you can't wait to satisfy your desires.

In this fantasy the pose I would most like to see you in is with you lying on the bed, the fur coat held close to you, low down on your beautiful breasts but not revealing your nipples, your shoulders bare but lightly caressed by your golden hair and your firm, stocking-covered legs laid gracefully along the bed.

I ask most sincerely that you fulfil my fantasy in the way that only you could. I am sure you will gain pleasure from this experience, and I most definitely know I will drool in the ecstasy I will get from these pictures. I really can't wait for them.

Whatever happens, I will remain a loyal reader of Club International to enjoy your

regular appearances. – Roger, North London

What an offer, Roger! If you can provide the coat, I would certainly consider providing myself for such a shoot. I'm also flattered that my boobs are having such a wonderful effect. Keep watching.

Dear Andrea,

After seeing your pictures in Club, I just had to write and tell you that you have fulfilled my fantasy totally. It might sound clichéd, but I just *love* the sight of a sexy woman like yourself in silk underwear: it makes my penis stiffen even now just thinking about it.

To me, there is nothing quite like imagining a cool blonde with a smooth, firm body, gradually pulling off her classy lingerie. As I think of the quiet swish of the silk as it brushes your nipples and the way those French knickers cling to your satiny rear, it drives me wild. And at the sight of your cute little quim peeping cheekily from out of the side of those knickers, I had to rush off and wank myself furiously.

Please, Andrea, let's see more shots of you in classy lingerie. My cock can't get enough of it – and I'm sure I speak for men everywhere who lust after lingerie! – David, Bromley

Well, David, I'm glad that this special set met with such approval; yours isn't the only letter I've had about my lingerie, I can tell you. And believe me, the feeling of the cool silk rubbing against my burning hard nipples had me in a bit of a frenzy, too!

Dear Andrea,

After nearly masturbating myself into a coma, I just had to write to you and thank you for satisfying two of my fantasies. The first one is that I am married to you; how I'd love to see you as you are in Vol 17 No 4, first thing in the morning. The second is that every time I open my copy of Club I see you in a completely new photo set!

However, my main fantasy of you is to see you on a bed covered in frilly white cushions and covers. You are wearing a white, lacy, strapless basque with a matching pair of suspenders and patterned white stockings. The real fantasy is that you are wearing tight, black leather gloves and floppy, thigh-length, black leather boots. I'd then love to wank myself off while watching you move around the bed into different poses while the leather creaks.

Even if you cannot fulfil this fantasy of mine, *please* do a photo set in some thigh-length boots. I would wank myself to death if I could see you like this, as a beautiful blonde like you would look stunning in black leather.

Keep up the good work, Andrea. I must go and have another wank now over your beautifully sexy pictures. – JF, Huddersfield

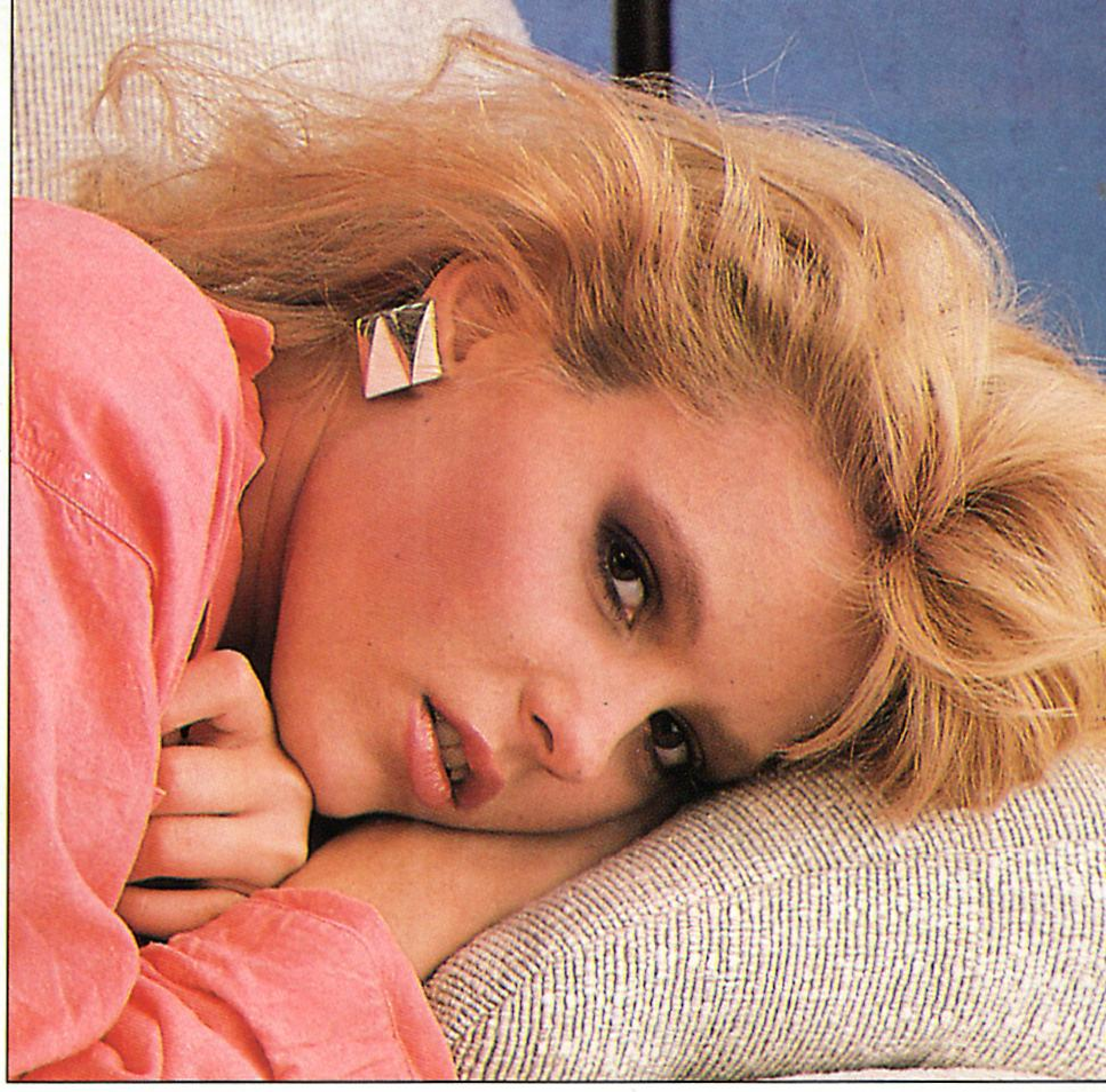
Well, after reading this, I must tell you that in the near future there'll be a photo set of me that I think you'll love – I definitely do! I can't say any more just now, 'cos the Ed has sworn me to secrecy, but it's well worth waiting for, so don't go away . . . ♣

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!

Charlotte

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT EVANS

Charlotte's a girl who likes to lie back and think of England, as these pictures of her amply demonstrate. Nothing wrong with that, we say, but doesn't she find the good old missionary position gets a bit tedious after a while? "What, with all the positions you can get into



with a man on top of you?'' Charlotte asked in surprise. ''I tell you, it's a good job I do yoga, 'cos you can get into some wildly tangled positions when a guy's banging into you!'' There's certainly nothing *of the missionary about Charlotte.*♣

CLUB INTERVIEW WITH

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

Right: A slick Douglas displays his mean streak as the ruthless financier Gekko in Wall Street

Above: With Anne Archer and Glenn Close in Fatal Attraction*: who's a greedy boy, then...? Right: The aftermath of Ms Close giving herself one off the wrist*

WITH AN OSCAR SAFELY TUCKED UNDER HIS BELT, MICHAEL DOUGLAS IS AT LAST THE MAN EVERY HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER WANTS TO KNOW. HE TALKS TO CLUB INTERNATIONAL ABOUT THE FILM THAT WON HIM THE OSCAR, ABOUT WHEN HIS FAMOUS DAD CALLED HIM A "PRICK" AND ABOUT *THAT* SEX SCENE IN **FATAL ATTRACTION**

Michael Douglas seems to have been around for an awful long time. Maybe it's because he's such a ringer for his old man that we sometimes think we're still looking at Kirk. Or maybe it's because he *has* been around a long time: sure, 1987 and '88 have guaranteed Douglas a place among Hollywood's all-time greats, but it's been a long time coming. Gone in a puff of smoke are the days when he was better known as "Kirk Douglas's son".

Unlike certain other individuals in showbiz, however, there's never been any doubt about Douglas Jnr's abilities. He cracked it first as a producer – *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* being the best-known example – then tried his hand at the acting bit, turning in good performances in *Romancing The Stone*, *Jewel Of The Nile*, *Fatal Attraction* and the Oscar-winning *Wall Street*. There have been dummies, of course: Dickie Attenborough's *Chorus Line* stands out.

But *Fatal Attraction*, months after its release, is the one everybody's still talking about. Anyone who's seen it won't forget the steamy sex scene with Glenn Close in a hurry. Somewhat surprisingly, considering the eye-popping end product, it was a scene which Douglas found difficult to do.

"You'll just have to believe me – portraying sex on the screen is really tough. When you're supposed to be on top of a woman in a sex scene, the camera seems to have great difficulties in finding a suitable angle. So you end up doing strange acrobatics – not because you're enjoying it, but because you have to worry about where the lights are. I am a workaholic, and doing a sex scene is just about the hardest work I know!"

What, even with Glenn Close?

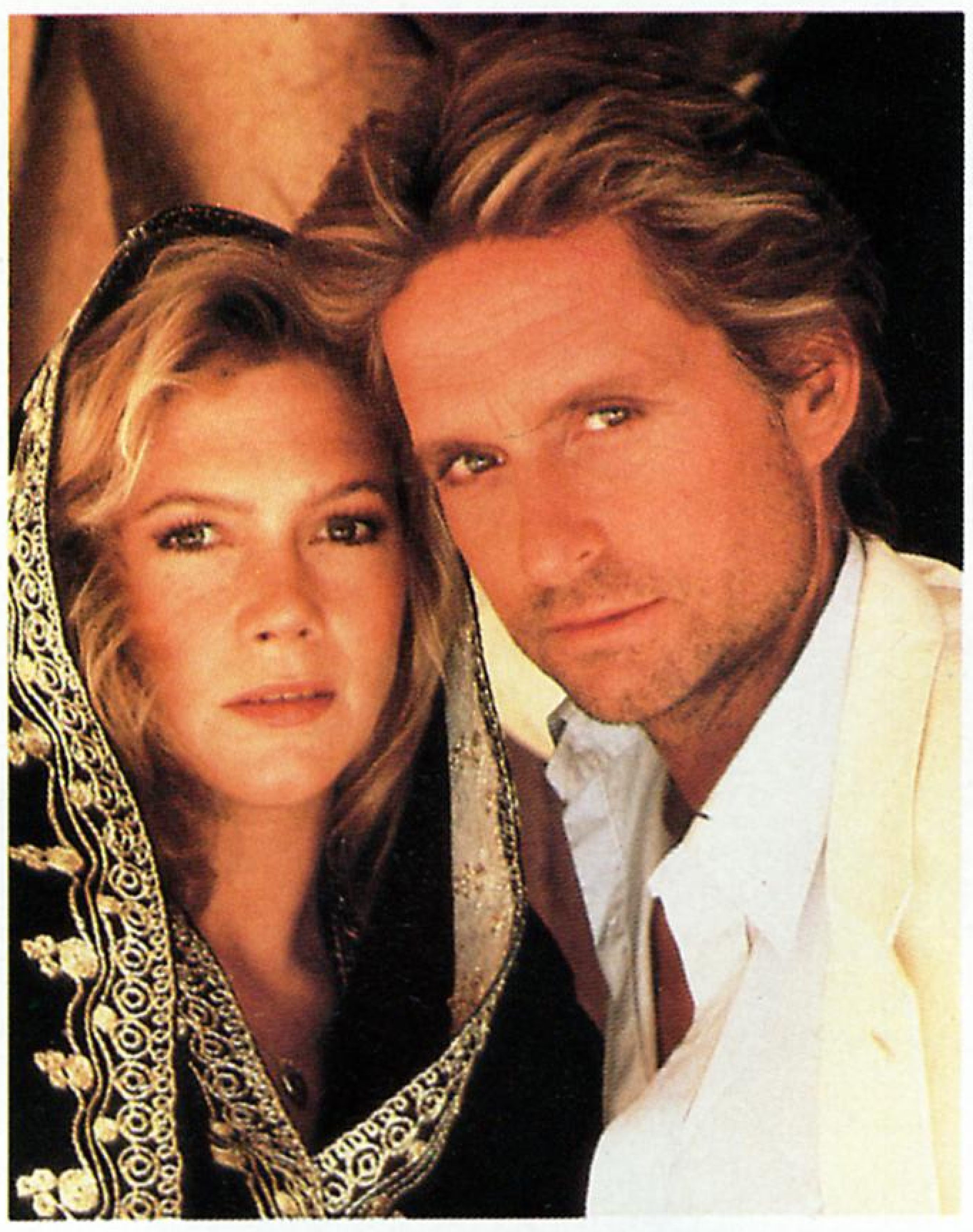
"Take the scene in *Fatal Attraction* where I had to make love to Glenn while carrying her – in the midst of the sex act – from the kitchen sink to the bedroom . . . and my trousers fall down. Well, I believe that when sex really works on-screen and things become too hot, audiences will recognize it for being very realistic, but at the same time they become uncomfortable and somewhat embarrassed by it. They feel like voyeurs, so you have to temper it and lighten it with comedy; you have to provide the audience with some kind of release; you mix laughs with sex. The hot thing up there must also give rise to a laugh . . . and only then does it really work well. But it remains hard work: screen sex is *never* easy."

Almost – but not quite – blushing, he adds: "We tried all the sex scenes first. You do a take, look at it and then discuss and analyze it. I said to Glenn, very matter-of-factly: 'I think what we're missing here is the act of penetration. Maybe I should stick my fingers in your mouth? That would look hot, don't you think? It would photograph well.' In the end we both realized that sex on-screen is not sex at all; it's choreography."

That may seem rather suspiciously like Douglas the producer overlapping with Douglas the actor, but it's something he usually tries to avoid. "When I'm being the actor, I try to wear blinkers and forget about everything else. I have rediscovered the joy of acting, and now directors take me seriously. They used to be very wary of casting me in their pictures because of my production background; they seemed to be scared that I would start telling them how to do this or watch out for that. Now they know that when I'm the actor, I'm nothing else.

"In *Wall Street* I had a nine-minute monologue, and after the first take – in front of a crowd of extras – director Oliver Stone told me it was no good.

"I never see my own rushes, but this one I *had* to see. It was not so bad after all



One of the drawbacks of having a job like Michael Douglas's is that you have to get close to women like Kathleen Turner (Jewel Of The Nile)

> 'I said to Glenn, 'I think what we're missing here is the act of penetration. Maybe I should stick my fingers in your mouth.'"

– and 600 extras had applauded me on the set. Afterwards, Stone admitted the one-take scene was fine and that he had merely criticized me to get the adrenalin going: that's what I needed to make the character of the greedy Gekko more convincing."

What also helped to make Douglas's Oscar-winning role more convincing was the fact that he had moved from Hollywood to New York with his wife, Diandra, four years ago. Hollywood wasn't to the couple's liking. Diandra, in particular, was glad to see the back of the bitchy film set. But it was from a professional point of view that the move had its greatest advantage.

"I found it was of real benefit to my work to be based in New York," he explains. "There, I'm closer to the investors who put up the finance for my pictures. It was my experience as a producer and dealing with big business which got me the role in *Wall Street*. Where my comparative success as a producer and business person worked against my acting career in the past – directors thought I was not really an actor and therefore not "serious" about acting – now it worked in my favour. I could make my role in the film more convincing.

Even though Douglas himself admits to leading an "orderly" life in the Big Apple, his sex-symbol tag doesn't come entirely problem-free. "Women have come up to my wife," he says, obviously ill-at-ease, "and confronted her with things like: 'I'm having an affair with Michael' or 'I spent the night with him' or 'I spent a week with him'. These are women I've never even met, and I don't know their names, either! But they think nothing of doing this."

It's one of the things Douglas has to put up with as a man who is currently hot property, and whose production company is flat-out in the middle of developing no fewer than 16 new scripts. He's not a man who will ever have to twiddle his thumbs in between film scripts landing on his doormat. He can definitely be considered to have "made it". Does all this success make him feel as though he's got one over on his dad? Has he ever competed with him?

"Oh, no!" he laughs. "How can I? We're looking for a screenplay in which we can star opposite each other. We'll still have to decide who's going to be the good guy, and who's going to be the baddie. My father has always believed that I would make a great killer on-screen. He says I'm such a charming guy, although he adds: 'But when you play a baddie, they'll find out what a prick you really are'." ♣

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KATE

This month's centrefold, Kate, was especially pleased to be making her Club debut. For the delectable Sloane Ranger from Kensington, it's a complete change of scene.

"Before I started taking my clothes off for a living," the blue-eyed blonde told us,

Photographs by Glen Morales

"I was working as an assistant in a very upmarket art gallery in central London. That's where your photographer spotted me – and I haven't looked back since!"

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But isn't nude modelling a bit far removed from the huntin', shootin' and fishin' set that she was brought up with? *"Thankfully, yes," she explained. "I was so bored spending all my weekends riding in the hunt. Really, the only riding I enjoy is in a bed, with a big cock buried inside me. Although I must confess, my real preference is for the doggy position. Taking it from behind you can really feel that cock banging away in there." Kate suddenly stopped talking. "Oops, I hope no one from my old girls' boarding school reads this – they'll wonder where I learnt it all!"* ♣

KATE
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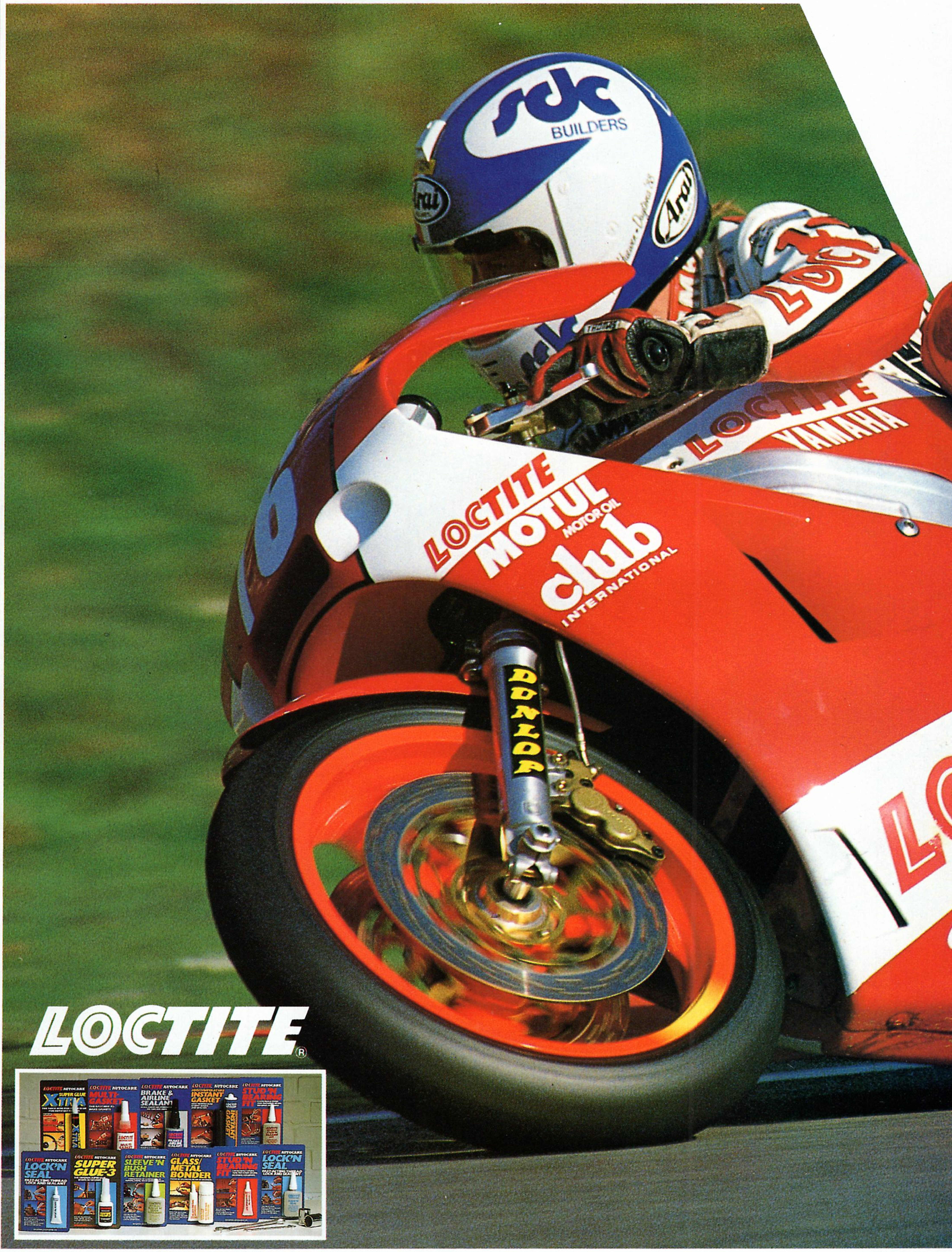
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Racing Ahead

JUDiE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SERGE JAQUES

We rather liked the outfits Judie's almost wearing in these shots. Is this usual for her? "I always think," said Judie, "that if you show a little of what's on offer, the guys'll soon be *racing back." Hence the tits pertly peeping out of the cups of that corset, and that artistically draped blouse. "But I don't wander around like this all the time – I'd probably get arrested!"* ♣

Fiction by David Smeds

SHORE LEAVE

Every woman on Deneb IV
is begging for it.
No wonder Al and Joe
ended up all at semen!

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID NOON

The starship swung into orbit around Deneb IV, gliding in like a gull on a lazy ocean breeze. Bosun's mate Joe Warner watched the planet looming on the screen at his duty station. It was a thick blue crescent, streaked with white cloud formations and, here and there, the browns and greens of continents. The lights of cities gleamed like tiny gems on the night side. Never had he seen a more welcome sight. Not simply because it was beautiful, which it was, but because, for the first time in five long months of dull patrol duty, they had arrived at a friendly port of call.

Joe waited until the orbit was locked and the ship's whistle trilled before he consulted the duty roster. The screen filled with a long list of names. For a brief second, he panicked, unable to locate his own – but there it was, safely tucked in alphabetical order under the heading: "R&R, 72 hours." He stared hard at the authorization for a full three minutes, even called it up on to the display another time. It was real.

No sooner had the ensign given him permission to leave his duty station than he was on the ship intercom.

"Al. This is Joe – " he began, unable to keep the excitement out of his voice.

The voice on the other end of the circuit sounded amused. "I know. I saw the roster. Shore leave on Deneb IV. So what are you waiting for? I'll meet you at the sick bay."

Joe virtually ran the whole way. Even so, Al was there first, his mile-wide grin and bright red, curly hair making him look a bit like a circus clown. They joined the queue of enlisted men waiting for the medicos to certify that they had all the proper immunizations for this particular world. Two men who had already been processed rushed by, waving their updated medical cards, inciting the envy of all who watched. Like gold, those cards – a crewman had to have one before he could be issued a shore leave pass.

"Well, Joe me boy," Al said, squeezing his companion on the shoulder. "Another hour and I'll show you why Deneb IV is spacer's heaven."

Joe checked quickly to see if any of the other men were looking. It embarrassed him when Al played big brother. But it was useful. Al was a career spacer, and he'd seen every port in the entire patrol sector. Joe was only twenty years old, still in the midst of his first hitch.

"What's so special about Deneb IV?" asked the midshipman behind them.

Al smiled. "Religion."

The transporter materialized them near the edge of a huge, open-air plaza in one of the major cities. Joe smelled wet cement, cut grass, and pigeons – aromas he'd forgotten on the long voyage. The sky was blue, the temperature mild. It was so Earthlike that he had to stop a moment. Looking closely, he saw that the birds fluttering to and fro were not pigeons at all. The "oaks" in the nearby park had red acorns. And, surely, no Earth culture had ever come up with architecture quite like that surrounding them. Still, for a moment, it was as if he were home.

"Let's see if I got this straight," Joe said as they set off toward a small, outdoor cafe. "Denebian women like to fuck spacers because of their religion?"

"That's right," Al replied, straightening his collar. He looked sharp in his dress suit, though Joe easily outshone him with his broad shoulders, trim waist, and smooth, obviously young face. "Denebians believe that contraception is a deadly sin. They don't allow birth control devices here. It's all rhythm, or withdrawal, or nothing."

"That's barbaric."

"True," Al said, smiling, "but it works out well for you and me. These people may look just as human as you or me, but down deep they're a little bit different. It's just enough to mean that we can't interbreed. We could fuck a thousand Denebian women and never make one pregnant."

"So they go after spacers, because they know we're safe."

"That's right." They found an empty table at the cafe. "We'll just hang out here for a while. You'll see what I mean."

They were drinking coffee – real coffee, imported from Earth as a treat for spacer customers, not one of the awful-tasting substitutes Joe had endured in many other alien restaurants – when a pair of sleek young women brushed by and scooted into the chairs at the next table. Joe caught a glimpse of a long, tanned, slender leg as it slid under the tablecloth. After five months without a woman, the sight of her knee alone was enough to stiffen his cock.

He looked up into a set of deep blue eyes. She was as young as he, long black hair trailing halfway down her back. Long lashes. Small, perfect lips. Delicate jawline. Artistic hands. Her dress and jade-like necklace accentuated her slim waist and generous bust. She looked like the girl in the pin-up he kept taped to the inside of his locker door.

She was staring at him, her smile bright and beckoning. His erection grew so hard he had to adjust his trousers.

"Would you ladies care to join us?" Al asked.

Joe couldn't believe it could be that easy, but sure enough, the other woman, an elegant blonde, nodded and asked, "You are spacers, yes?" Her accent was thick, and sounded vaguely French.

"Yes, we are."

"What ship you come on?"

"The Valiant."

That satisfied the blonde that they were telling the truth. She turned and tugged her companion's wrist, and soon they settled in next to the men.

"Care for some wine?" Al asked.

"Know something better than wine," the blonde said, and summoned the waiter.

The blonde was called something that sounded like Kerri, and the brunette, after offering an unpronouncable Denebian name, told them to call her Sasha. Kerri was bubbly and talkative, and after they had drunk several glasses of the drink she had chosen, she became extremely giggly. She and Al hit it off immediately. Sasha was quiet, partly because she only knew a little English, but was equally friendly, and she and Joe spent a great deal of time just looking into each other's eyes.

They spent the waning hours of the afternoon wandering through a gallery. The most popular Denebian art form seemed to be glass-blowing, and Joe and Al saw bottles, ornaments, and

beads finer than any they had ever imagined. Some items were for sale. Joe bought a tiny, multi-faceted earring to send to his mother.

They dined at a nearby restaurant, where Sasha slipped her shoes off beneath the table and drove Joe wild running her toes against his calves. At the end of the meal, it was she, in her fractured English, who suggested they wander through the public garden.

Joe was getting anxious to go to a hotel room or perhaps to the girls' apartment, but Al did not seem concerned, so they strolled a few blocks to the nearest park. There were a surprising number of the gardens throughout the city, all verdant with thick, almost tropical foliage, though fortunately nearly free of tropical-type insects. The girls led them along a promenade made of pale blue bricks.

When he came, it felt like it shot miles high. He heard her gulp it noisily down...

Joe heard sounds – sighs, stirrings, sometimes muffled pounding, coming out of the brush on either side. He was worried about muggers, and clasped Sasha's hand protectively, but she smiled, unconcerned, and before long, tugged him into a gap in the greenery.

"What?" he muttered. He turned around, and saw that Kerri and Al had disappeared.

"Come, come," said Sasha.

She pulled him further into the shrubbery, until they could no longer see the path. Her teeth sparkled in the moonlight. She leaned forward, offering him her mouth.

Joe's heart began to pound. He wrapped his hands behind her back, pulling her toward him. Her tongue rolled around his, wet, warm, and eager.

She stepped away, and in one smooth, practiced motion, lifted off her entire gown and draped it on a branch. She wore nothing underneath.

"You like?" she asked, gesturing at her body. Her nipples swelled, stiffening in the night air. Uncovered, she was more than a match for the pin-up girl on his locker door. In fact, she was much better.

"I like," he said.

She grinned, and before he could react, she knelt down in front of him and unbuttoned his fly. His hard-on sprang out of the cloth and into her mouth. She seized him by his cheeks and shoved him deeper. On the fifth stroke, she took him all the way in and held him there.

"Oh, my God!" Joe moaned, hot flesh encasing him, lips pressed tight against his pubic bone. He nearly came.

"Sasha likes you," she whispered, pulling her mouth away and blowing on the tip of his cock to cool him down. "Sasha wants you to fuck her hard."

She lay back on a firm patch of ground that seemed to have been designed for her body, pulling him down by his cock. She wouldn't even let him take off his clothes. "I like spacer uniform," she explained, spreading her legs.

He plunged in. Her hips rose, her cunt swallowing him. He banged her like a teenager.

"Yes," she murmured, and moaned something in her own language.

Joe was in no condition to pay attention to anything but the hot, tight, moist walls pressing his shaft, but every once in a while, he thought he heard other sighs and moans coming from the other side of a nearby tree. At first, he assumed it must be Al and Kerri, but gradually he realized it was coming from more than one place, as if half the city were in the park, fucking.

He came in great, gushing spurts. She took it all, giggling to see him experience such pleasure.

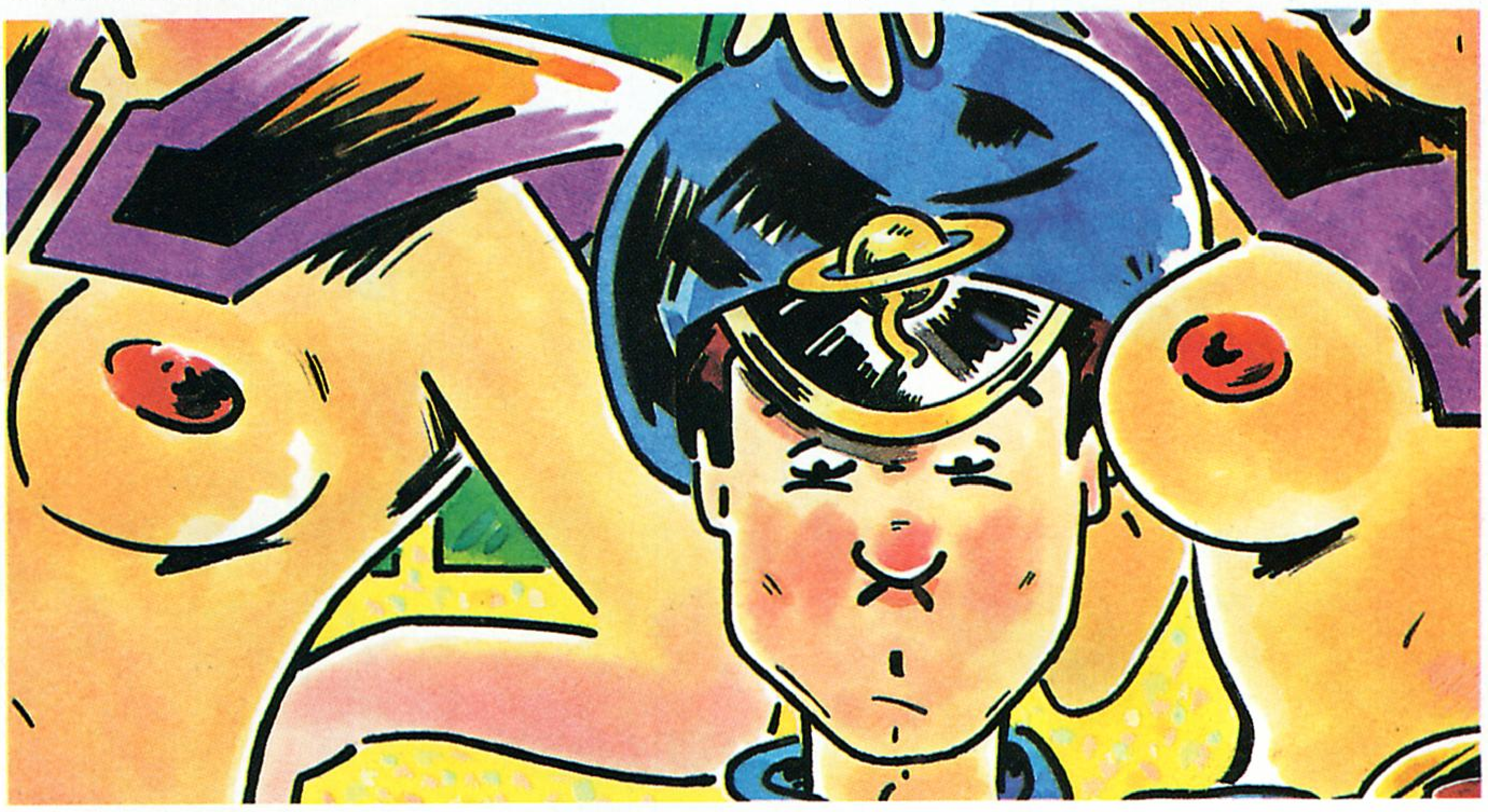
It had almost been worth five months of deprivation.

He had just pulled out, withered, dripping, and satisfied, when they heard somebody stumbling through the brush in their direction. Joe fastened his fly. Sasha slid into her gown with the same grace with which she had doffed it. They glided back on to the promenade without meeting the newcomers.

At the park's edge they met Al and Kerri, who beamed with contentment. "Have fun?" Al joked.

"Damn right," Joe said. Suddenly he noticed the little package in his pocket – the earring he had bought. On impulse, he offered it to Sasha.

She refused it. She turned to Al. "Tomorrow night?" she suggested. Joe was dumbfounded when Kerri asked the same of him. Naturally, both men said yes, and the girls strolled down the street with happy smiles.



"Why'd she turn down the earring?" Joe asked as he and Al headed for the transporter terminal.

"Denebian girls have to make sure they don't take money or gifts for sex. Prostitution's against their religion. First offenders get ten years, minimum."

"All I meant to tell her was that I like her. A lot. I'm looking forward to tomorrow night."

"Oh, no," Al said firmly. "Tomorrow you get Kerri. I get Sasha."

"Now, wait a minute . . ."

"That's the way it's got to be," Al interrupted. "Their religion says that any girl who dates a man twice in a row has to marry him. You don't want to marry her, do you?"

"Well . . . no. I have a fiancée waiting for me at home."

"All right, then. Besides, you'll like Kerri. She's got this way of using her fingers . . ."

The next night, Joe learned what Al meant. They were in a restaurant. Sasha, much to his chagrin, was lavishing the same ardent attention on Al that she had extended to him the night before. But, much to his delight, Kerri proved to be just as interesting, and definitely as beautiful, in her own way. For one thing, he could actually talk with her, since she had the vocabulary.

They were deep in conversation when Sasha demurely excused herself. Al stood up a few moments later. "Off to the rest room," he said, and winked. He strode off toward the rear of the establishment.

Joe knew something was up. He turned back to Kerri. She simply smiled and sank out of view beneath the table.

The tables, Joe had noticed, were extremely high, with floor-length cloths, allowing an unusual amount of hidden space beneath. Suddenly he knew the reason. Kerri's hands brushed his crotch. He slid his hips forward. She opened his fly.

He glanced around nervously. They were tucked in a booth. Several other patrons were in plain sight, but they ignored what was going on, except one grey-haired matron, who smiled and continued daintily sipping her noodle soup.

Joe could tell that his prick was shrivelled and small. He couldn't imagine getting it up with all these people around. Then Kerri's mouth descended. She slid his limp member between her lips, batting it around with her tongue. In and out, sliding all along and around the shaft. His cock came to life.

She wrapped the fingers of one hand around the base, using them to supplement the action of her mouth. She couldn't take him in as deeply as Sasha, but she didn't need to. She milked him, her other hand cupping and stroking his balls. Thanks to her hand, it felt like her throat was miles deep. When he came, it felt like it shot miles high. He heard her gulp it noisily down, murmuring with pleasure.

He suddenly realized where he was, and glanced at the other customers. Once again, the old lady smiled. He blushed.

Kerri popped up, licking her lips. In due time, Sasha and Al returned from the rest room.

"Nice facilities they have here," Al said, with the air of an especially refreshed sailor. Sasha echoed his chuckle.

"I don't get it," Joe asked as they headed out for their third and final night. "Why do we keep doing it in public places?"

"Take a guess," Al said, smiling.

"Oh, no," Joe groaned. "Not religion."

"Yes. If a Denebian goes into a private bedroom alone with a member of the opposite sex, even if they don't do anything, they commit a great sin."

"But it's not a sin if other people are around?"

"That's right."

"Weird. But what about tonight? I thought we were invited up to the girls' apartment."

"We are. Just make sure you don't go in the bedroom alone with anyone, and everything will be okay."

Kerri greeted them at the

continued on page 98

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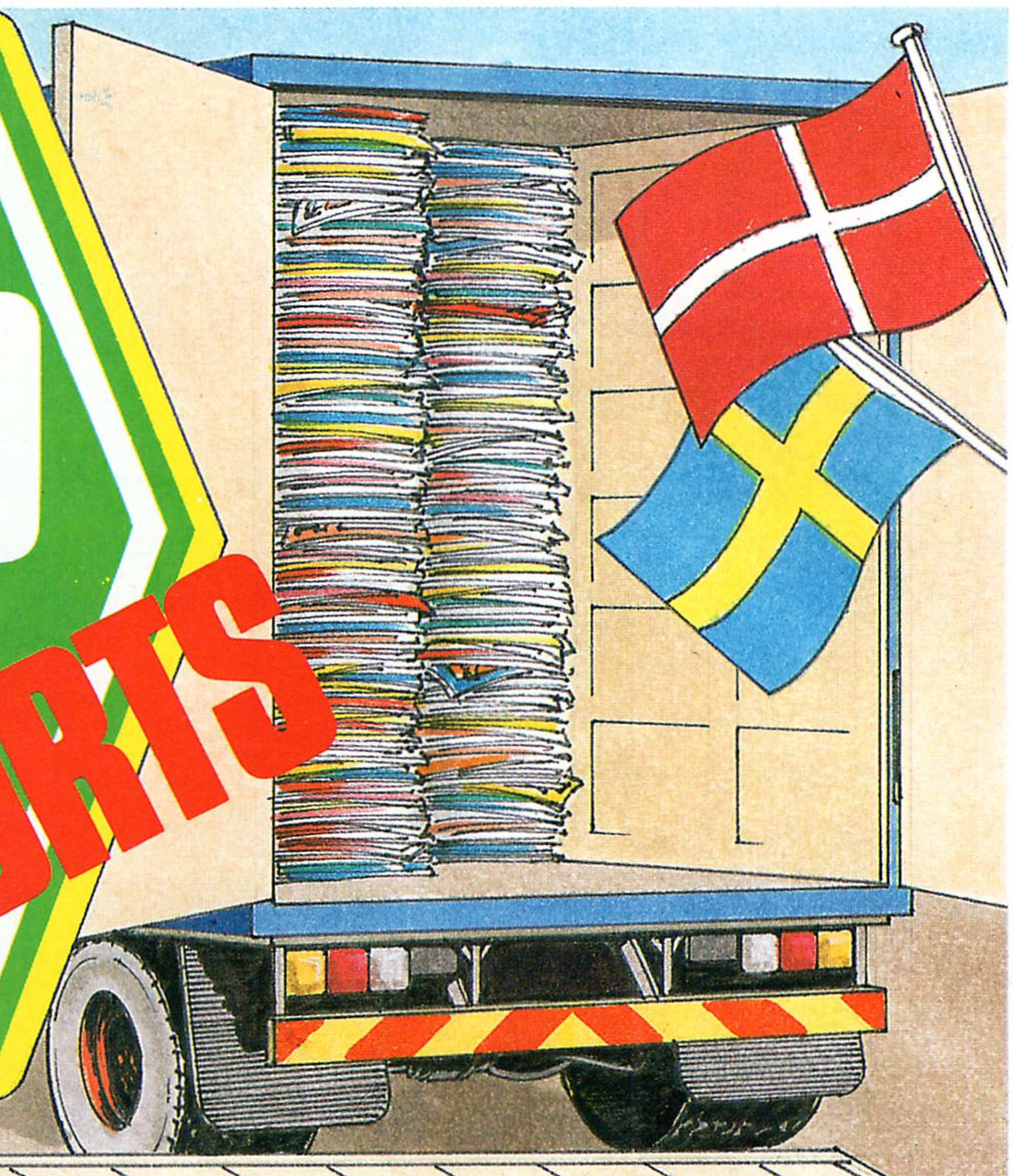

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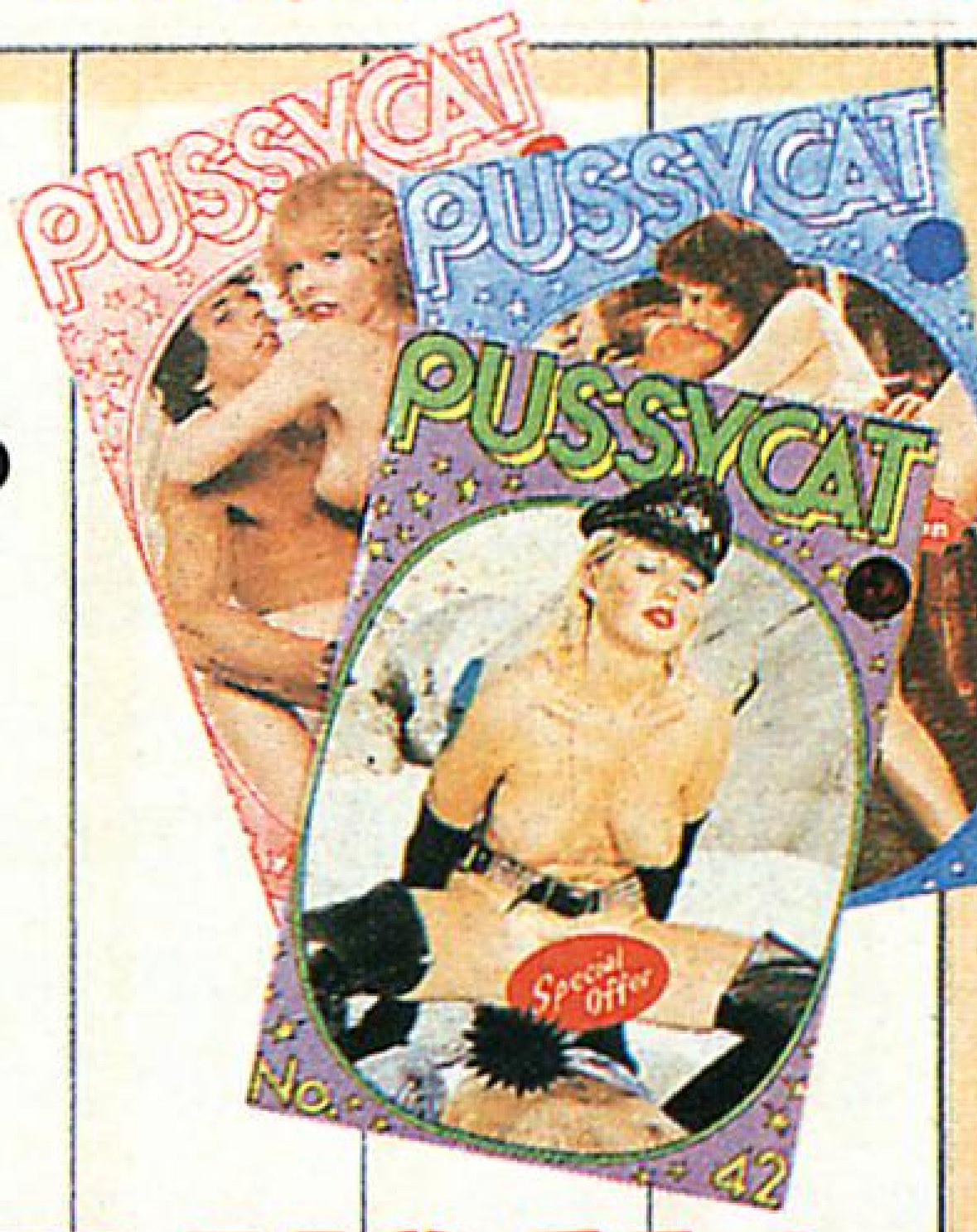

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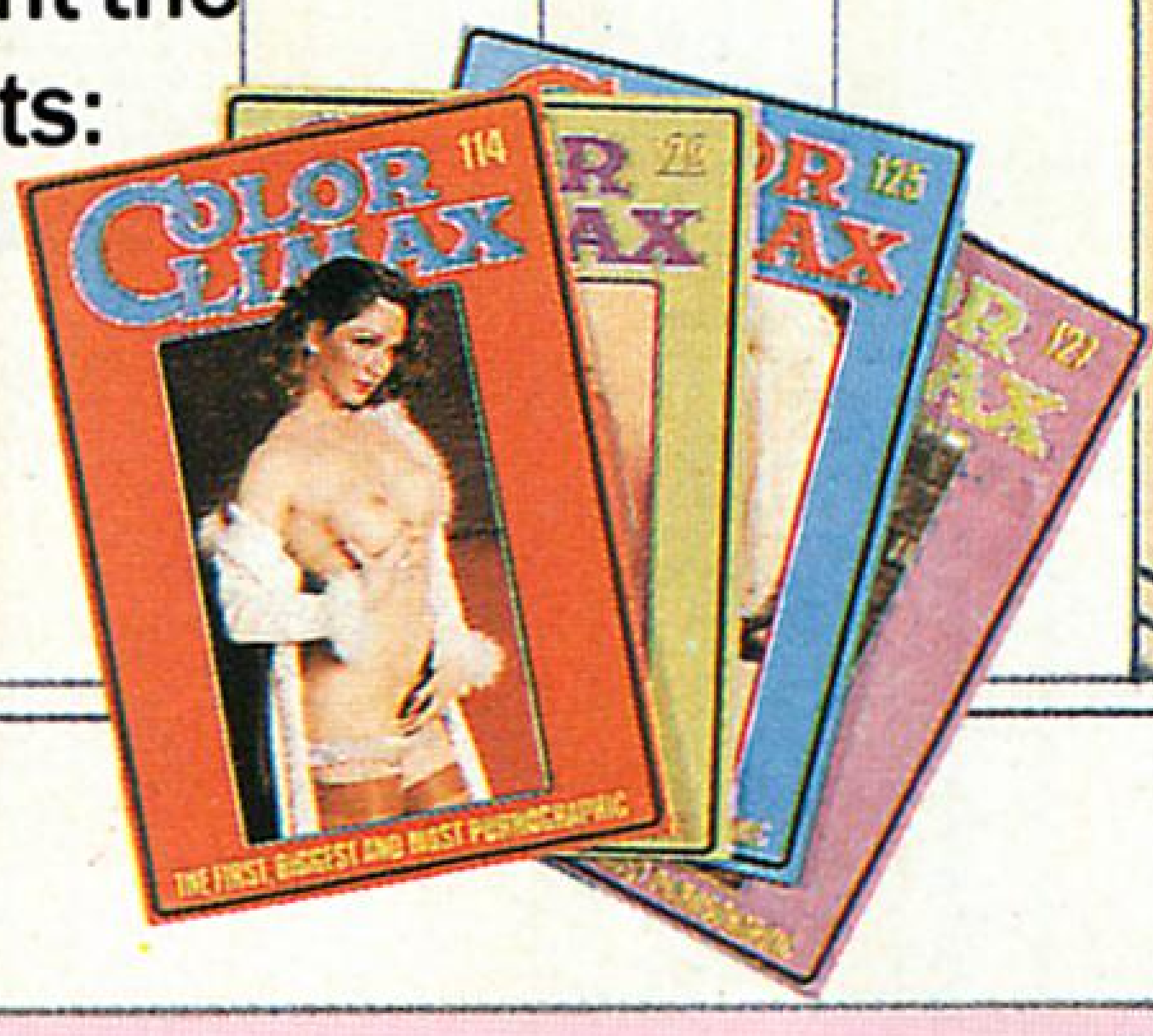

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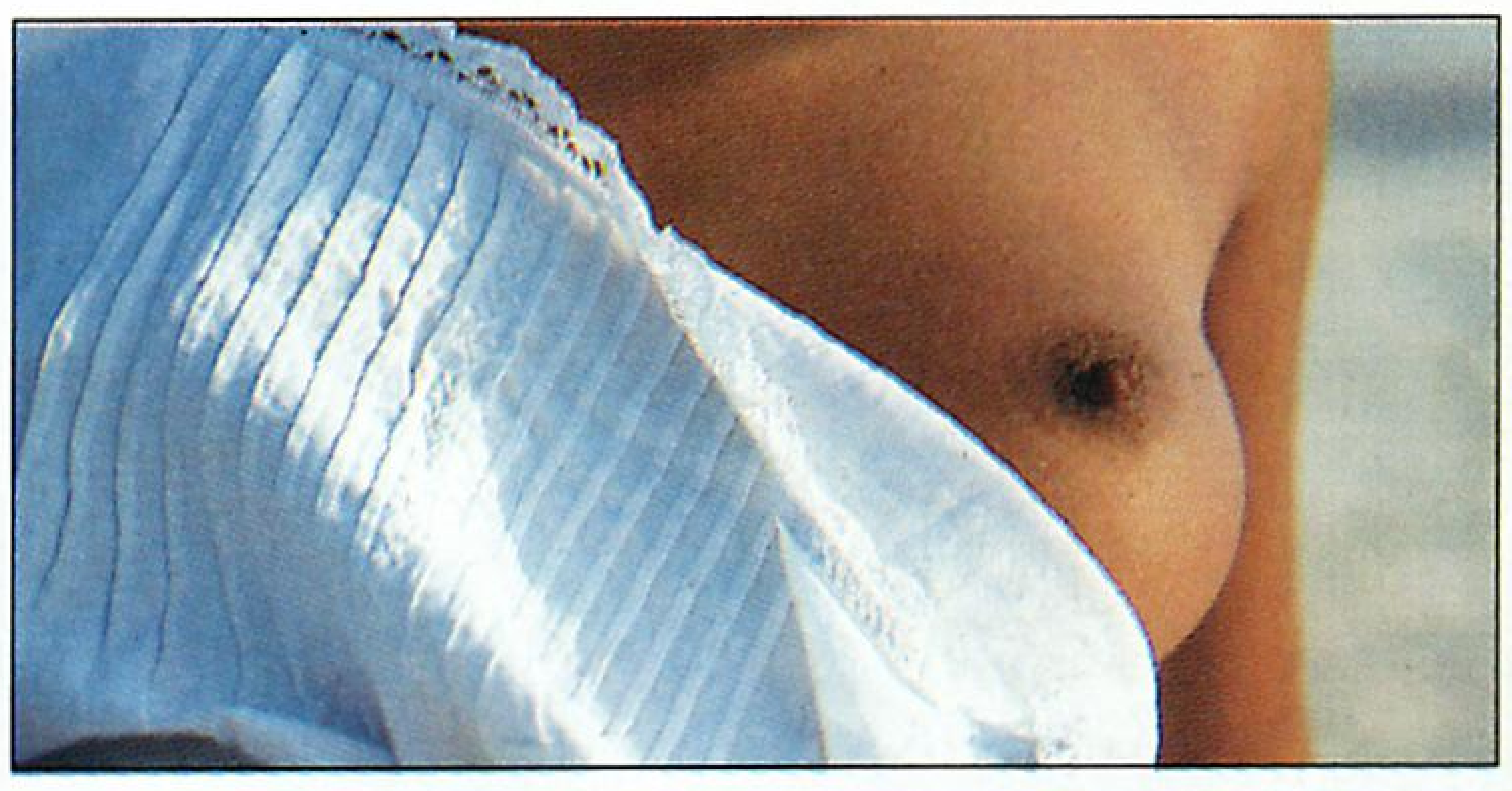
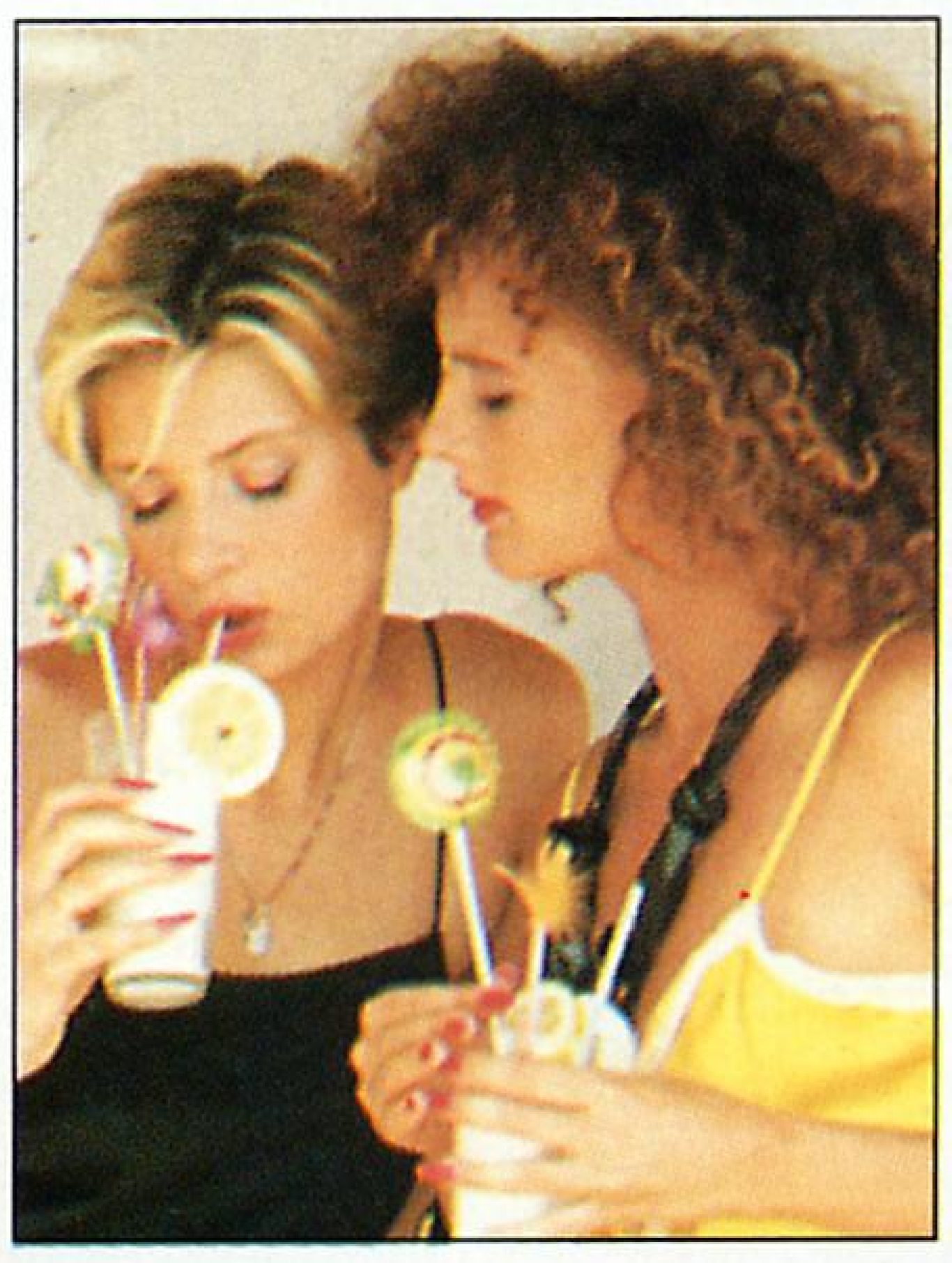
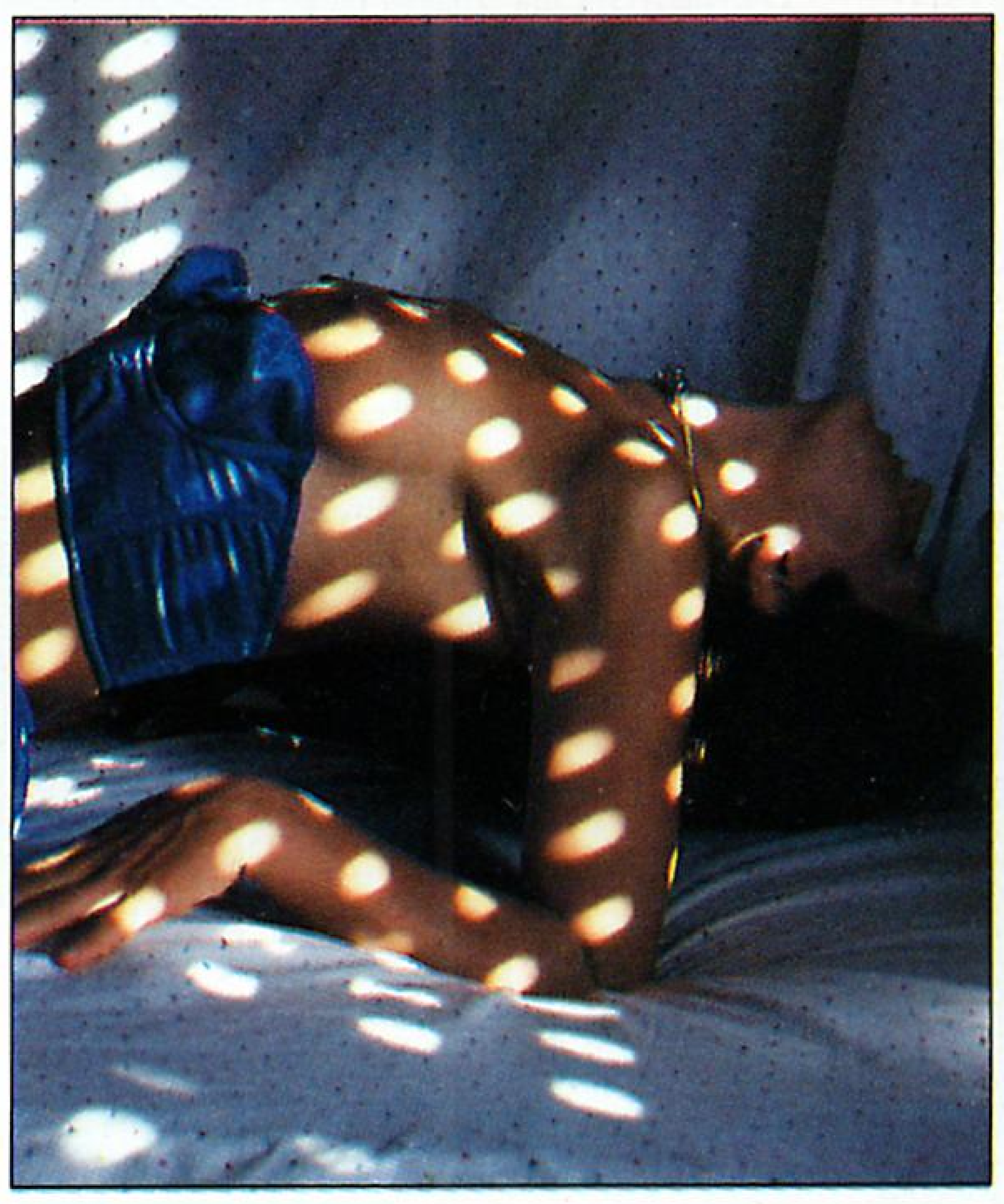
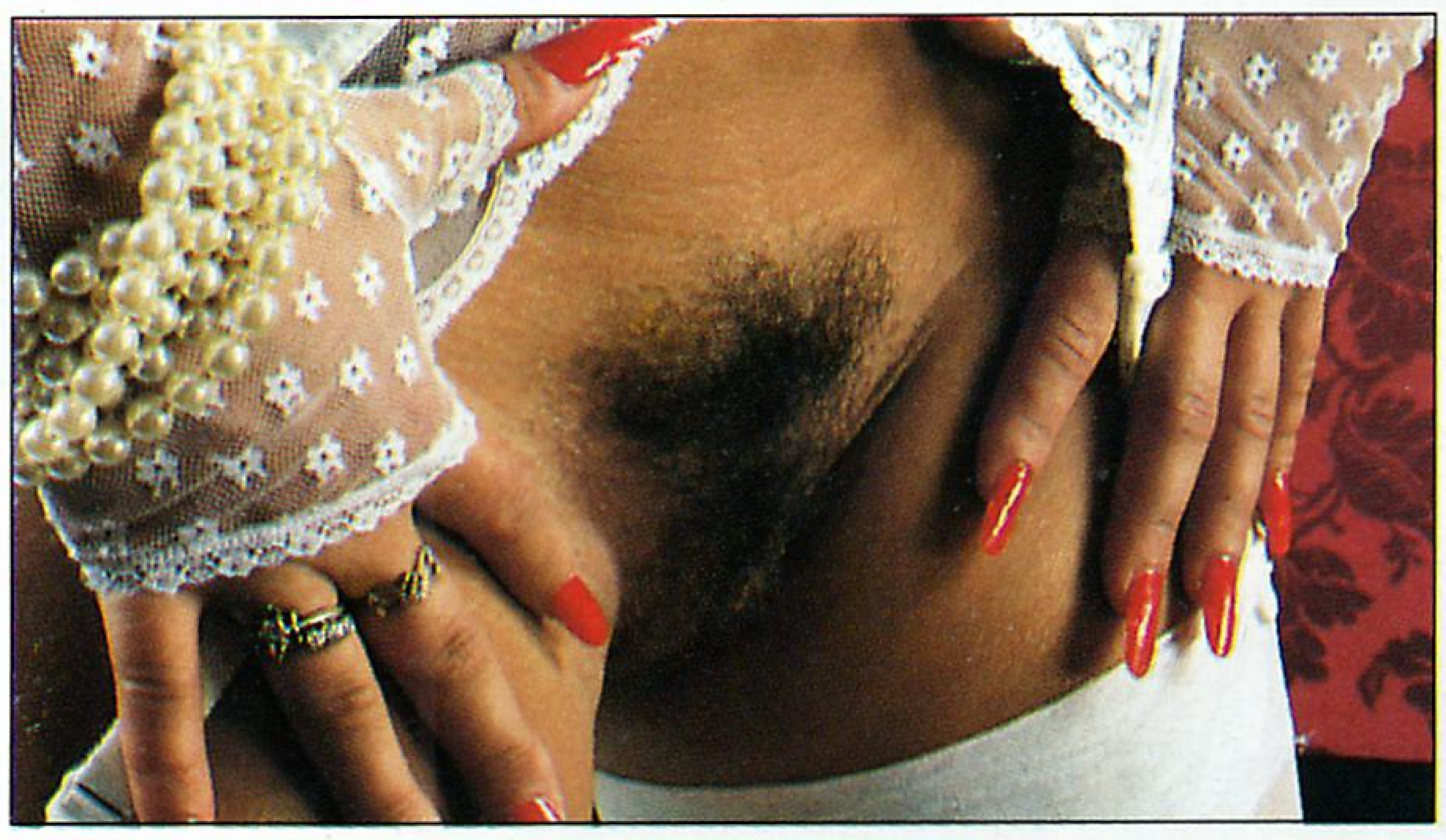
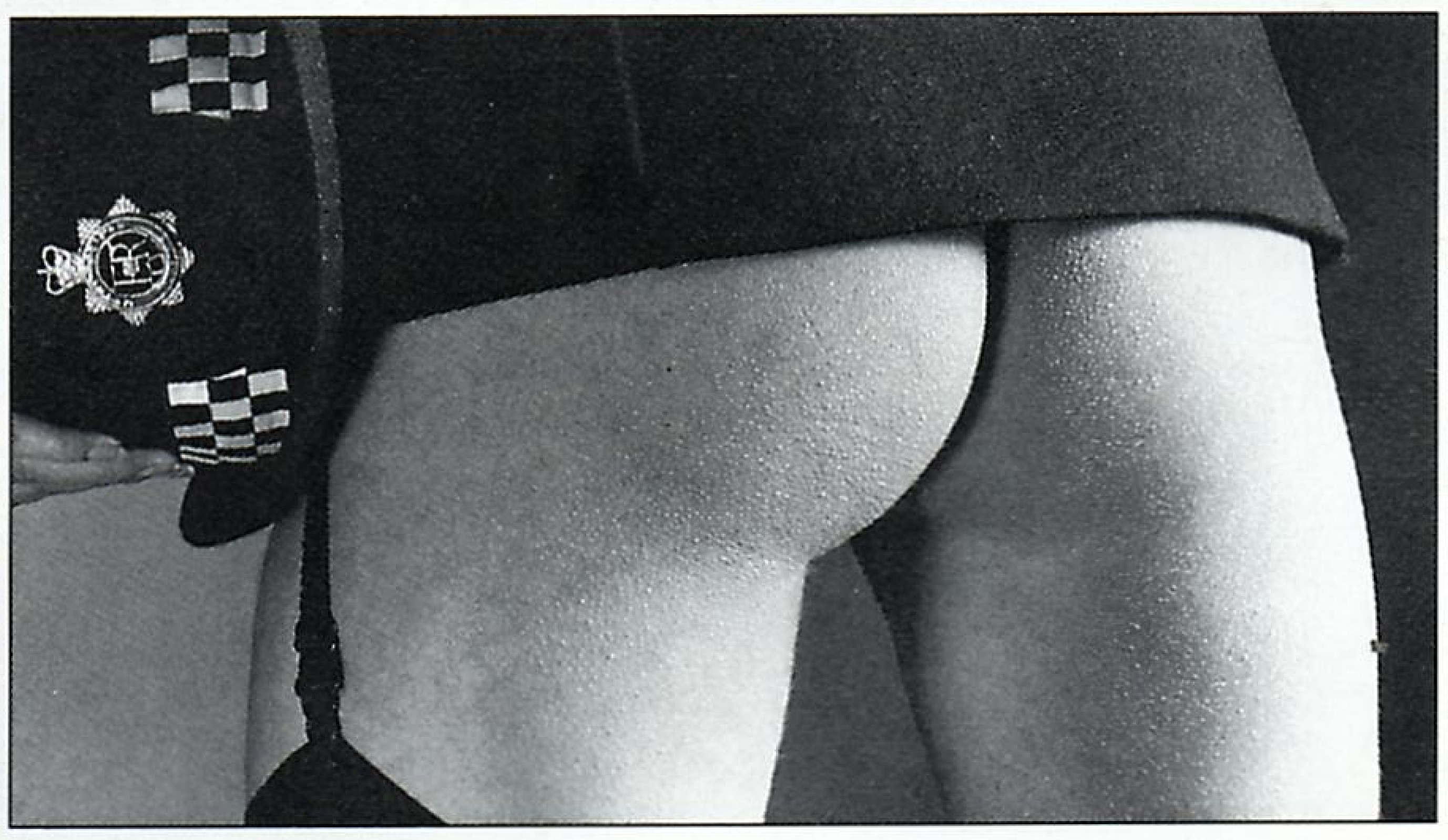










This is the section where you talk to us — and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

FOUR SKINS

I'm a 29-year-old American student, just returned to the States after a year's student exchange visit to the UK. I hope to visit your country again real soon – it's a wonderful place, and full of surprises.

Probably the biggest surprise for me was when I saw my first ever nude British man – he wasn't circumcised! The guy in question, Keith, was equally as surprised as me when I commented on this, informing me that most British men are uncircumcised. The exact opposite is the case in the USA, and I'd never seen a real live foreskin before.

That first time, Keith was more than happy to lie back and let me play with his hood. I had such a good time with it, I was moved to tell him I now realized what I'd been missing all these years: a foreskin really adds to a girl's pleasure when she's playing with her lover's prick. And I can understand that the sensation is heightened for the male during masturbation, as Keith amply demonstrated when I tugged him off.

The best was when I went out drinking in the students' union one night with Keith and his three male flatmates. We all got well sluiced, and we afterwards carried on the party back at their place. At one point, I went off to use the bathroom. And I damn near collapsed with laughter when I came back into the room – all four guys were standing in a row, trousers and underpants around their ankles, showing off their cocks to me!

"Look – not a circumcision in sight!" said Keith, trying to keep a straight face.

Despite the fact the guys had all been drinking heavily, their cocks weren't totally devoid of life, and I was particularly attracted to the one belonging to Jim, which started to twitch like mad when he saw me looking at it.

Normally, I'd have been embarrassed as hell in a situation like this one, but I was drunk and my inhibitions had been abandoned after the first double Scotch. I walked over to Jim and cupped his prick in my hand, where it started to stiffen, much to the amusement of the other three. I pulled back the foreskin to expose the purple head.

Graham was stroking his own cock, trying like hell to get hard, so I next went to Alistair and tickled his balls. He stiffened up right away, and I pulled his foreskin back, too. Keith had already got himself hard, so I tried to help Graham. It took a bit of careful caressing, but he got there in the end, while the other three stroked away in order to keep their erections.

Then I sat down on the sofa and said: "Okay, guys, go to it. Who'll be first?" They started to wank madly as I sat watching, fascinated by the different techniques and expressions. I had bet to myself on Jim being the first to shoot, and I was right, a thick wad of jizz pumping out on to his wrist and down to the floor, followed by Keith. His cum, true to form, spurted forward, some of it landing on my shirt sleeve. Alistair followed a few seconds later, pointing his cock upwards so his spunk ran down his shaft and all over his groin.

Graham, the poor guy, was really having problems – until I intervened. I went round behind him, clamped my fist around his cock and wanked him. We all cheered when his white seed oozed out on to the carpet.

All this had made me as horny as hell, but I didn't fancy getting my rocks off in public. I went to the bathroom again to wash all the spunk from my hand, and took the opportunity to bring myself some relief: a few vigorous rubs and I gushed.

When I woke up the next morning with a filthy hangover, I thought to myself: "Jesus, did I *really* do that?" We all had a good laugh about it, though, and the matter was dropped.

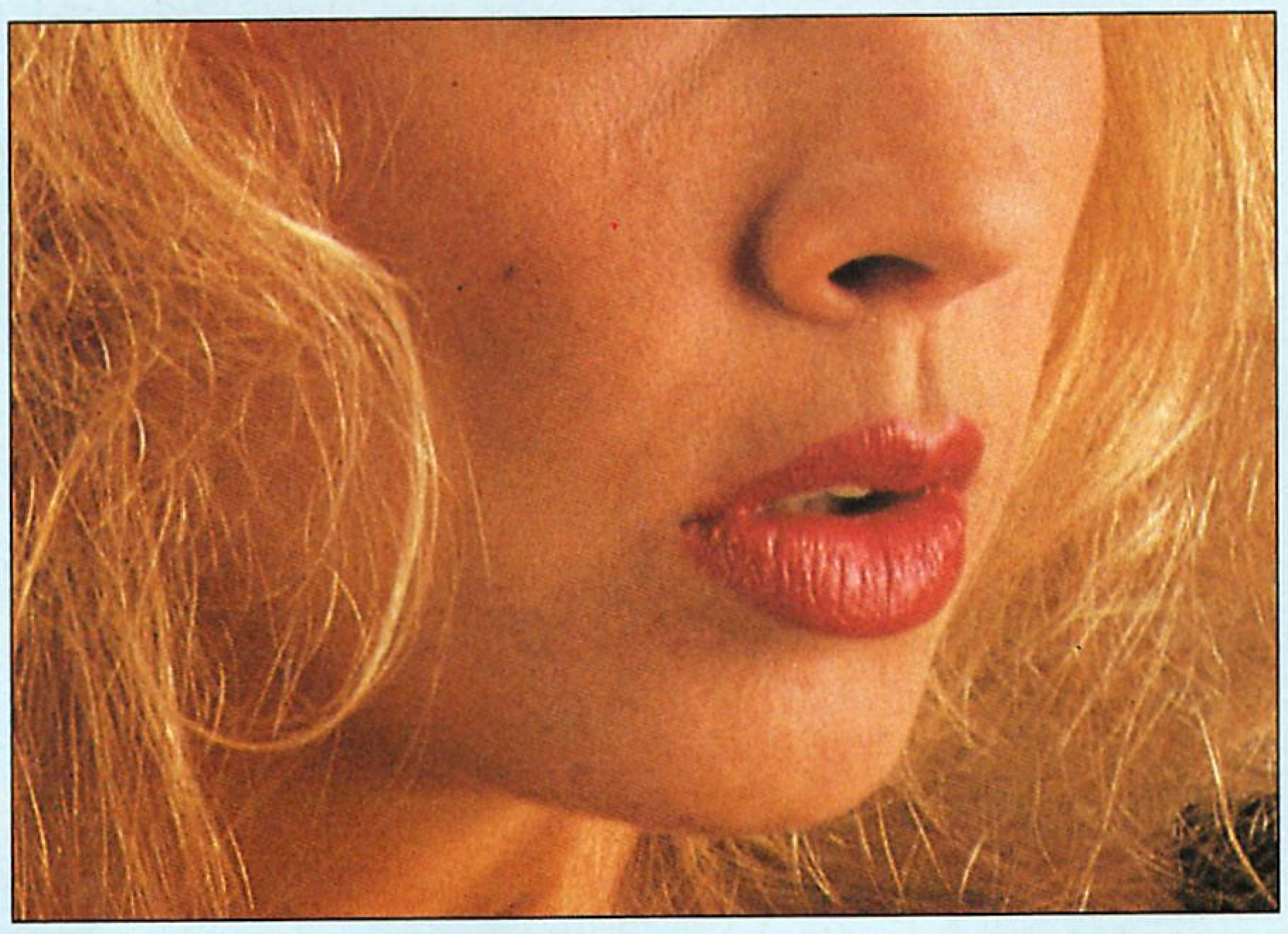
But hell, it'll take me a long time to forget that particular night! – *Meryl, Ohio*

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

My husband's a very keen fisherman. Last August we rented a cottage on the Isle of Wight so he could go fishing for bass. Never mind I wasn't getting the sex I needed to keep me from climbing the walls: he was having the time of his life, and that was all he cared about.

There was a disused railway track which followed the shoreline past our cottage to nearby Yarmouth. I walked our dachshunds along there of a night, and more often than not I'd bump into an attractive young guy who used the path as a shortcut to the local pub. He had long legs, a tight little bum, an impressive bulge in the crotch of his jeans – and I fancied him madly.

We'd exchange pleasantries and go our



separate ways, but when I got home I'd take the Vaseline upstairs to bed with me and fantasize on being filthy with this pretty boy – like kneeling in the mud and licking his hard-on and letting him screw me up against a tree, cock up me to the hilt, face buried between my tits.

With only a few days of holiday left I was desperate to win him over – and sod being faithful to my boring husband. In a last-ditch effort to make the young stranger's cock stand on end I wore an indecently short, bottom-hugging denim skirt and a pair of totally impractical high heels to accentuate my curves to maximum advantage. Meanwhile my knickers remained in the dresser drawer.

When we met, as per usual, about a half-mile along the track, my heart was thumping. The night was warm and it was almost dark – just *perfect* for a dirty fuck.

"Nice skirt," he said.

"Bit short, don't you think?" I replied, suggestively.

"They can never be too short for me!" he cackled.

So nervous I was close to fainting, I lifted my skirt hem up around my waist.

"Like this, you mean?" I said, like a right old tart – and he grabbed me, hands straight up the back of my skirt, nails digging into my bum. Out it all came: how beautiful I was, how he'd wanked on the strength of me each and every night, how gorgeous my body was . . .

We tongue-kissed frantically. I unzipped his jeans and started stroking his balls and tickling his knob, urging him to guide his fingers between my legs, encouraging him to stroke me off with the flat of his hand and spread my wetness all around my inner thighs and over my bottom.

"Let's do it over there," he said, taking my hand and leading me towards a capsized, moss-covered silver birch trunk.

"Don't you want to suck my tits first?" I panted, struggling with my skirt zip.

"No – get astride that tree trunk!" he said, kicking his jeans off.

I straddled it horsey-style and leaned forward. He stood astride the trunk behind me, busily touching me up – bum as well as cunt. I pleaded with him to shove it up me, so desperate to milk the sperm from his balls I was almost in tears. My bottom rippled, he mounted me so hard and fast, and 20 hard-shagging minutes later I was one satisfied slut.

My husband wants to go back to the island next summer. Just so long as he spends all his time fishing and neglects my needs entirely, that's fine by me. I can satisfy them elsewhere! – *Fiona, Chelmsford*

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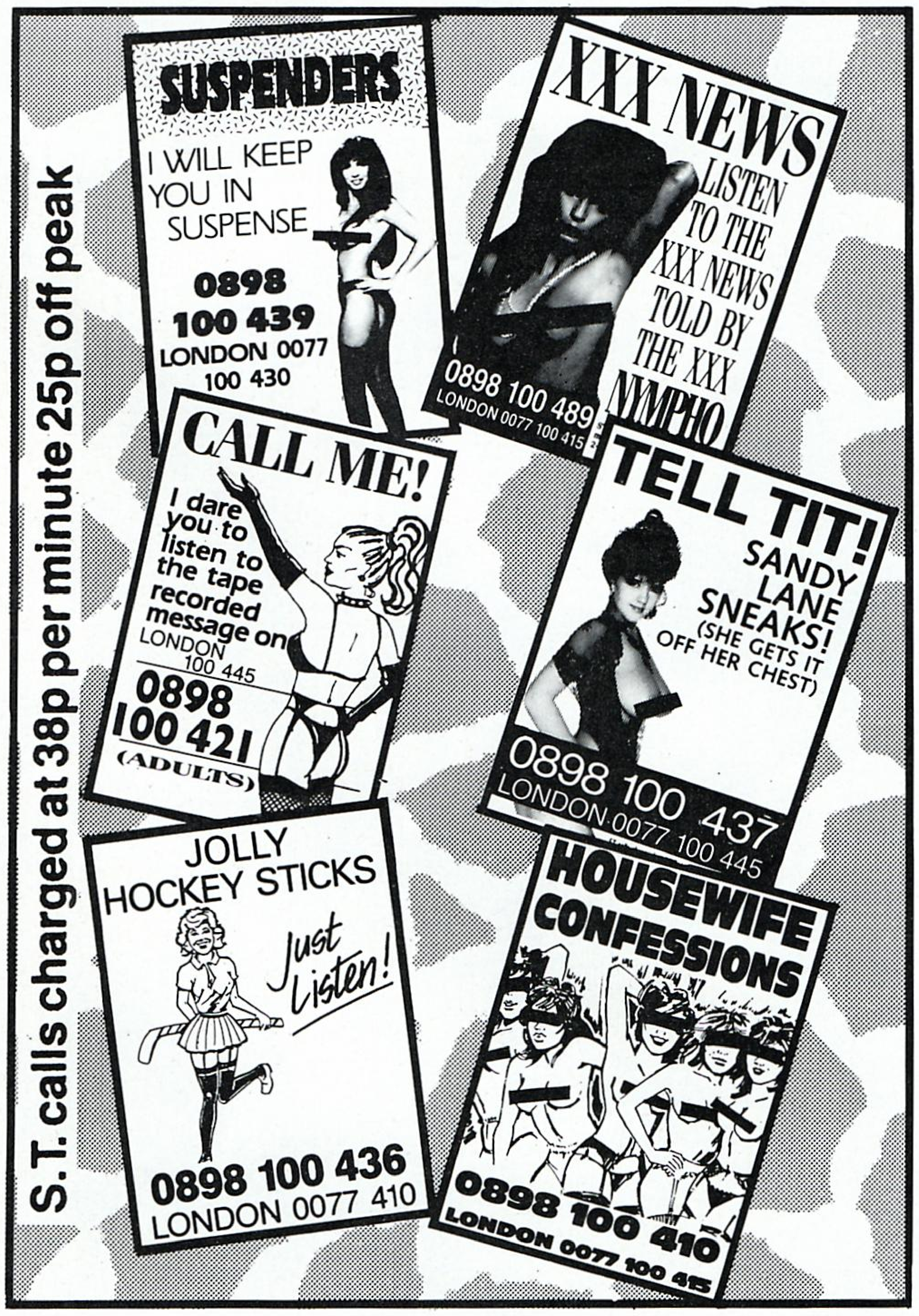
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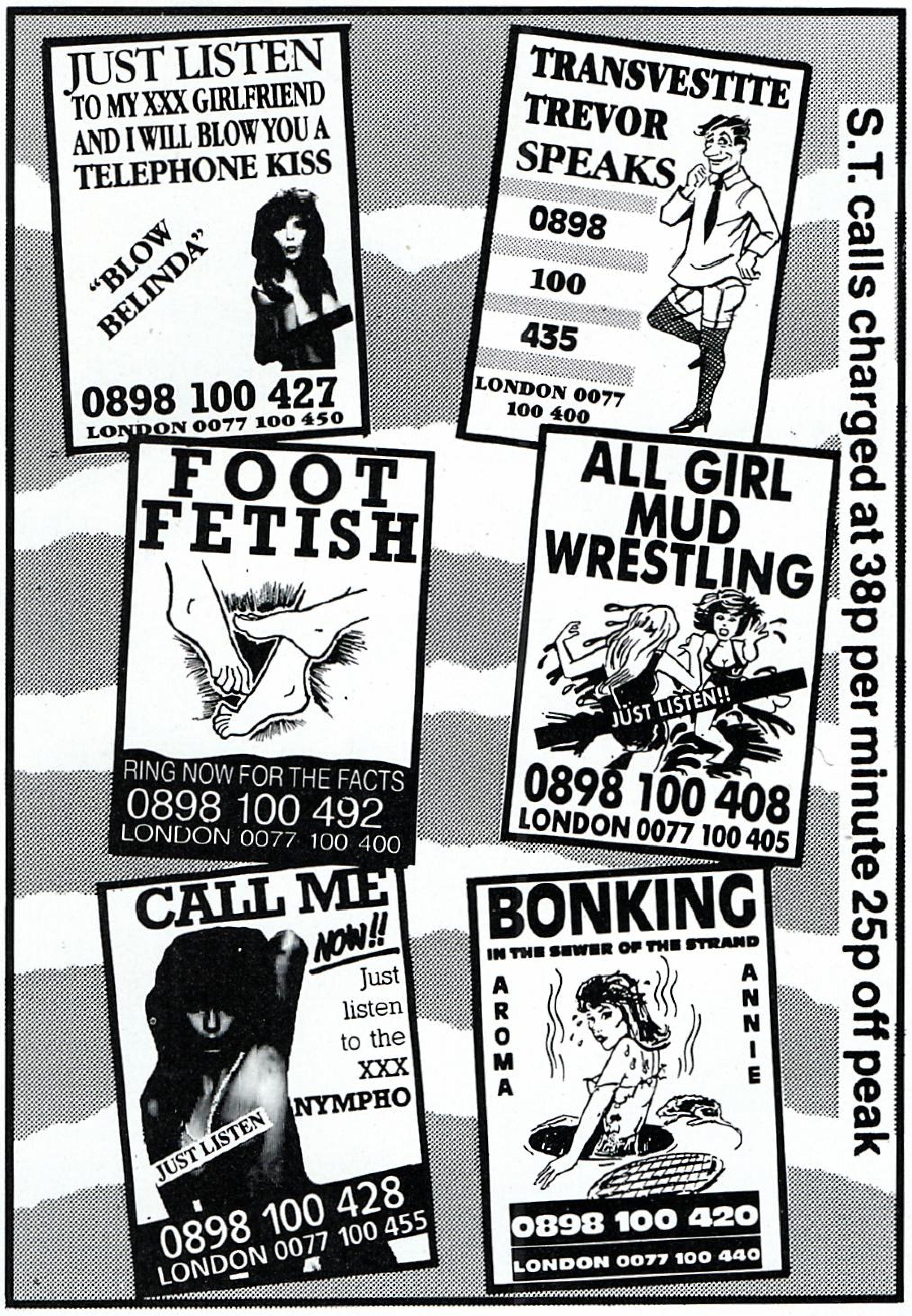
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Holiday Blues

A trip you'll never forget

As a rep for one of the well-known holiday companies, I get the best of all worlds in the summer season. Lots of sun, virtually a free all-season holiday, and the chance to meet loads of new people just about every day. The height of the season in Majorca's best known resort is hectic at the best of times, but at the beginning of this summer's season, my job was made even harder by the arrival of a certain young English lad – and his cock!

We've got a pretty strict policy in our company – no involvement with any of the guests. Obviously, we have to show them around, sort out any problems, be helpful and friendly, just be there on demand when they need you, but any hint of sexual involvement and you could get the sack *very* quickly. Usually, I'm pretty good at keeping my hands to myself – not that I haven't been tempted a fair few times, mind you, but I've got my job to think about. I love the lifestyle and the money, so I don't like to risk it. However, when I met Greg sheer lust just took over, and quite frankly I couldn't give a flying fuck about the consequences.

I've been doing this for five years now, so I've got used to fending off the advances of randy young lads out on their first package holidays abroad; I usually find them a bit young and over-eager. But as soon as I spotted Greg on the day he arrived, I knew I'd have to seduce him, and I could tell that he knew it, too.

He was in a party of boisterous young holiday-makers I had to collect from the airport quite late one night, and I just knew he fancied me as soon as he got on the coach. You can always tell. He sat a couple of seats behind me, and when I got up to give the new arrivals a bit of information about the local area, he could hardly take his eyes off me.

But it was when we arrived at the hotel that I took a second look. He was the best looking man I'd seen for ages, with long, firm legs, a rippling chest and the neatest little bum I could have hoped for. I could feel the warm ache starting in my pussy, and I knew I'd have to bring myself off that night thinking about him.

At breakfast the next morning, he was gazing at me again, and I couldn't help gazing back, taking in the way his dark curly hair fell over his eyes, and mostly the way his beach shorts hugged that tight arse and moulded

to his groin. The heat was starting in my cunt again, and our eyes locked as we both looked up at the same time. I went over to where he was sitting, and smiled.

"Hi, I'm Cindy, your guide," I grinned. I couldn't think of anything better to say, when those dark eyes of his were running up and down my body and trying to glimpse my tits. "If you need anything while you're here, just ask me."

"Don't worry, I will!" he grinned cheekily, and from then I was convinced it would be sooner, rather than later, that I'd get to fuck him. It was just a matter of picking the right moment, so I decided to plan the best line of attack.

All day I kept catching glimpses of him round the hotel, looking really tasty in his skimpy swimming trunks. Once, I was lucky enough to bump into him in the lift when he'd just come out of the pool, all dripping wet with those trunks wrapped so tightly round the bulge in his crotch it was almost obscene. From the way he was eyeing me up, I knew he'd got into the lift with me on purpose, and my cunt was quivering from the eye contact we were getting. As he got out at his floor, he suddenly turned and gave me a long, hard kiss before leaping through the closing doors.

That was too much for me; my legs were trembling so much I could hardly get to my room on the next floor up, and I was panting hard as I shut the door and leaned against it. I put a hand between my legs and I could feel the crotch of my panties was already soaking wet. My clit was throbbing and hard too, and I stepped out of my panties and kneeled on the bed.

As I thrust two fingers into my pussy eagerly, I closed my eyes and pictured Greg as I'd seen him in the lift – with his chest moist with water from the pool, and those trunks showing his cock ready to spring out and into action. Suddenly, I was thrusting hard and fast and it wasn't long before I'd had a delicious orgasm. But I still needed more – Greg's cock. I was convinced he'd been teasing me all day, letting me catch sight of him all round the hotel, and probably he knew that I was bringing myself off right now.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and I was

certain that it would be Greg, so I quickly straightened my clothes and stuffed my juice-stained panties into a drawer before opening the door.

Greg was standing there grinning at me confidently, still in just those revealing trunks.

"You said to come to you if I needed anything," he said, and pointed at his crotch. His erection was so large and obvious I wondered how he'd managed to get upstairs from his room without being arrested. "So I wondered if you could help me with this."

Too right I could, but I just smiled and said: "Well, you'd better come in and I'll see what I can do." I locked the door behind him as he replied:

"I've been imagining all day what you can do to me, Cindy, and look where it's got me."

By this time, my cunt was up to boiling point again and I knew that neither of us could wait very long. I decided to get on with things before I made a fool of myself and came all over my skirt just looking at his hard-on.

He could tell I was a bit nervous, so he kept his eyes right on me as he pulled down his trunks and held his prick by the root. I noted happily that he'd been circumcised, which is what I prefer, and I couldn't take my eyes off the way he was rubbing his hand up and down his hard shaft and touching his own knob.

"Why don't you come over here and do this for me?" he suggested. I walked over and grabbed his tool straight away. He undid my shirt and skirt as I ran my fingers round the whole length, feeling how very hot it was, and tickling his balls. They were unusually large and heavy, and he looked me right in the eye as he told me:

"They're just overflowing with spunk, and it's all for you, Cindy." He could tell I wanted it badly, too, because he suddenly pulled off my skirt and lifted me slightly so that he could tease my dripping slit with his knob.

He rubbed it along, smearing my juices all round my fanny, then he shifted my weight on to one of his legs so that he could push his cock all the way in. As it was difficult to balance, he had to make long, gentle thrusts but by this time I didn't care, and before long we both came.

But neither of us had had enough. Without taking his prick out of me, he walked me to the bed and put me on it. I could feel his cock still hot and hard inside me, and he stirred it around slightly as if to tell me what he wanted.

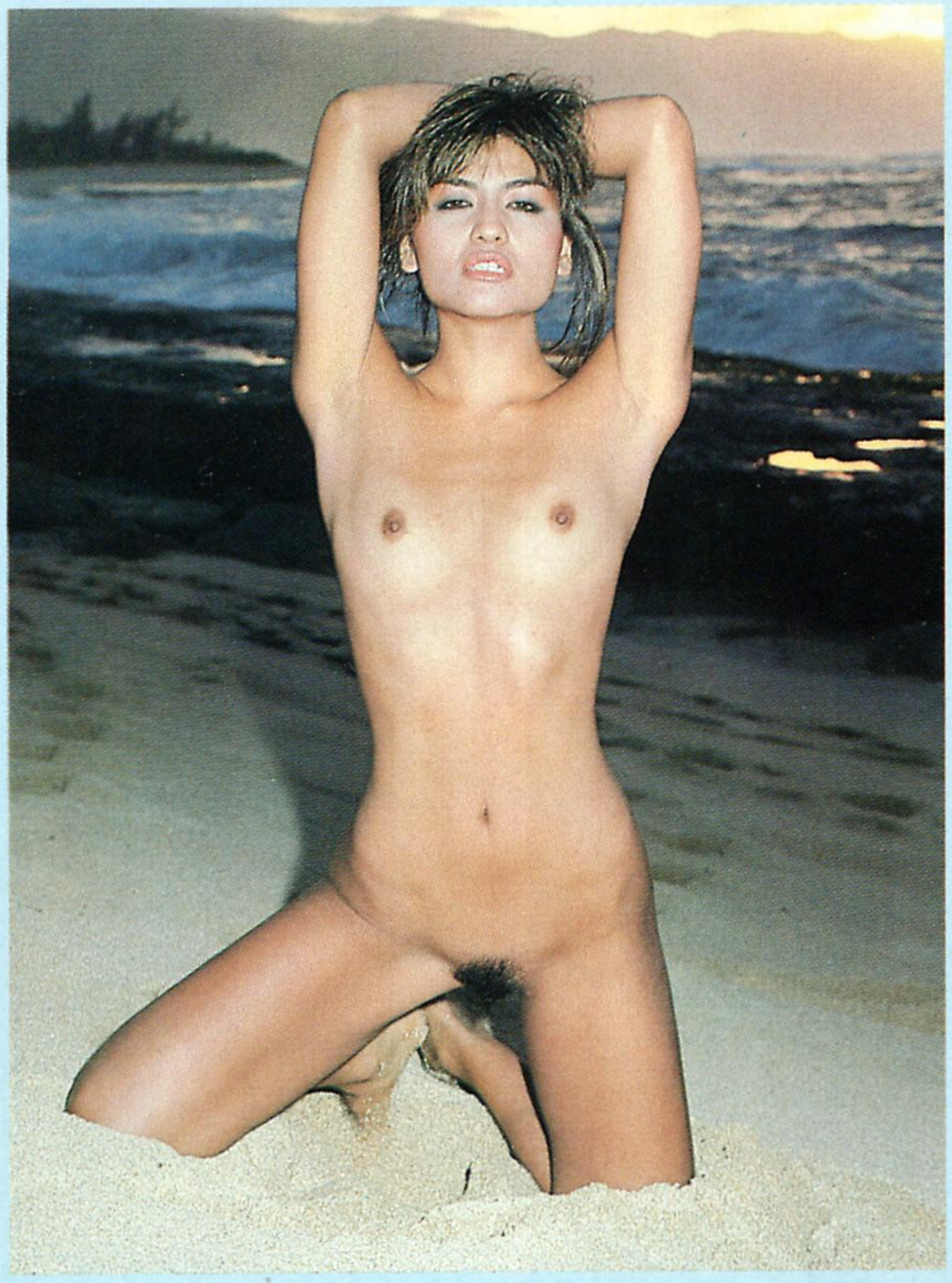
"You didn't think it'd all be over after once, did you?" he asked. "There's no way I'm leaving this room without at least four fucks. And don't worry about knackering me out – I can keep it up all day!"

After such a boast, I *had* to see if he was telling the truth, and a seductive gleam came into my eye. Still holding his cock firmly inside me by contracting my pussy muscles, I rolled over on top of him and sat astride his smooth, well-toned chest. "We'll soon see about that!"

I could feel his prick getting even larger inside my cunt, and he groaned, reaching up to fondle my nipples with one hand, while another started touching my clit. My juices were seeping out of my fanny again, flowing thicker than before and running into his bush as he flicked that little button backwards and forwards. His hips were thrusting that hard rod further and further up me, and my pussy walls were opening and closing around it. Suddenly, I felt that hot gush in my cunt again, and Greg shuddered as he shot another load of cream.

After that, I reckoned he'd at least take a couple of minutes to recover, but as he took his sticky prick out, I could see it was still semi erect, and in no time at all he'd get another hard-on. With a little help from me, of course. I slid down his chest to crouch over his knees, leaving a wet trail of my juice all the way down his stomach. While his cock was still wet I clamped my lips round it and tasted our combined juices. They were deliciously tangy and I couldn't resist a greedy gobble, which soon turned into a fully fledged blow job as his prick started twitching again. I tried to take it all the way down my throat, but it was a bit on the big side by now, so I only managed to take about three quarters of it. But that didn't matter, because soon more hot spunk was flying down my throat and I swallowed the whole lot. I'd never known another man's spunk taste so good, though I can't really explain why.

We spent the rest of the



afternoon fucking, and Greg was as good as his word – he really could keep it up for hours. He seemed to have an endless supply of spunk, and he lavished it all over my body as if it was perfume.

For the rest of his stay at the hotel, we spent most of the time I could get off work screwing – and Greg was as adventurous with sex outdoors as in the bedroom.

Our favourite place for it became the beach – we'd wait until the rest of the tour party had gone to the local disco or some other organized event, then sneak off for a screw in the cool evening. It turned out that his favourite pastime was giving head; and on the first evening I found out why.

He stood me up against one of the palm trees on the quietest part of the beach, and pulled down my panties, spreading my legs so that he could get full access to my dripping cunt. I held his head in a firm grip as he started licking my toes and ankles, trailing his warm, moist tongue up the insides of my legs until he reached my snatch.

I was already soaking wet and waiting for that tongue to get inside me, but he loved to tease me before eating me out. He'd flick his tongue over and around my clit before thrusting it in to lick out all the juice he could find. On that occasion, he'd got a massive erection and he used one hand to wank himself as he tongued me. My orgasm was a long time in coming but well worth the wait, and just after I'd come, Greg shot a wad up the side of my leg.

How could I let such a stud go after the end of his holiday? Well, I didn't; when he left for home, he made me promise to visit him and at the end of this season I'll be back in England to get reacquainted with that delicious cock! – *Cindy, Palma (But not for long!)*

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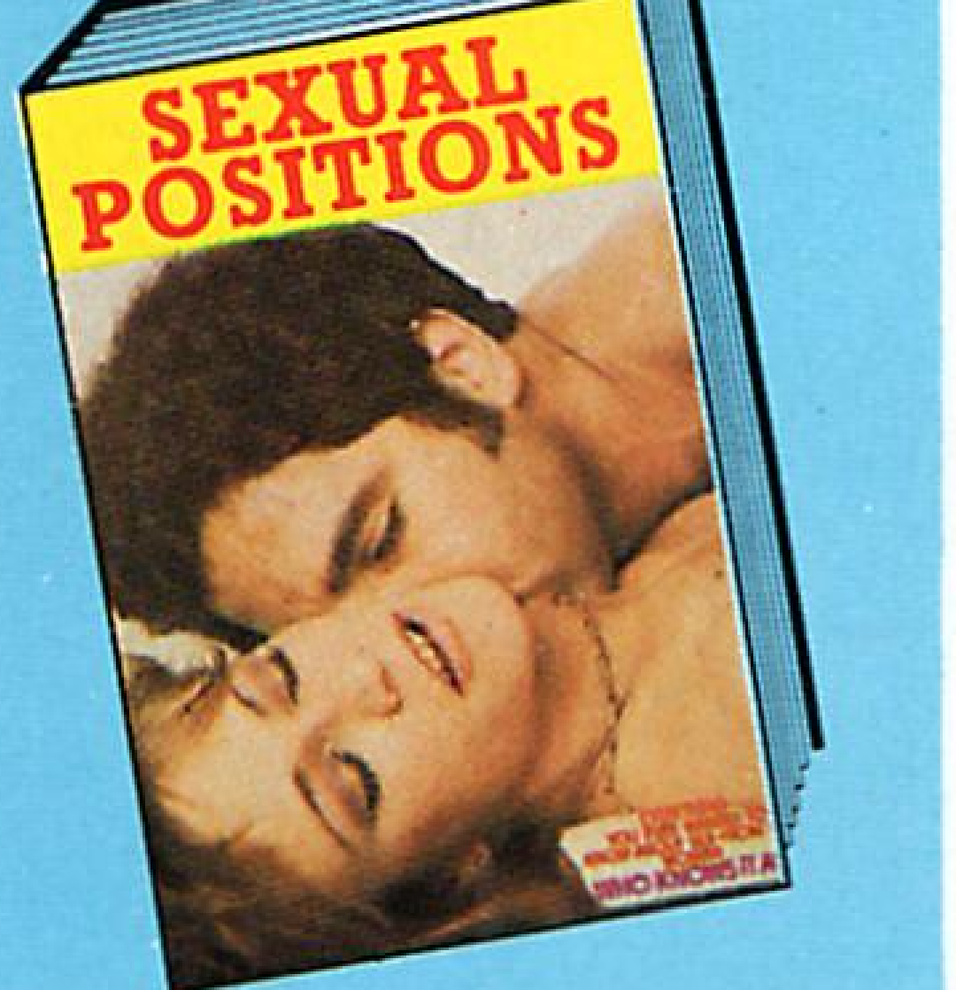

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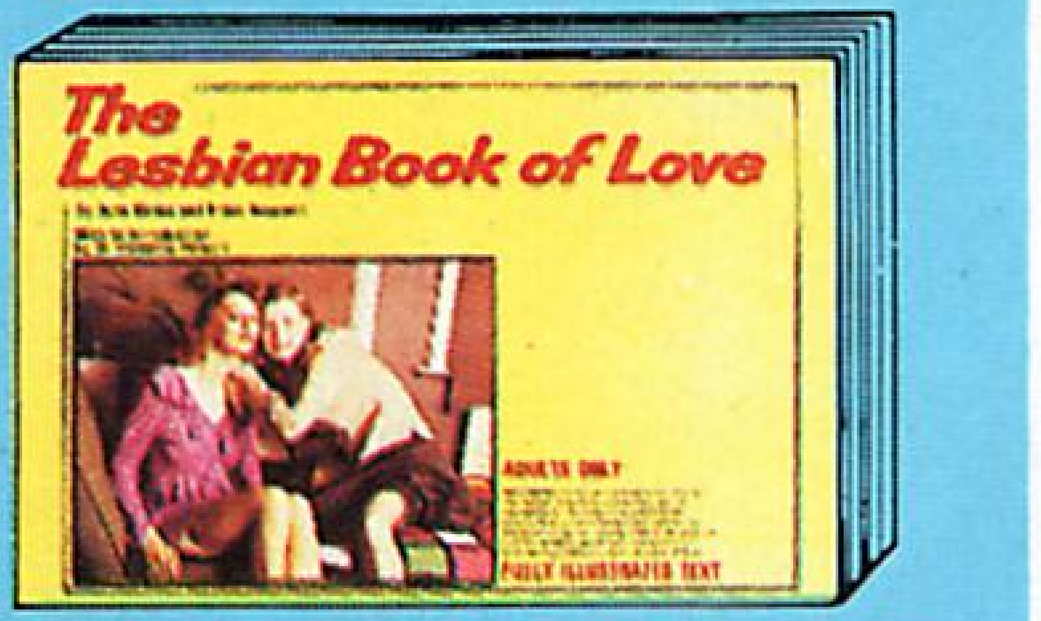

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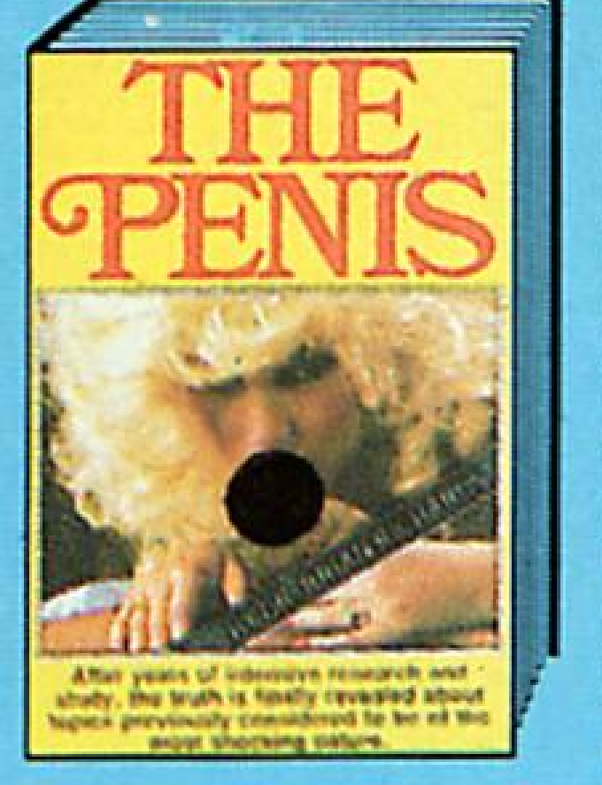

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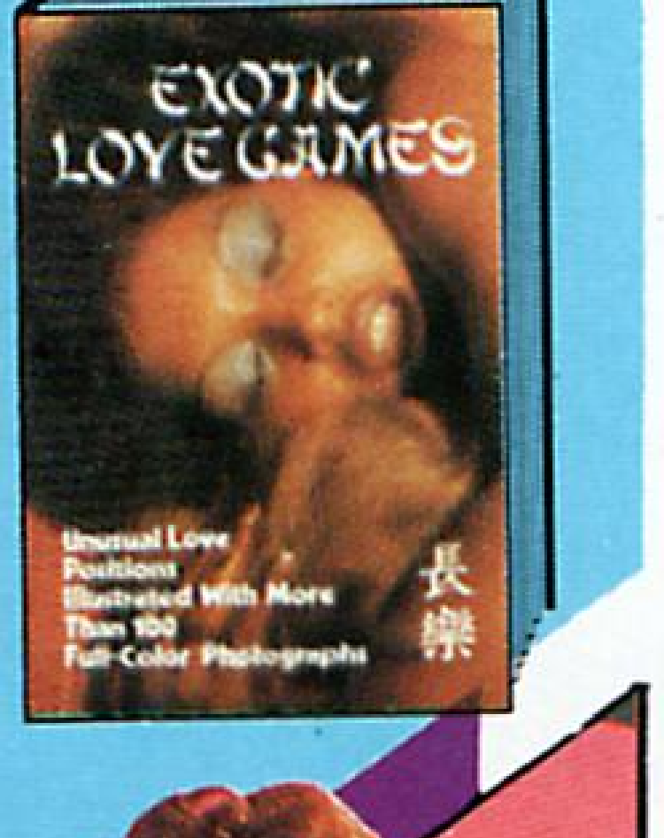

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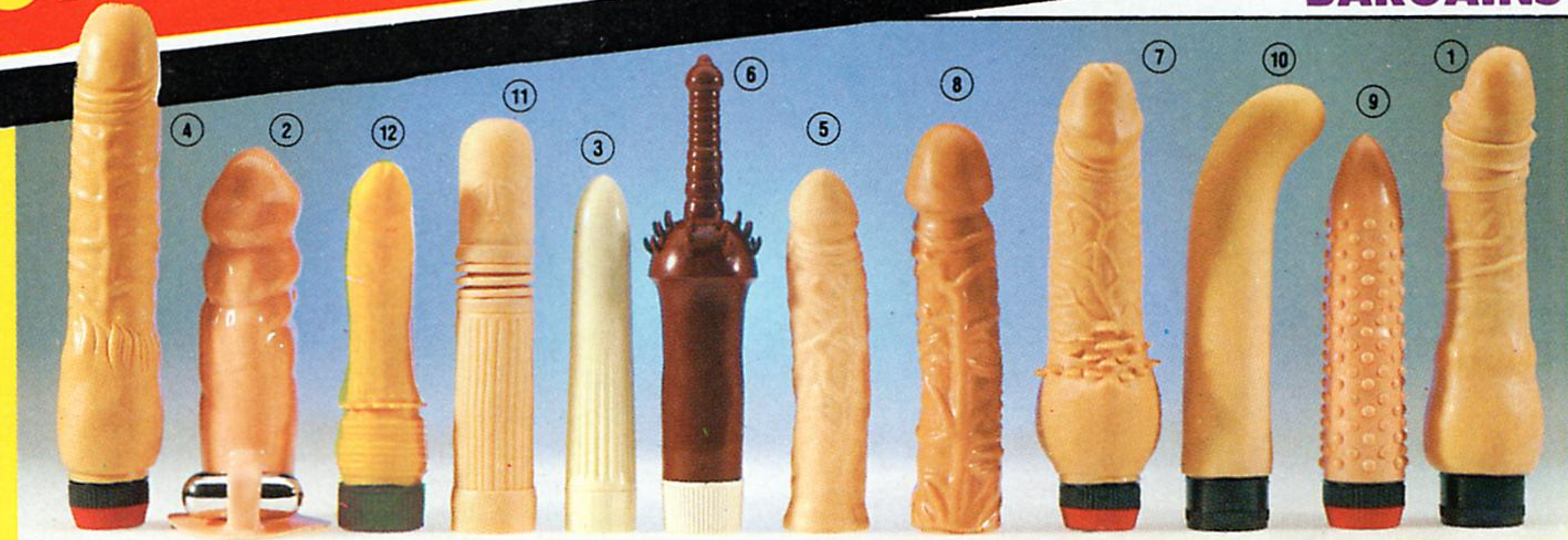

① **FORESKIN** — 7" long and 2 full inches thick with a foreskin that really rolls back to reveal the soft, probing head. **CODE 08565 £14.95**

② **ELECTRO SUPER VIBE** — Features a double vibrating action with throbbing tip and vibrating egg. **CODE 01669 £18.95.**

③ **LONG JOHN** — Smooth ivory vibe gives a woman what she wants most . . . "presence!" Has variable pitch, too! **CODE 02896 £4.25**

④ **10" VIBRATING DONG** — Amazingly lifelike giant penis will give her what she needs and wants . . . and get her teeth chattering too! **Code 05536 £12.25**

⑤ **SWASHBUCKLER** — The "head" of this 8" beauty actually swings round and round inside her juicy pussy searching out and pleasing her hot body! **CODE 05273 £13.95**

⑥ **TORMENTOR** — It's the "space age" love machine that will drive her up the wall. Twists, twirls, probes and vibrates! **CODE 04946 £17.45**

⑦ **FILLER UP** — Thick, juicy and textured like a real penis. Has clit bumpers for added pleasure! **CODE 05199* £ 13.55**

⑧ **SUPER DONG** — This 9" long true-to-life wonder is flexible and feels just like the real thing! **CODE 02487 £7.75**

⑨ **CARESS** — Soft yet firm! Love-button covered shaft bends to fit every shape and need. **CODE 04879* £ 8.00**

⑩ **G-SPOT** — Scientifically designed vibe has special shape to probe and stimulate the G-spot for super orgasms. **CODE 07949 £13.95**

⑪ **HOT STUD** — Vibrates, thrusts, rotates its head and best of all . . . actually gets hot to the touch for warm and wild action. **Code 08453 £29.95**

⑫ **PUSSY'S BEST FRIEND** — This realistically detailed and popular vibrator actually BENDS to suit your needs. Super Comfortable! **CODE 07864 £12.25.**

STA-HARD — Helps keep your pleasure-seeking pecker big and hard for those marathon sex sessions. A little dab on your penis will put a smile on her face! **CODE** 08406 £4.95

SLIK LUBRICANT
Slik is no ordinary lubricant. Many lubes lose their "slide" after a short time. SLIK stays slippery until you remove it. It never gets sticky! SLIK coats the surface of the skin with a slippery glaze. It won't "vanish" into the skin or evaporate. And because of the unique formula a little SLIK goes a very long way! 4 OZ. SLIK JUST **£6.95 CODE 22394.**

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THE VIBRATING PROBE – This vibrating penetration probe will prove an exciting sensation just anywhere! **Code 08417 £8.55**

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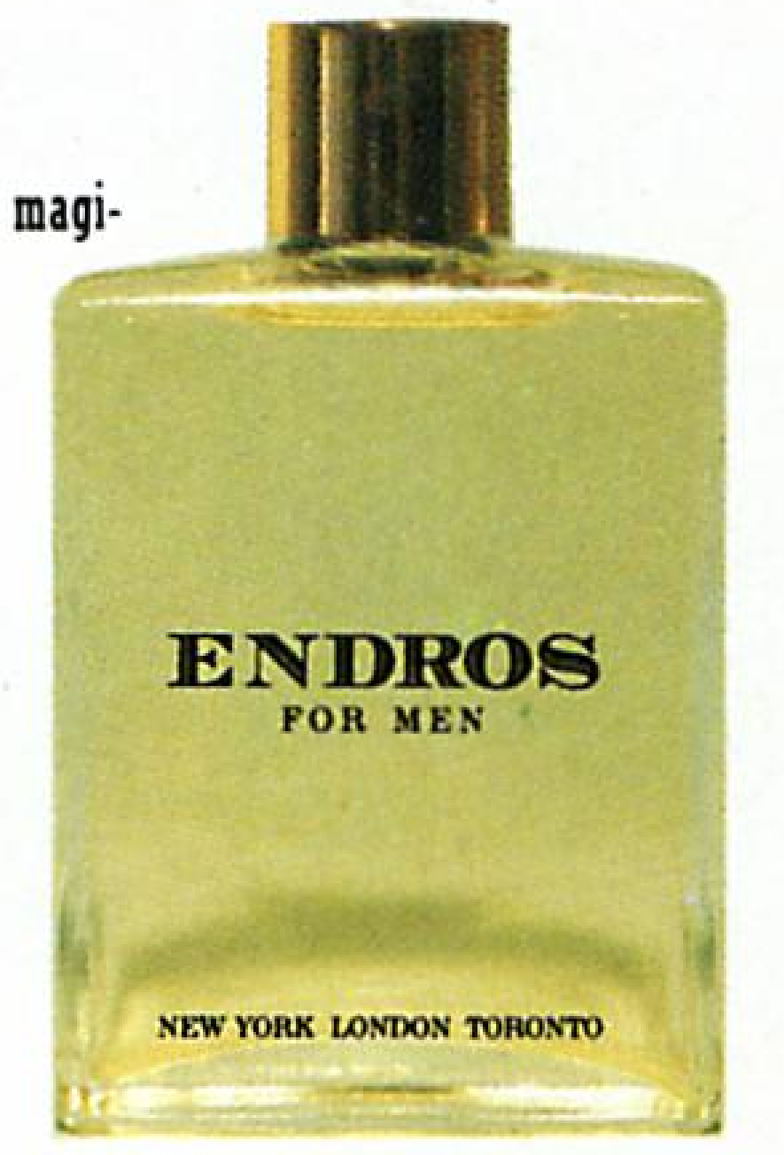
Now our popular cock extension comes in a vibrating version too! Add those extra inches with pulsating multi-speed vibrating thrills. Molded of soft latex, this 2½" cock booster feels incredibly like the real thing—guaranteed to satisfy the horniest! **CODE 13565 £11.95.**

DELUXE EJACULATOR — Hey fellas. It's the greediest pussy you've ever been in and it vibrates, pulsates and "squeezes" you off! **CODE 01610* £17.95**

MAXIMUS — Maximize your penis potential with this amazing erection cream. Work a little into your penis to make it a pulsating powerhouse. **CODE 08575 £5.25**

"Hi honey! I'm Judy . . . and I just know that you are going to have some great fun with these wild and sexy toys. Believe me, your nights are never going to be the same!"

ENDROS—NEW EXTRA STRENGTH!
From the first whiff of this magical aftershave, the special pheromone ingredient gets her vital juices flowing! Pheromone is the scent given off by human man during lust that both attracts and excites his female partner. You just cannot get this amazing seduction potion anywhere else...so send for yours today. 2 fl. oz. **CODE 00475 £9.75.**



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EXTAS X —THE NON-STOP PLEASURE-GIVER!! If you happen to be alone, or choose to be, here's your ideal companion...the Triple Action Extas-X gets you off like you've never been drained before! It SUCKS, it PUMPS, and it VIBRATES all in one super satisfying simultaneous action! **CODE 07120 £27.50.**

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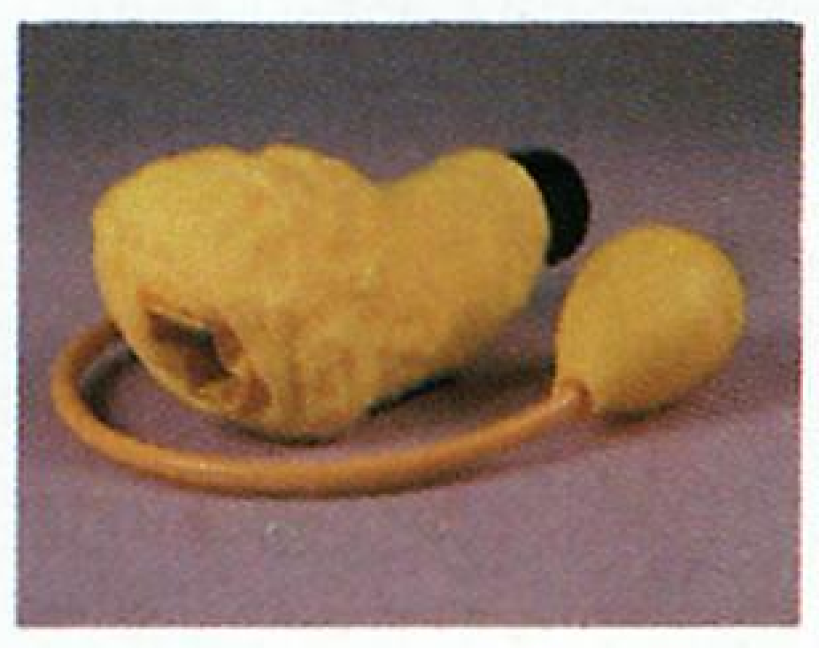
The amazing strap-on is perfect for those nights when she just can't get enough. Put this big dildo over your penis and give her more than she can handle! **CODE 21268 £14.95**



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Valentine Products (M.O.) Ltd.
PO Box 68, West Drayton, Middx UB7 0BR

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		+60p	=£
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		+60p	=£
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FREE CATALOG OF SEXUAL AIDS WITH EVERY ORDER!

READERS OFFER, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

ADULT SEX MAGS

ALL NEW!

COMPUTER DESIGNED SEX TOYS FROM THE FAR EAST ★ ADVANCED SEX GUIDES FROM THE USA

ALL ADULT!

84" TINA SMALL VIDEOS FROM EUROPE ★ EXPLICT SEX GUIDES

ALL EXCITING!

DIRECT CONTACT MAGS FROM THE UK ★ VIDEO EXPOSE

A completely new range of exciting sex products from around the world. Top quality-low prices.

WARNING
All items featured in this advertisement are expressly 'Adult Only.' Do not purchase if you think they might offend.

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SPECIAL READER PRICE £34.95

TINA SMALL VIDEO
★TITANIC TINA 84"★

SEX GUIDES

2. SEX LIVE LETTERS BOOK. Genuine letters from real people telling all about their devious sexual behaviour, and what they would most like to do.
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3. SEXUAL POSITIONS. Packed with full colour photographs showing in vivid detail every sexual position you could ever imagine.
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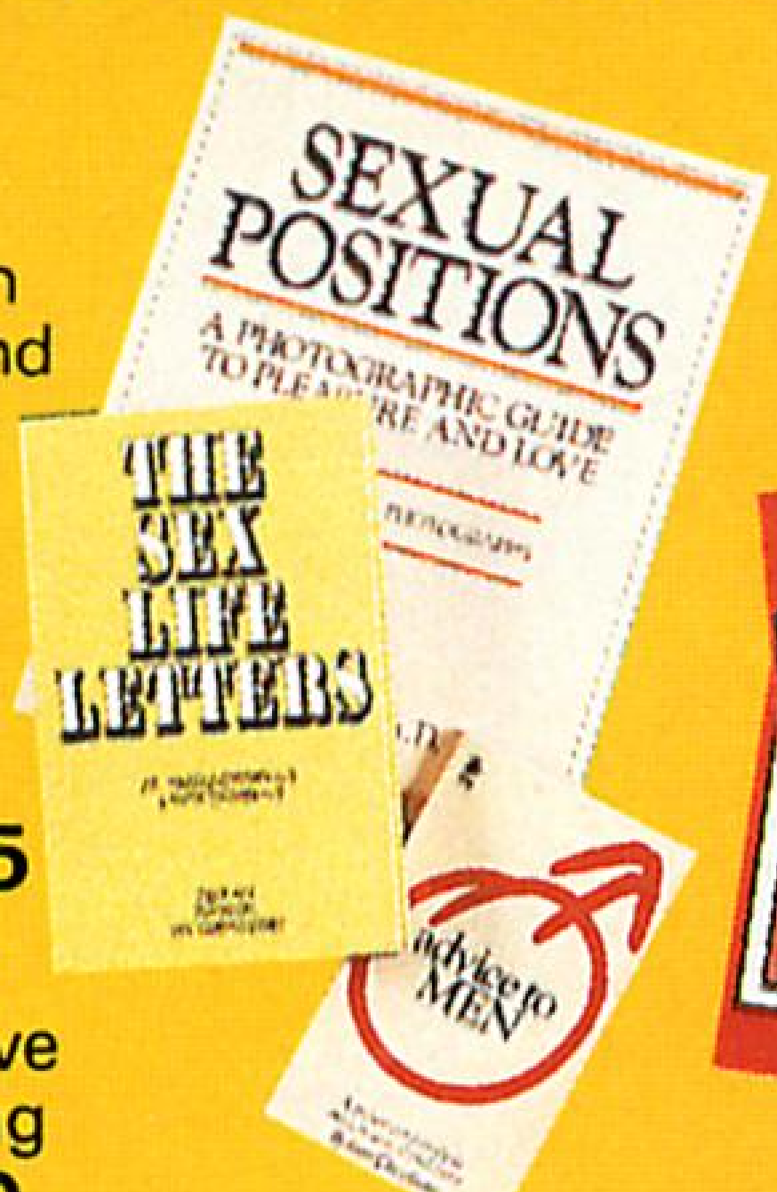
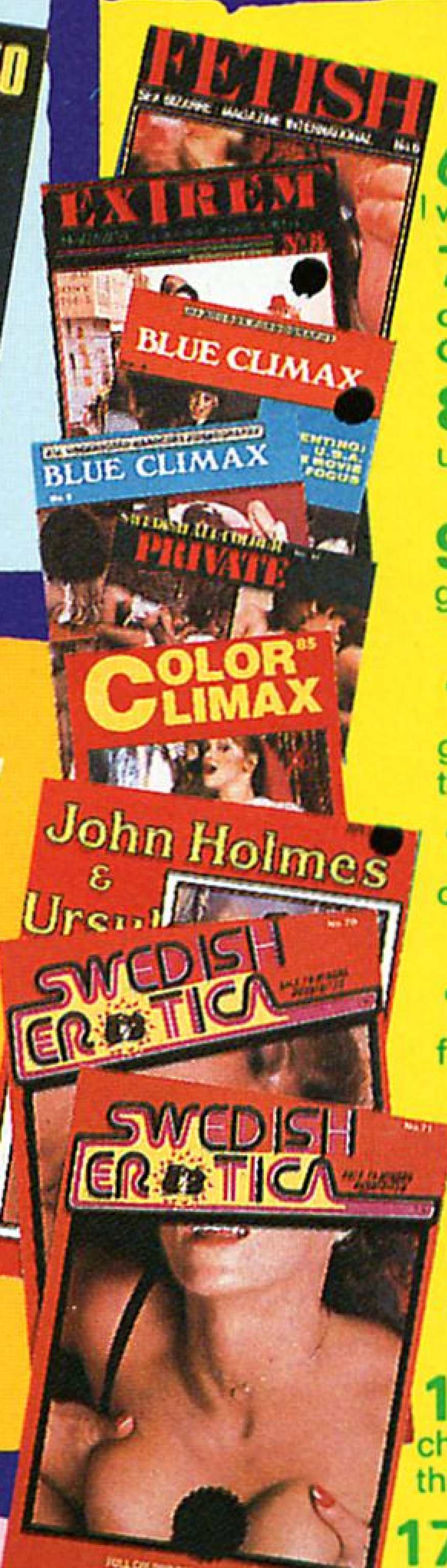
4. ADVICE TO MEN BOOK. Sexual problems effect most men usually caused by stress or overwork. You can solve these problems with the right advice and get back to screwing on a regular basis. SPECIAL READER PRICE £1.50

5. TAKE ALL 3 SEX GUIDES FOR ONLY £19.95





ADULT SEX MAGS

6. FETISH MAG. A bizarre, vulgar sex magazine in full colour dictatorial, with equipment. READER STAR PRICE £9.95 (SOHO PRICE £24)

7. EXTREM MAG. More dictatorial equipment plus giant dildos, group orgies, oral. Extreme action with lots of close-up details in full colour. CUT PRICE READER OFFER £9.95 (SOHO PRICE £24)

8. BLUE CLIMAX MAG No. 4. Packed full of the best lesbian action plus uniform sex, hetero group action including oral and the best of American blue movies.
READER OFFER PRICE £6.95 (SOHO PRICE £15)

9. BLUE CLIMAX MAG No. 9. Stacked with male/female sex action that goes all the way in front of the camera plus lots of 3 girl action. And motor bike sex.
SPECIAL READER PRICE £6.95 (SOHO PRICE £15)

10. SWEDISH ALL-COLOUR PRIVATE No. 14. Features 6 girl orgy, girls lingerie sex party, full entry male/female sequences. Packed with lust and sex throughout. READER LOW COST PRICE £8.95 (SOHO PRICE £20)

11. COLOR CLIMAX. Stuffed with giant boobs, 2 girls bathtime—lots of soap! Full sexual entry, plenty of group sex and all girl sex.
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12. BIG JOHN HOLMES & URSULA. Big John pumps Ursula and her friend as they both take on the biggest tool in the world. Plus the "bad girl" section
CUT PRICE READER OFFER £8.95 (SOHO PRICE £20)

13. TAKE ANY 3 SEX MAGS JUST £19.95

14. TAKE ALL 7 SEX MAGS ONLY £39.95

15. SWEDISH EROTICA No. 70. Packed with oral sex plus Roman orgy, Fireman group entry, lesbo action. Fantastic close-up camera detail.
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16. SWEDISH EROTICA No. 71. Sex orgy in a sex shop, the masked chopper, the blonde sexpert and the blonde bombshell who loves it all ways, all at the same time. REDUCED READER PRICE £8.95 (SOHO PRICE £20)

17. TAKE BOTH SWEDISH EROTICA No. 70/71 FOR ONLY £13.95

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A vibrator with variable speed and a selection of 4 different heads to suit your needs—includes batteries.
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MAGIC TOUCH VIBRATOR.
A personal vibrator with a purpose shaped soft vibrator cover designed to arouse the excitement spot.
REDUCED READER PRICES:—

29. 5" version £8.90. **30.** 7" version £9.25

31. DOUBLE PLEASURE. A horny, realistic, soft double penis that allows you to probe the depths of her excitement. Double her pleasure all in one!
READER PRICE £17.95

32. SPOT-ON VIBRATOR. Specially designed with a curved head to hit the excitement spot every time.
READER CUT PRICE OFFER £14.75

33. TWO UP DILDO The double penis with independent vibrator control. The only way of satisfying two girls together.
READER OFFER PRICE £24.95.

28
29
31
30
32
33
MINI G-SPOT vibrator
MAXI G-SPOT vibrator

CONTACT MAGS

latest editions

18. COME TOGETHER. You want to make contact with like minded swingers? It's packed with pictures, addresses and telephone numbers for easy contact. READER PRICE £1.95

19. EXECUTIVE MEN'S AND LADIES' DIRECTORY.
Packed from cover to cover with uninhibited photographs, detailed descriptions and direct contact by phone if you are in a hurry!
REDUCED READER PRICE £8.95

NEW
Come Together
Adult Contacts
Adult Meetings
THE EXECUTIVE MENS' LADIES DIRECTORY
100's of Direct Contact Adverts
Names, addresses and phone numbers of genuine Ladies

20. BOTH CONTACT MAGS PLUS 4 OTHERS (SIX IN ALL) ONLY £14.95.

21. THE DARING EXPOSE OF FLEET STREETS TOP MODELS ON VIDEO

THE STUNNERS
DEBEE ASHBY & LU VARLEY

FROM SUNDAY SPORT

- *MEGABOOB STARS — 38" DD like Debee Ashby & Lu Varley.
- *TOP SEX STARS — like Zeta revealing all.
- *NAUGHTY NEWCOMERS — like Terri from Cardiff. A terrific 36" DD.
- *RAW RECRUITS — like Readers wives, amateur models and there's lots of them.
- *GARGANTUAN BOOBS — like you have never seen before.

Shock expose of Fleet Street topless glamour girls and exclusive sex scandals. How new models are recruited, their first strip in front of the cameras. No punches are pulled in this explicit video Follow Sunday Sport reporters who will go to any length to uncover the scandals.

It's sensual, it's explicit, it's funny and it's very good value for money!

READER OFFER £19.95 SOLD NATIONALLY £29.95

IT'S YOUR CHOICE — Call in Person or Order by Post

BUY IN PERSON. The products featured in this advertisement and many more are available amongst the retail outlets listed below:— Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm).

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St., *213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

911

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27☐

☐ VHS ☐ BETA (not available in V2000)

Name____________________________________
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I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.

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READERS OFFER (Dept CI), 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

Magazines only — minimum order £10. Not applicable to other items on this page or to shop purchases

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Heather and Kevin (Warks)

We have met some lovely people and I would recommend anyone to join... We hope to get married in the near future.

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CI7

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Please process the completed questionnaire, send me full information on Datalink, AND details of someone you believe will be compatible. I understand that this is FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

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CI

BONKING with the Braddons

My wife Linda has a fantastic figure. Her breasts are large and firm, her waist is slim, and her cunt is always juicy for a length of prick.

We always used to think we were up-to-date, swinging sort of people. We always loved sex with each other. But about a year ago we found out that there was a lot more to enjoying sex than we had thought. How did we find out what we had been missing? It happened like this.

One day Linda and I bumped into a girlfriend of hers called Carol, who Linda hadn't seen for quite some time. We got chatting and Carol invited us to a party at her house the next Saturday. We accepted. Then as we parted Linda asked what she should wear.

"As little as you like," was Carol's reply as she turned and left.

Such an invitation sounded tantalizing. Linda told me that Carol was a real raver who often held sex parties at her place. Well, we decided that if we were going, then we'd enter into the spirit of it all.

Linda took a long time deciding what to wear, but finally chose a black shiny mini dress that was open right up one side except for four cords that held it together. It left a gap of three or four inches all the way up, so everyone could see she wasn't wearing anything underneath. The dress was really tight and so short that it hardly covered her bum. When she bent over or sat down it left nothing to the imagination.

Linda said I could wear what I liked so long as I put on plenty of the cologne that she'd bought me last Christmas. She said the smell of it turned her on.

When we got to Carol's house she greeted us at the door dressed in a red PVC basque, red fishnet stockings and black stiletto-heeled shoes.

"Come in and enjoy yourselves," she said. "Have as much fun as you want, with whoever you want."

There must have been about ten couples there. The music was playing and people were dancing. One girl wore only a white lace G-string and shoes, another had on a blue sequined see-through dress with only black suspenders and stockings under it, another wore a tight leather mini skirt which was way above her stocking tops even as she danced. And just about all the other women were dressed – or undressed – in really sexy clothes.

"You're going to enjoy this party, aren't you?" Linda said to me. She knows that I get really turned on by sexy underwear and dresses.

When all the guests had arrived, Carol announced that we were going to play a game to warm the party up. She made the women go out into the kitchen while she lined up the men in a row, telling us to take off our trousers, underpants and anything else we liked. At any rate, the important thing was that our cocks should be free.

Then Carol explained the rules of the game: each woman would be blindfolded and then would suck each of the men's pricks in turn and try to guess which one belonged to her partner.

The girl in the black leather mini skirt was first. She was giggling as Carol led her into the room with the blindfold over her eyes. As she knelt down on the carpet she pulled her leather skirt even higher up her thighs so stocking tops, suspenders, and a triangle of black see-through material over her cunt were clearly visible.

One by one all ten of us filed past her, giving her time to suck each one of us rigid – though most of us were stiff enough already. She made a guess but was wrong, so Carol fetched the next woman in.

This time it was a young woman in a Fifties-style red dress with a tight bodice that pushed her breasts upward and outward. It barely covered her nipples. As she sucked each one of us in turn she had her hand up among the frilly petticoats of her wide skirt, fingering her cunt and moaning with pleasure. Mind you, she still guessed wrong.

And so it went on, woman after woman, cock after cock. And the ones that had had their turns got great fun out of watching the others

try to guess.

When it was Linda's turn she crouched down, hitching her mini dress up to her hips to get comfortable. It was great to see how several of the other guys got really turned on by the sight of her juicy cunt lips surrounded by wispy hairs.

Linda gave each of the men a thorough going-over with her tongue. She licked each cock from the tip all the way along to the balls and back again. Then she put her lips to each one and pushed down on it about three inches. This she did several times, and then started licking her way along underneath.

One of the guys got so excited by all this sucking that he couldn't hold back any longer. He shot a full load of come over Linda's face. She giggled, licked her lips, and set about tonguing the next prick as the come ran down her cheeks.

Surprise, surprise! When Linda got to me she recognized my cock and won the prize – a bottle of wine and a large dildo. "And if you show us how to use the dildo, you can have another bottle of wine," said Carol.

Linda didn't need the wine for encouragement. Licking all those pricks had really turned her on.

"All right," she said. "Just look here, everyone." As we gathered round her she swayed her body to the music and unfastened the cords on her dress one by one. As the last cord came undone she threw the dress aside and started rubbing herself all over. Then she lay on her back on the floor, spread her legs wide, bent her knees and raised her bum so everyone got a good view of her cunt.

As she rubbed the end of the foot-long dildo between her legs, her cunt was shining with moisture. With a jerk of her whole body she pushed the rubber penis inside her. Working it in and out she gradually pushed it in as far as it would go. Then as she slid it back and forth her body began to shake and quiver with an orgasm that was the signal for the fun to really start.

Linda's performance had got everyone else turned on so much that it's hard to describe all that happened next. A moment later I was kissing a blonde woman and sliding her low-cut dress off her shoulders. As she stepped out of her dress I knelt in front of her, pulled off her tiny knickers and set about licking her cunt as hard as I could.

I felt her pushing her cunt against my mouth as my tongue probed deeper and deeper inside her. Soon my face was running with the juices from her cunt. Then she got down on all fours and took my prick in her mouth, licking the end with her tongue and working the skin up and down with her hand.

She stiffened a little and moaned as another guy (I later found out it was her boyfriend) pushed his cock inside her from behind. Then she set to work again, sucking me off!

After a few minutes I changed places with the other guy. His girlfriend just carried on as normal – sucking away at one end while she was getting fucked at the other. Soon I shot my load inside her. It was a great feeling because it happened just as she had her own

orgasm, and then her boyfriend came in her mouth as well.

"That was fantastic," she said. Then they introduced themselves, Joan and Dick. We agreed it would be great to meet again.

I had been so intent on what I'd been doing so far, that I hadn't really paid much attention to what else was going on around me. As I gazed around I saw Carol, still in the PVC basque and stockings, pushing several fingers inside the cunt of a red-headed girl who was in turn sucking a big guy who was kissing another girl who was in turn being fucked by someone else.

What a sight! There were people fucking and sucking all over the place. No one seemed to mind who was doing what to whom.

Two girls – one with a completely shaved cunt – were in a 69 position in a corner of the room. They were busy licking and fingering each other, and giggling with delight.

Then I saw Linda. She was having a great time. She was sitting astride some guy who was lying flat on his back on the floor. She was bouncing up and down on his cock, while two other guys stood one on each side of her with their cocks in her mouth.

She saw me looking and waved to me. My prick was already rigid again and raring to go. I went over to the girls in the corner and chose the shaved cunt. She spread her legs to take me and I started pumping away as if it were weeks since my last orgasm, not ten minutes. Her friend carried on licking both cunt and prick even as we were fucking.

I happened to glance over at Linda again. The guy underneath her was heaving as he shot his come inside her, and as she began to shake I could tell she was having another orgasm. The two guys she was sucking were really worked up and they came, one after the other, in her mouth and all over her face.

I had never seen anything like that happen to Linda before. It was a really wild sensation. I pulled my cock out of the girl I was fucking and watched my come shoot out over her shaved cunt and over the face of her friend, who carried on licking all the time.

We introduced each other. They were Fiona and Joy. Both were married and their husbands were around somewhere, they said (one of them, I later found out, had been underneath Linda).

And so the evening went on. When everyone seemed to be getting tired, Carol and the girl she'd been fingering did a a fantastic lesbian act that got us all turned on again.

I turned to the nearest girl and started kissing her. It was Linda. "Still feeling randy?" she asked, as she knelt down to suck my cock.

"I feel as though I could fuck you harder than I ever have before," I said.

"Then what are you waiting for?" was her reply as she lay back, stroking her nipples and spreading her legs apart.

As I got on top of her I lifted her legs till the backs of her knees were at my shoulders. Her cunt was so juiced up that my prick went straight in up to the hilt. I was really wild for her. I plunged into her again and again, and she pushed her cunt as hard as she could against me. All around us there were people doing the same as us in all sorts of positions. It was a marvellous feeling, and we both had our orgasms at the same time. Then we collapsed in a heap on the floor, both covered in sweat and come.

Back at home after the party we both agreed that it was the best night of fucking we'd ever had. "Just think what we'd been missing all this time," I said.

"Well, let's make sure we don't miss out any more," said Linda. "Let's promise that from now on our sex life is going to be crammed with excitement." So we promised.

"By the way," I said. "I was really proud of the way you were able to pick out my cock from all the others. None of the other women could recognize their partners."

"Oh, that was simple," she said. "I had no idea whose cock I was sucking. It's just that I recognized that cologne I bought you last Christmas. It really turns me on, you know." – *Dan Braddon, Bromley*

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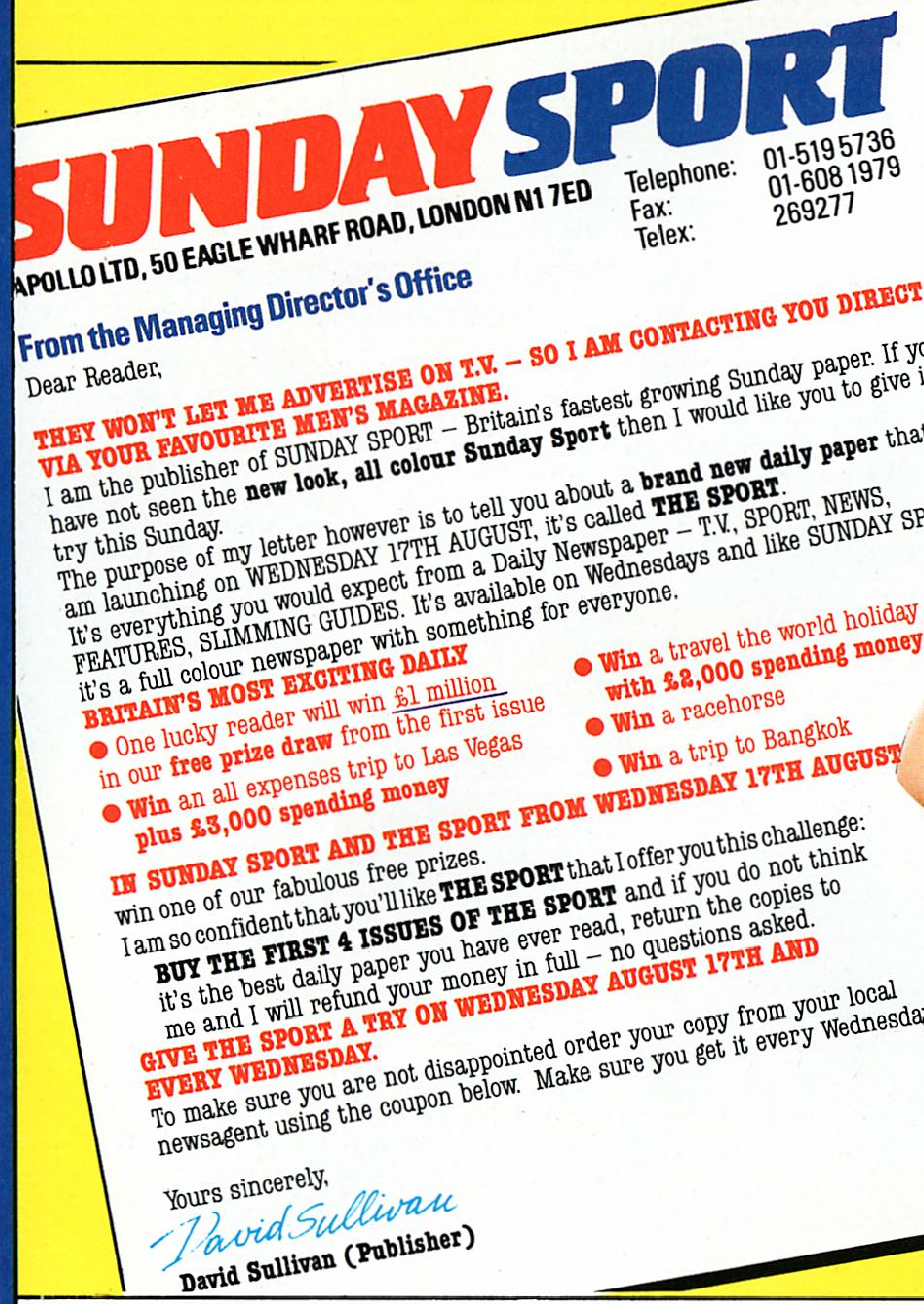

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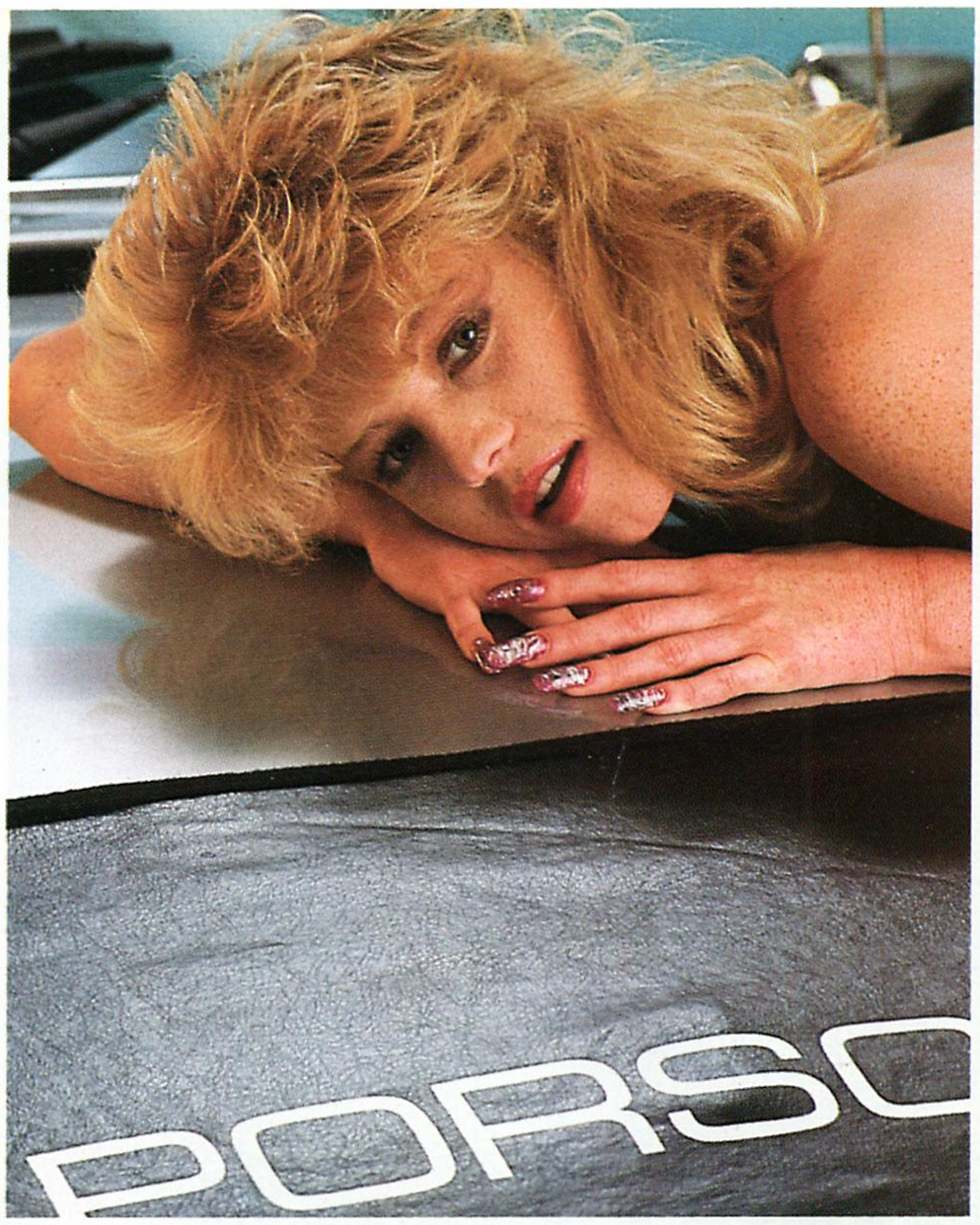
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES



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they've had since the infamous nymph Tracy Lords. Barbii confirmed this when we spoke to her at her LA home: "Basically, I like men with big, meaty cocks," she said. "But my real preference is for stamina. On the set, a guy has to keep it up for hours to get the right take. And that suits me fine!" We just bet it does. ♣

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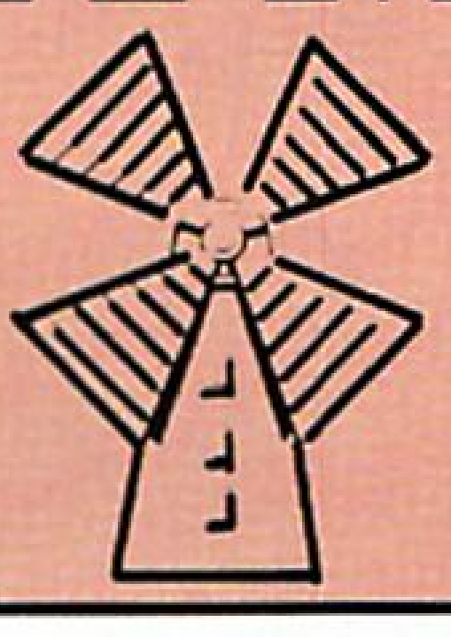

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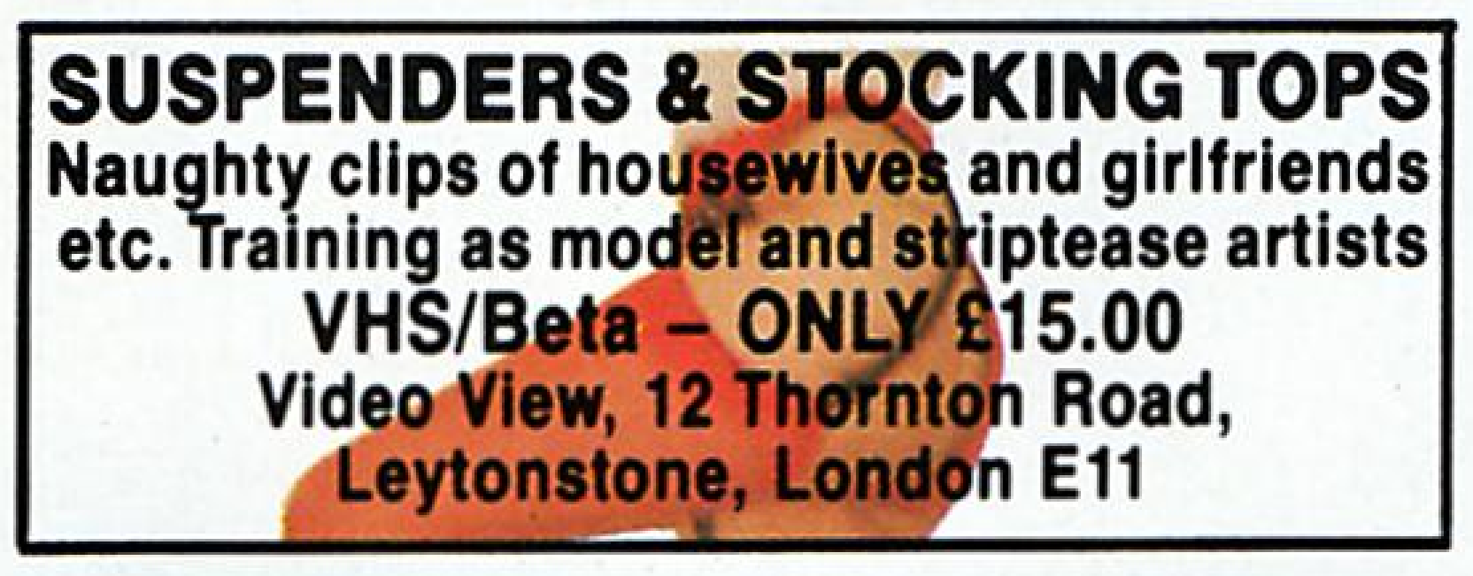

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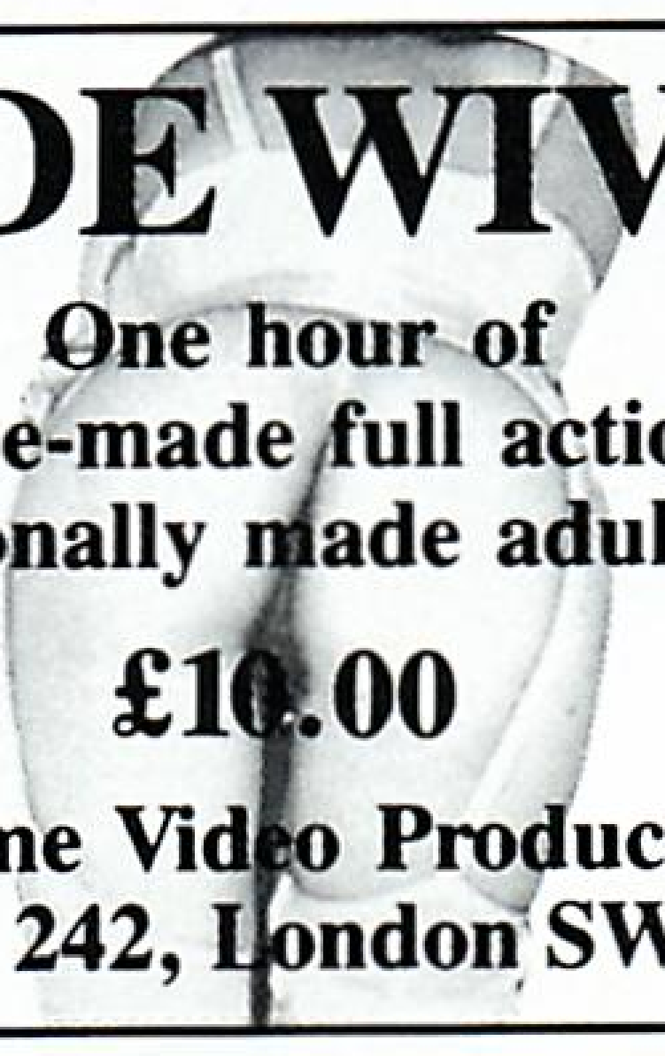

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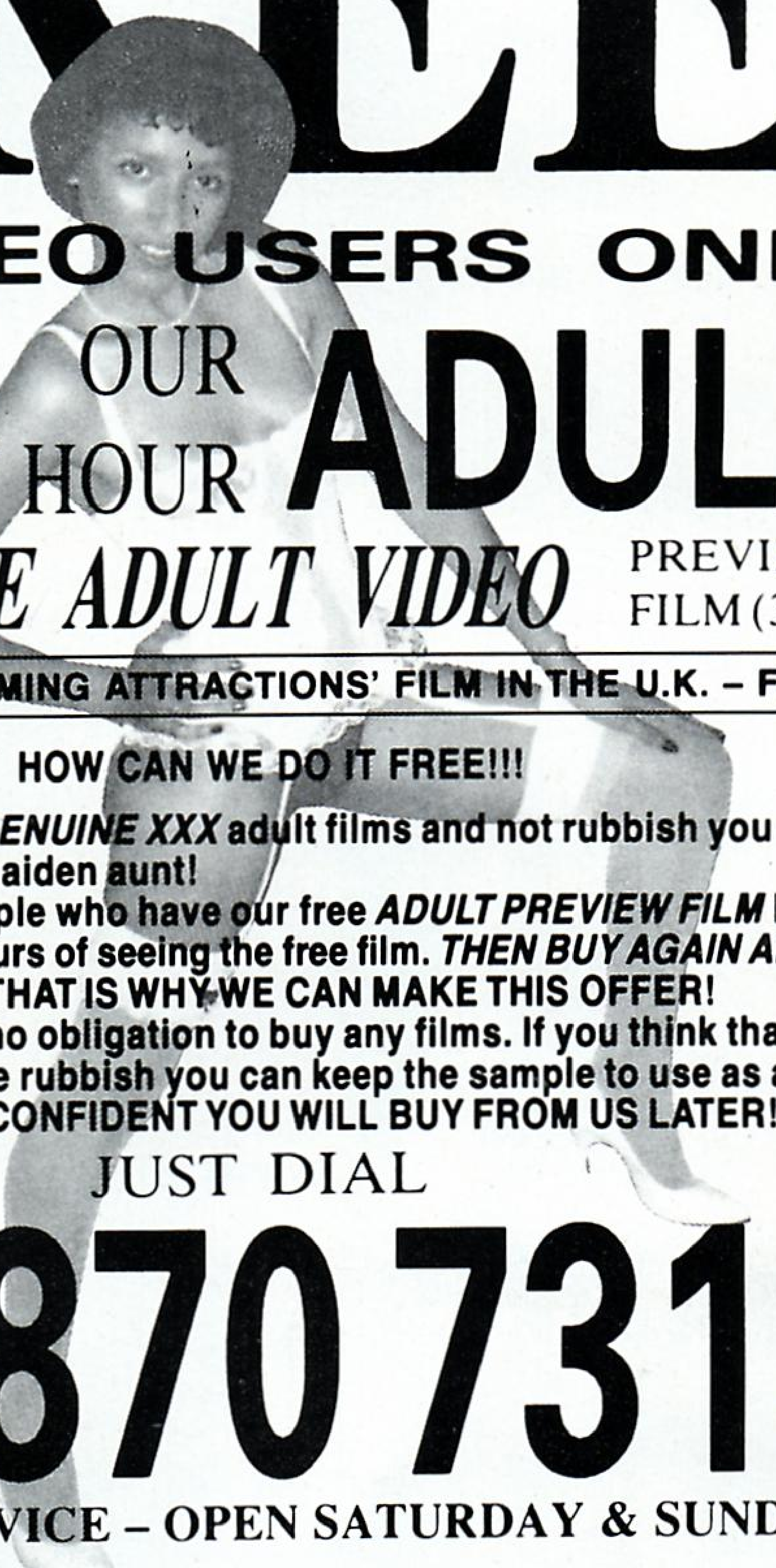

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☐ 1 hour video of GINA	£15
☐ 1 hour video of ANNE-MARIE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of LORRAINE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of VICKY	£15
☐ 1 hour video of RHONA	£15

FORMAT REQUIRED: VHS/BETA (If you do not tick which you require we will send VHS).

CLASSIFIED

THE TOP CONTACTS AND CALL LINES

DISCIPLINE SPECIALISTS

DEVOTED TO DISCIPLINE – Punish a naughty girl yourself - tell me how you want to do it - I'm waiting for you. 0898 900 578.
MISTRESS requires males into her service - I demand that you call me now. 0898 900 577.
DIRECT DOMINATION FROM DONNA 0898 900 527
BITCH!! BITCH!! BITCH!! 0898 900 542
THE MISTRESS'S VOICE of dominant command. Dare you call her? 0898 900 572.
MAKE IT STING – Please. 0898 900 562.
STRICT MISTRESS willing to punish – I'll say no more till you call. 0898 900 511.
I LOVE THE LASH – Be my master and treat me firmly sir. 0898 900 559.
BE WHIPPED into submission by the voice of "Miss Whiplash". 0898 900 528.
SEX SLAVES ONLY – Call for instruction. 0898 900 536.

NAUGHTY GIRLS

AMIE NEEDS A FIRM HAND – She's been very naughty – find out how and punish her. 0898 900 586 NOW!!
I'LL PULL MY PANTIES DOWN for you!! Please call me and make me do it. 0898 900 571.
NAUGHTY GIRL requires punishing for illicit activities in public. 0898 900 526 NOW!!
SUBMISSIVE GIRL will serve your every command. Your wish is my pleasure – 0898 900 561.
OBEDIENCE is my best asset – please instruct me sir. 0898 900 564.
CANE TRAINING – Why my bottom's stinging. 0898 900 503.
AVAILABLE LADY will do it for you – then you can do it to her. Call her now. 0898 900 567.
LITTLE ORAL ANGIE – can't speak with her mouth full. Please excuse her!!! 0898 900 519.
NAUGHTY NICKY – What would you do to me? 0898 900 563.
NAUGHTY GIRLS must bend over now. 0898 900 578.
LISA GETS IT LICKED 0898 900 517.
ORAL EXAMINATION 0898 900 512.
TEACH ME A LESSON 0898 900 502.

PRIVATE AND PERSONAL

AVAILABLE HOUSEWIVES Confidential info on secret exposure of unfaithful wives. 0898 500 566.
URGENT ASSISTANCE needed with a sexually over active wife who will do anything. Please help. 0898 900 581.
HI! I'm a very frustrated wife with a sexually inadequate husband and I'm in desperate need of satisfaction. Call now!! 0898 900 582.
DESPERATE NYMPHO – Shy but in need of very sexually active men to satisfy me. 0898 900 576.
GAY GIRLS MESSAGE LINE – Lesbian talk back 0898 900 573.
CAN YOU REPLACE my battery operated friend? All entries welcome. Love Alice. 0898 900 532.
HELP – I love being watched - Make me perform in front of you. 0898 900 587.
RICH GIRL – Requires rough handling and sordid but discreet sex - confidential person only please. 0898 900 508.
YOUNG NYMPHO will willingly swallow it all – can't wait – call soon. 0898 900 512.
LONELY GIRL Flat batteries, can you replace? Please advise. 0898 900 514.
FOUR RANDY GIRLS – require single men to play out their fantasies with. 0898 900 509.
TELL ME YOUR FETISH and I'll do it for you and only you. Please tell me how. 0898 900 589.
VIDEO COLLECTOR has full selection of hot adult titles. For full details call 0898 900 541.
HELP! I'M OVERWEIGHT and need to lose a few pounds. My sex life is nil. Can you help me please. 0898 900 592.
SHY BUT LONELY GIRL – new to area requires active men for mutual fun – NOW!!! 0898 900 510.
FRUSTRATED LADY requires fit men for her tunnel of love. 0898 900 531.
VIRGIN Totally unaware of sexual activity needs instruction. Call me and advise me on what! 0898 900 588
SOME LIKE 'EM SLOW!! Some like 'em fast!! I like the ones that need hand starting. 0898 900 591.

SITUATIONS VACANT

NEW BLUE MOVIE STARS REQUIRED – Urgent!! Call now. 0898 900 574 - Leave your message.
TWO GIRLS who love performing together need listeners to turn them on. 0898 900 523.
BE BLOWN BY BELINDA An excellent job. 0898 900 529.
MASSEUSE for any form of rub. Call 0898 900 539.
I'M SO RANDY I need two men at once, but I've only got one. Call me and join us. 0898 900 594.
LOVE ME PLEASE!!! 0898 900 515.
SEX MANIAC'S CLUB 0898 900 500

GENERAL

ADVANCED SEX Training given Call now and get up to date on the latest techniques. 0898 900 502.
BARB!! Gets off with you!! 0898 900 506.
HUMP A YUPPIE. Stocks and Shares Sarah, Barbara Base Rate and all the gossip. 0898 900 596.
RITA – The queen of erotica. 0898 900 555.
LIMITED NUMBER OF VOYEURS needed for private peeping session. 0898 900 513.
BEAT TO BEAT with Sharon's instruction. 0898 900 510.
GIRL FIGHTS GIRL All bite and scratch. 0898 900 514.
BODY PAINTING – without brushes. It happened to me and it can happen to you. Let me tell you how. 0898 900 593.
RUDE FOOD and sexy sweets. 0898 900 516.
DONNA'S DESCRIPTION in detail to you. 0898 900 579.
IF YOUR NAME'S DICK – I'm looking for you. 0898 900 534.
HI! I'M RACHAEL - Ready and raunchy. Call me for the thrill of your life. 0898 900 535.
PARADISE OF LUST. A holiday you'll never forget!!! 0898 900 537.
PISTOL IN HAND – I'm ready for you!!! 0898 900 538.
PEEPING TOM!! Tells all 0898 900 545.
THE BANNED TITLE – You can hear it. 0898 900 660.

INTERNATIONAL CONTACT

ANNIE takes on Amsterdam. 0898 900 597.
LUSCIOUS LIZZIE in Lanzarotte. 0898 900 598.
ORIENTAL POSES. 0898 900 599.

TOP SERVICES

UNCENSORED CALLS – (DIRECTORY) – All you need to know about those unadvertisable and banned numbers. Call Now!! 0898 900 552.
WANT A PAY RISE? Here's a sure way to get it! 0898 900 554.
I'VE LOST MY PANTIES – Can you help please? 0898 900 553.
DIRTY JOKES – Get the info and be the comedian in your local – Available NOW! 0898 900 521.
WET DREAMS? I can make you have them. Let's play. 0898 900 522.
INTERRUPTION? – I'd love it. Call me and inconvenience me!! I'll come if I know it's you. 0898 900 517.
BLUE FOR YOU From Fiona. 0898 900 599.
TEASING LADY – will make you squirm. Call me now on 0898 900 583.
I'M INGRID – need insulting? Then call me you snivelling waste of space. 0898 900 584.
FORGOTTEN AMNESIA – They're all talking about it as the most erotic sound around, so hear it for yourself. It's weird. 0898 900 550.
SEXOLOGY - The ultimate in sexual activity. You have been warned. 0898 900 520.
PRIVATE INFORMATION from Melissa. 0898 900 569.
GINA'S MAGIC MOMENTS. – **Love with aids. 0898 900 551.**
THE CANDY CLUB. Adult members only. 0898 900 543.
THE HOUSE OF SEX – Where is it?? 0898 900 546.
PLAYTIME – Marital aids advice. 0898 900 547.
VIDEOS, VIDEOS, VIDEOS, VIDEOS. 0898 900 548.
EXPRESS VIDEOS – Hot action – 0898 900 549.
TINA'S TEASERS – 0898 100 653.
FANTASISE WITH ME – 0898 100 695.
KINKY CONTACT LINE 0898 100 628.

SEX MANIAC'S CLUB
0898 900 500

JOIN THE CLUB
FREE MEMBERSHIP
0898 900 500

SEX MANIAC'S CLUB
FREE MEMBERSHIP

UNCENSORED DIRECTORY HOT LINE
0898 900 522

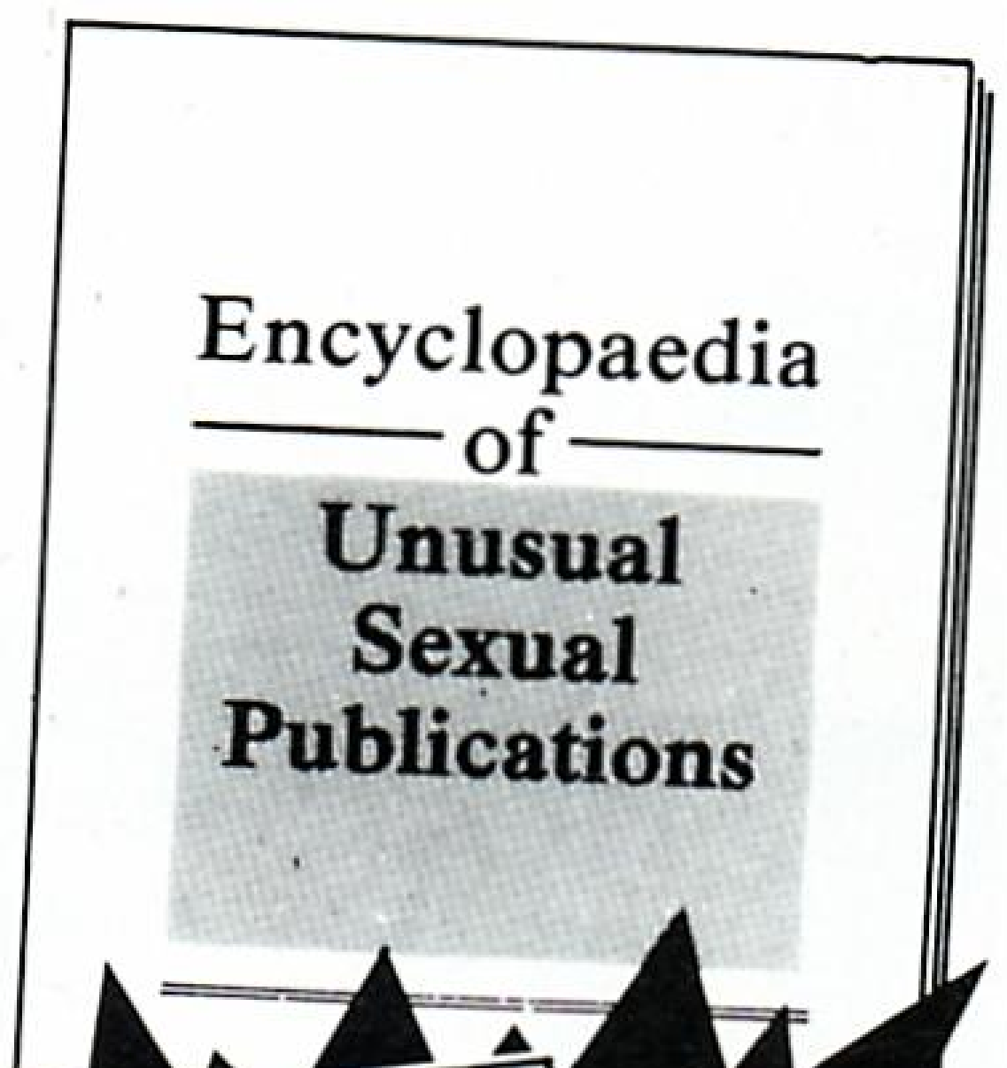
XXX ADULT CALL LINES

0898 900 501
0898 900 556
0898 900 557
0898 900 558
0898 900 570
0898 900 585
0898 900 575
0898 900 590
0898 900 580
0898 900 565

Calls charged at 38p per minute peak and 25p per minute off peak

club CLASSIFIED

FREE



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wish to contact gentlemen for friendship, love and marriage. Please send s.a.e. for further details of this serious programme to:

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WORLDWIDE contacts, friendship, marriage. Details free! Hermes, Box 110660/C, Berlin 11, W. Germany

VENUS Bureau. Adult contact hotline (0306) 731084 S.A.E. P.O. Box 78. Dorking. Surrey.

NOTICE

Regarding advertisements which state payment required for goods or services **ALWAYS** send either postal orders or cheques **NEVER** send cash.

6— ESCORTS

SOMETHING extra special for Escort. Bristol 5089000.

MAYFAIR
Elegant Escorts charming, exciting companions for all ocasions.
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UNFORGETTABLE escorts, try one in a life time and always remember 01-724 3835.

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Readers

To place your advertisement

EDUCATED and sophisticated European lady for very special occasion. 01-579 8434.

ATTRACTIVE lady escorts available for al occasions. Regent Escorts 01-701 0185.

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MARIA Rochét Escorts for sophisticated ladies 01-943 4848, London, Heathrow, Gatwick.

LONDON and Heathrow V.I.P. escort service credit cards accepted. 01-749 3062.

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Exclusive Escorts for your kind of lady
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HEATHROW and London Maya top escorts. Credit cards accepted. 01-749 3062.

BEAUTIFUL international escorts always available. London, Heathrow, Gatwick, any time. 01-703 1498.

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The Academy Switchboard connects you right away with selected, most beautiful models who'd love to escort you. All educated, friendly and fun. Choose from:

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London AREA ONLY
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Cheques with card accepted

7— VIDEO

DUTCH VIDEO CLUB

We are looking for new members in the UK, and continent. For details about adult XXX send a letter or card to:
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6501BH Nijmegen,
Netherlands.

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Cheapest supplier in Europe for Adult mags Video.

Sample price list	£2
Mags full colour	£5
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Delivery guaranteed
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***NEVER** send cash.*

WHAM BAM WINNIE
TELLS ALL
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LONDON 0077 100 420

LESBIAN SECRETS
EXPOSED
0898 100 476
LONDON 0077 100 440

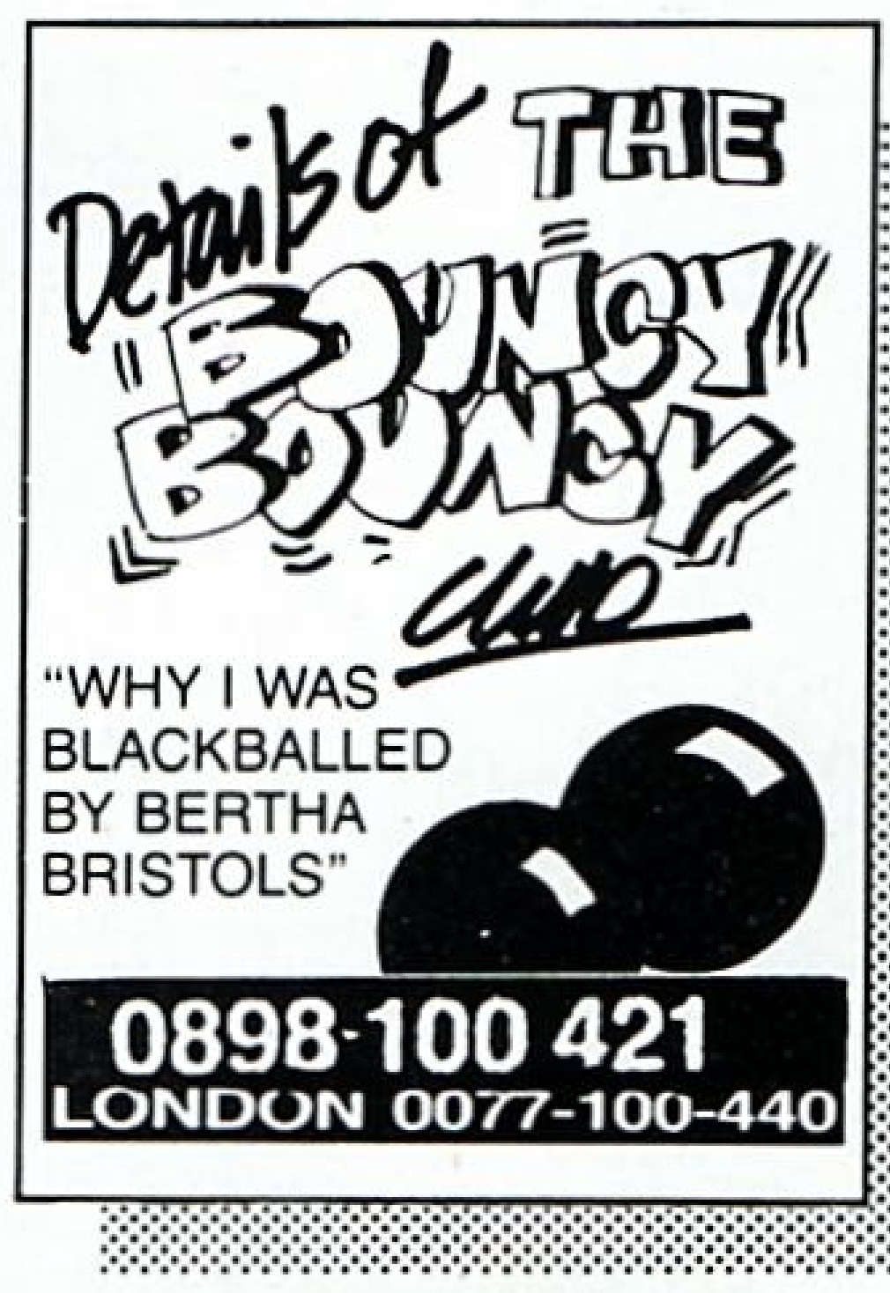
LESBIAN PILLOW TALK
TAPE RECORDED ORIGINAL
0898 100 480
LONDON 0077 100 420

BONKING INFORMATION SERVICE – DARE YOU LISTEN TO THIS TAPE RECORDING?
0898 100 491
FROM LONDON 0077 100 420

LESBIAN
ADVICE CENTRE
PROBLEM AND ADVICE LINE
JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE ON THIS SENSITIVE SUBJECT
0898 100 415
OR FROM LONDON
0077-100-435

CALL US NOW
JUST LISTEN
THE EXOTIC DUO IN ACTION
DIAL 0898 100 492
FROM LONDON 0077 100 405

LESBIAN SECRETS
REVEALED
0898 100 464
LONDON 0077 100 440


Details of THE "BOUNCY BOUNCY" club
"WHY I WAS BLACKBALLED BY BERTHA BRISTOLS"
0898-100 421
LONDON 0077-100-440

CALL ME!
JUST LISTEN
Ring Now
0898 100 468
LONDON 0077 100 410

RUDE
VIDEO
INFORMATION
CALL ME
0898 100 440
LONDON 0077 100 400

BOMBA THE BONKER
TELLS ALL
0898 100 422
LONDON 0077 100 430

FREE!
A THREE HOUR BLANK VIDEO CASSETTE
(VHS OR BETA)
CALL THE VIDEO INFORMATION CLUB
ON
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24 HOUR TAPE RECORDING
Hi, I'm Tracey.
I will explain how it is done.
It's fun to listen!

CALL ME NOW!
I DARE YOU!
0898 100 423
JUST LISTEN
TO THE TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE!! DIAL (NOW)
LONDON 0077 100 440

ECSTASY JANE
Speaks
DIAL
0898 100 462
AND JUST LISTEN
LONDON 0077 100 415

CALL ME
NOW!!
Just listen to the XXX NYMPHO
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LONDON 0077 100 455

All calls to advertisements on this page are charged at 38p peak or 25p off peak.
ST. P.O. Box 242. London SW15 2RJ.

THE THIRTY NINE STRIPS
BY PHONE!
HEAR THE PEELING TO HIT THE CEILING
STAG FUN
DIAL
0898 100 459

LESBIAN ADMISSIONS
THE TRUTH IN SECRETS REVEALED BY DEBBIE DYKE
0898 100 457
FROM LONDON 0077 100 420
ST calls charged at 38p per minute 25p off peak.

ECSTASY JANE
Speaks
DIAL
0898
100 473
FROM LONDON
0077 100 410
AND JUST LISTEN

DILLIS
DIAL 'O'
TELLS MORE!
0898 100 472
LONDON 0077 100 420

CALL US NOW
JUST LISTEN
THE OH! OH! GIRLS
IN ACTION
0898 100 484
LONDON 0077 100 405

DEEP THROAT
DEBBIE
CONFESSES TO ALL
DIAL
0898 100 456
LONDON
0077 100 415
JUST LISTEN!

LESBIAN
CONFESSIONS
DARE YOU LISTEN?
0898 100 458
LONDON 0077 100 455

THE Oh! Oh! GIRLS
OUR LATEST RECORDING
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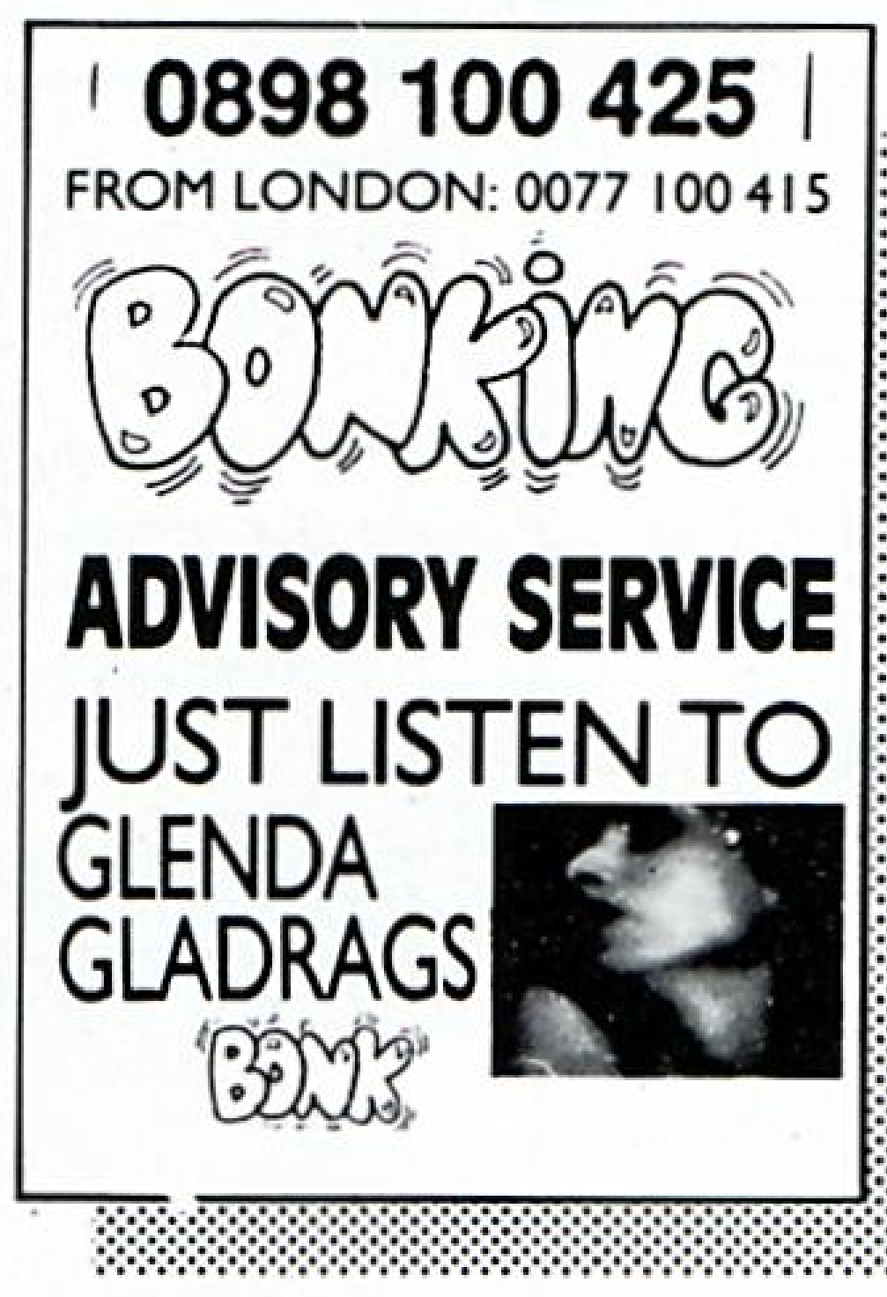
THE ORIGINAL PILLOW TALK!!
NO NONSENSE TO THIS RECORDING !!!
CALL
0898 100 424
LONDON 0077 100 450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FROM LONDON: 0077 100 415
BONKING
ADVISORY SERVICE
JUST LISTEN TO
GLENDA
GLADRAGS
BONK

CALL US NOW!
0898 100 426
FROM LONDON
077-100-400
LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING OF THE EXOTIC MYSTERY GIRLS!

LESBIAN
LETTERS READ IN DETAIL BY
DILLIS DIAL'O
WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW – AND HEAR
DIAL (TO LISTEN)
0898-100-497
LONDON 0077 100 420
ALSO, WE PAY £100 FOR EACH LESBIAN LETTER PUBLISHED

THE BONK STONK
Call me
JUST LISTEN
0898 100 466
LONDON 0077 100 430

WOW WANETA
THE ORIGINAL
XXX MAN EATER
DARE YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY – JUST LISTEN!
0898 100 490
LONDON 0077 100 435

GAY PROBLEM + ADVICE
(MALE HOMOSEXUAL) LINE

1. Am I gay? 2. Is my friend gay?
3. Am I suffering gay fantasies? 4. General.

JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE ON THIS SENSITIVE SUBJECT
DIAL 0898 100 409
AND JUST LISTEN

FRENCH LETTERS
READ BY
Fifi
0898
100 427
LONDON 0077
100 420

DIRTY DENISE TELLS ALL
AT LAST!
THE TRUTH IS TOLD!!!
TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE
Phone 0898 100 495
LONDON 0077 100 415
AND JUST LISTEN

French
MAID
TELLS
ALL
OO-LA-LA
0898 100 428
LONDON 0077·100·425

LESBIAN LETTERS READ IN SECRET BY DEBBIE DYKE (JUST LISTEN)
0898 100 429
FROM LONDON 0077 100 420

CALL ME
CINDY
JONES
DIAL
0898 100 431
LONDON 0077 100 405

PLAY
BUMPER BOOBS
WITH
BERTHA BRISTOLS
JUST HAVE TWO SHEETS OF PAPER A BAR OF SOAP AND A CUP OF WARM WATER READY
DIAL:
0898 100 467
LONDON 0077 100 440
AND THEN YOU CAN PLAY BUMPER BOOBS WITH BERTHA BRISTOLS.
IT'S A FUN GAME FOR ONE PERSON, OR TWO AND GROUPS

LESBIAN
GROUP
MESSAGE
DARE YOU LISTEN
0898 100 474
LONDON 0077 100 405

SAY NO MORE
LISTEN TO MAXINE
JUST DIAL
0898 100 496
LONDON 0077 100 405

club CLASSIFIED

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Send: U.K. Cheques/International money orders/postal orders. Guaranteed discreet delivery, UK Despatch.

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You've tried the rest now try the best

For the hottest spanking discipline videos for the genuine CP specialists, also f/d, lesbians and other exciting themes, send £15 for our new bumper sample tape, all new titles included and see for yourself. Or send sae for details to:

Unique Video, PO Box 816, Hove, E. Sussex.

All applicants must be over 18.

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For full details of our highly acclaimed videos including 'Punishment PT' and corrective therapy send a stamp to:–

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High quality sample tape containing many excellent spanking scenes, only £15 inc. P. and P

Our modesl will bend over forwards to Please you!

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The most explicit erotic adult photosets and videos. Poses for every taste. Send £5.00 for sample set or £10.00 for smple video and catalogue.

to

B.P. Publishing
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Ashford Kent.

Sick of Being Ripped Off

Don't send £15, £20 or £25 for adult rubbish. We will lend you a genuine adult video for just a few ££££, so don't waste any more money for free details send S.A.E. to

S.V.C., 234 Odessa Road,
London E7 9DY.

10– MASSAGE

NORTHANTS relaxation massage and sauna Mon-Sat. Phone 0933 315798 for details.

DANISH TOUCH – elegant masseuse from Denmark will relax you. Please give me a call, 01-730 6518.

MASSAGE by beautiful English blonde. Hyde Park area. 01-221 5051.

AMY gives leisurely massage to professional gents wanting that extra touch. Tel 01-968 5411.

BRIGHTON Delightful young blonde offers luxurious massage for the discerning businessman. 0273 727627.

PERSONAL massage by attractive blonde in Maida Vale, W.9. Tel: 01-968 6308.

DELECTABLE ex-glamour model will relax you (genuine) 12 (noon) – 10.30. 01-706 0806.

BEAUTIFUL young blonde offers exquisite massage in opulent surroundings for the refined gentleman. Tel Diana 0602 476184.

BRIGHTON Executive leisurely massage in luxurious surroundings, exquisite blonde. Brighton 729066.

BIRMINGHAM beautiful brunette offers excellent massage in private. 021-631 3453.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, Fun-filled massage guaranteed. 7 days. Call Charlotte. 01-581 0090.

MAGICAL massage after your flight or busy day, call to ease your tensions away. 01-794 3967.

GORGEOUS curvy blonde gives massage to business gentlemen. Tel: 021 420 4480.

WELL endowed lady invites executive gentlemen for discreet luxurious massage. Tel: 061 795 8139.

FOR a sensuous massage by a talented masseuse. Shireen 01-262 9411.

BAKER St., Leisurely fingertip massage. Careful considerate, feminine young lady, selective, friendly, clean, discreet. 01-486 8170.

I'M a curvey, very friendly enthusiastic but sensible masseuse who adores her work. 01-723 6903.

LEICESTER Massage, be pampered by friendly staff. Tel 0533 552773.

SWEDISH massge attractive blonde with that special touch. Manchester 061 737 6362.

FRANCE de Paris. Friendly massage by a lovely busty brunette. 01-629 7569.

A massage to remember by Kim. London W.1. area, apartment 01-580 9291.

APPRECIATE quality? Maria will soothe away, you tensions the South American way. Tel 01-935 8957.

RELAXING massage in luxury flat close to city. Gina 01-729 6687.

BIRMINGHAM steambath and massage available by attractive brunette. Telephone Cathleen 021-454 5536.

MISS Bianca Ross floats like a butterfly. 01-278 1501.

GERMAN masseuse, young highly qualified, offers revitalizing massage with a touch of magic in peaceful surroundings. V.I.P.s only. 01-602 8073.

BIRMINGHAM massage, jacuzzi, herbal bath. Friendly attractive lady 021 2368128.

LOVELY leggy blonde gives a superb corrective massage in a delightful atmosphere. Ring Vivienne 01-499 1486.

SWEDISH and French massage experienced young blonde masseuse. Brighton 605983.

BIRMINGHAM Massage given by attractive young lady phone Sue. 021-420 3837.

HARROGATE Best private massage in town. Ring 0423 63007.

GORGEOUS luxury blonde, luxury apartment, aims to please. Executive gents. Tel. No. 061-653 0120.

ATTRACTIVE Brazilian masseuse for firm but effective treatment. Julie 01-486 0566.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, Sensual young blonde offers massage in luxury apartment. Tel: Sarah 01-581 2283.

LEEDS for unhurried massage by attractive blonde. 0532 773902.

FUN and fantasy. Relax with a young, pretty masseuse. Marylebone. 01-402 2639.

LEICESTER relaxation massage and sauna. Mon-Sat. Phone 0533-702168 for details.

A truly, gentle, caring massage with a charming selective young lady. Corina. Tel: 01-402 1044.

MAGNIFICENT German blonde offers firm massage inprivate luxurious surroundings. 01-724 6989.

GENTLEMAN prefer blondes, a leisurely massage in Fulham area. 01-384 1281.

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FV/17 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES REDUCED TO £11.95

THE SECRETARY. The bi-sexual temp has the office hot and horny as she gets it over the typewriter, is molested in the lift and fornicates with the girls in the broom cupboard.

THE VISIT. A young family friend visits and he's randy. She does not object and soon he has her boobs out, then she's naked and they are at it all over the house.

LADIES AFTERNOON. Three ladies meet for afternoon coffee and lesbian fun. See the excitement as they get to grips with each others bodies.

THE INTERVIEW. A job with this man means more than typing. Each applicant is stripped and splayed in turn. He then sends them to his secretary in the next office for horny two girl action.

FV/18 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES PRICE SLASHED TO £11.95

PHOTOGRAPH. John takes lots of hard-core pictures of his wife playing with herself and sends them to a girlie magazine. Instead, of publishing them the Editor rushes round and gives her one.

LADY IN BLACK. Dressed in black leather, she watches her friend and husband at it while she plays with a big black dildo.

THREE GIRLS. Three girls egg each other on to chat up the window cleaner. One does, but she can't take all he can give her so she calls for her friends to help.

FRIENDS. Two friends both have the same girl. Then they both have her sister. One of the friends has the girls' mother in the kitchen. Then the mother's younger sister walks in . . .

FV/19 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES DOWN IN PRICE TO £11.95

THE PARTY. John and Alice hold a wife swapping party. However, another wife fancies Alice who is quite happy to oblige. Fortunately there is a spare girl for John.

HANDS. Jenny enjoys a sauna and body massage, but today only the handyman, with his rough, coarse hands, is available. Soon Jenny is groaning with pleasure as these rough hands find the sensitive parts.

HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY. A lecherous couple set up a training school for nurses. Biology soon turns into a bi-sexual orgy, as everyone fights to join in.

THE MIRROR. With two-way mirrors, the madame watches her girls getting it from any manner of male and female customers. At the end of the day she chooses one of the girls for her own kinky lust.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

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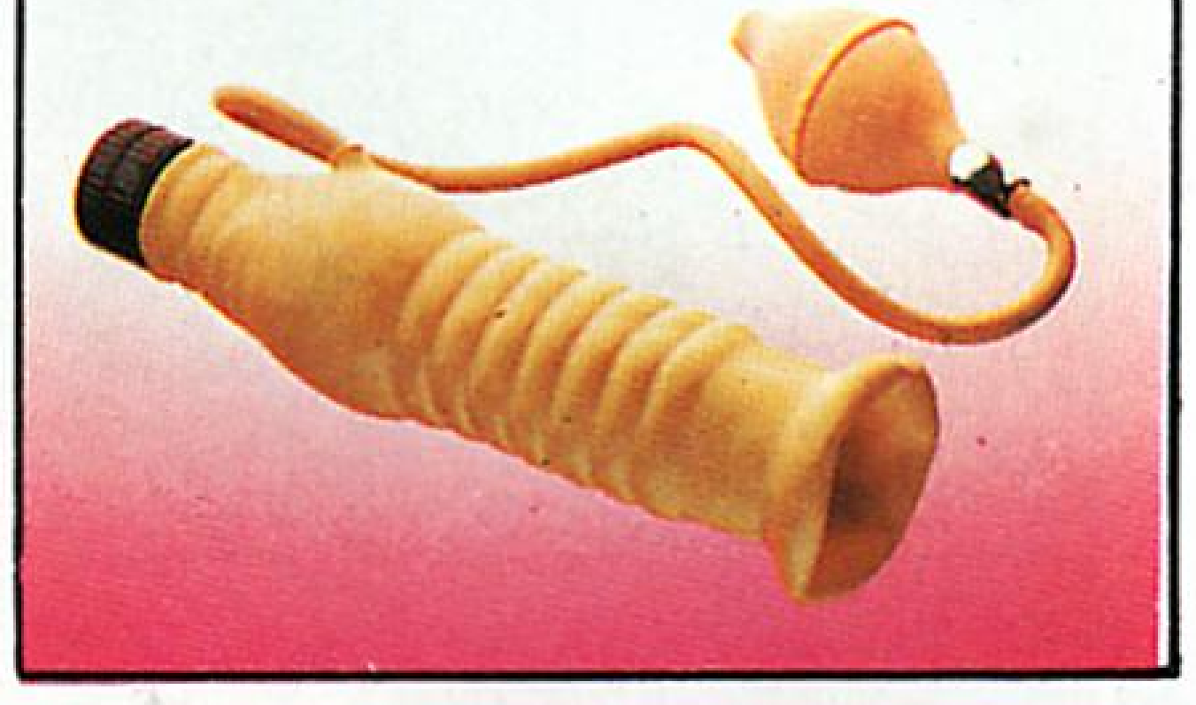

104
108
117
106

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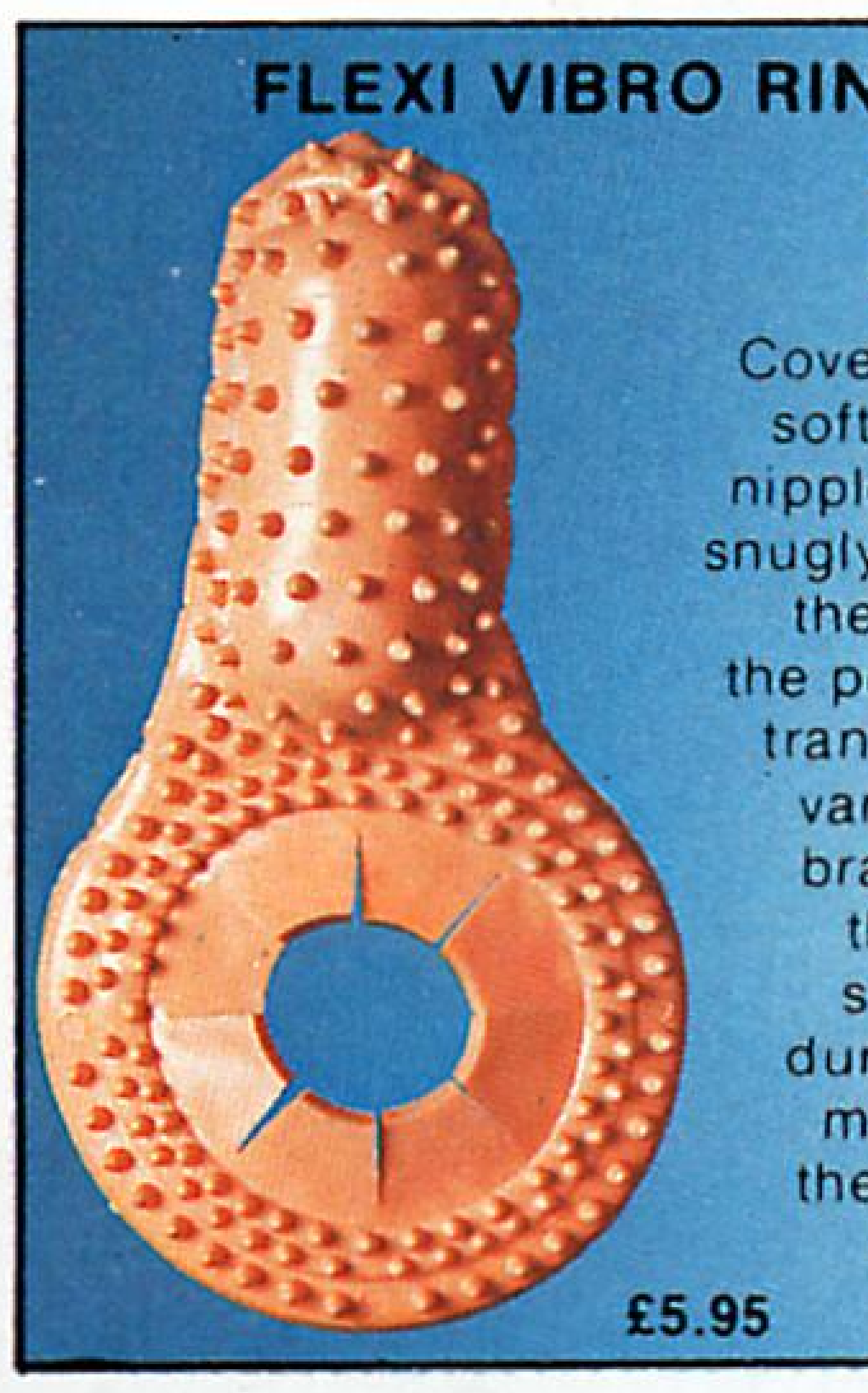

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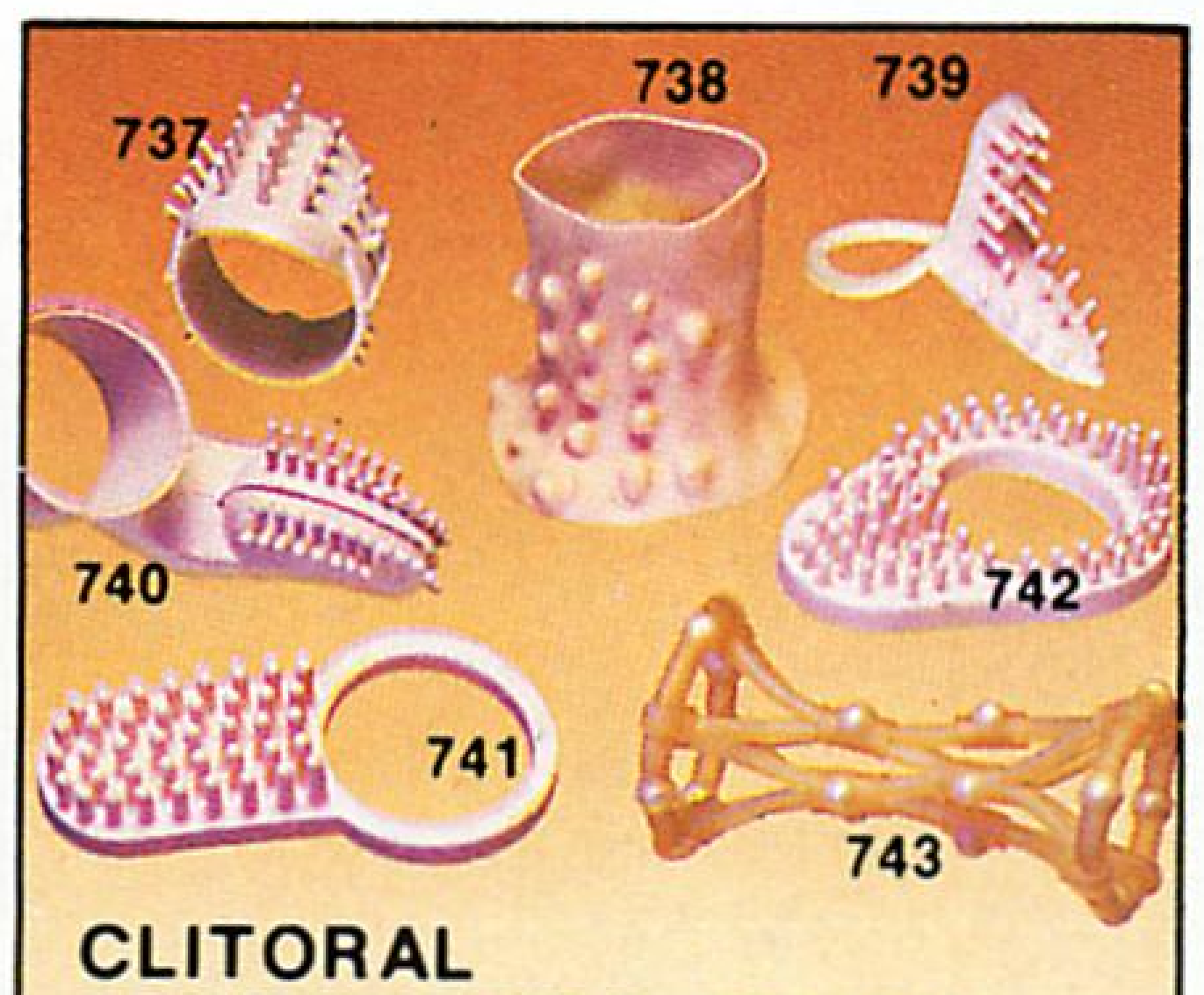

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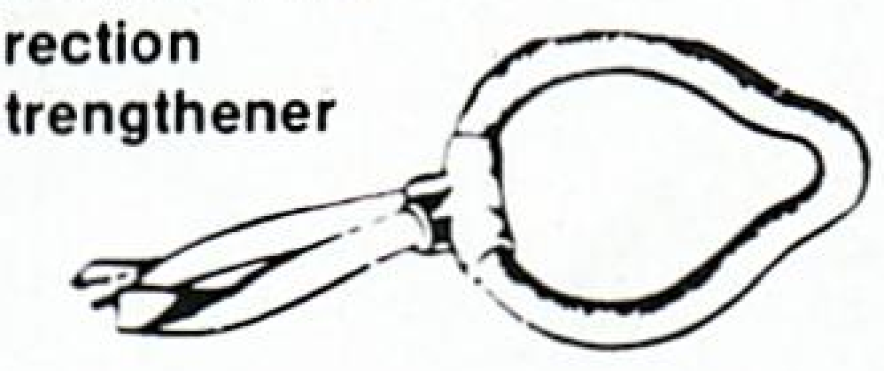

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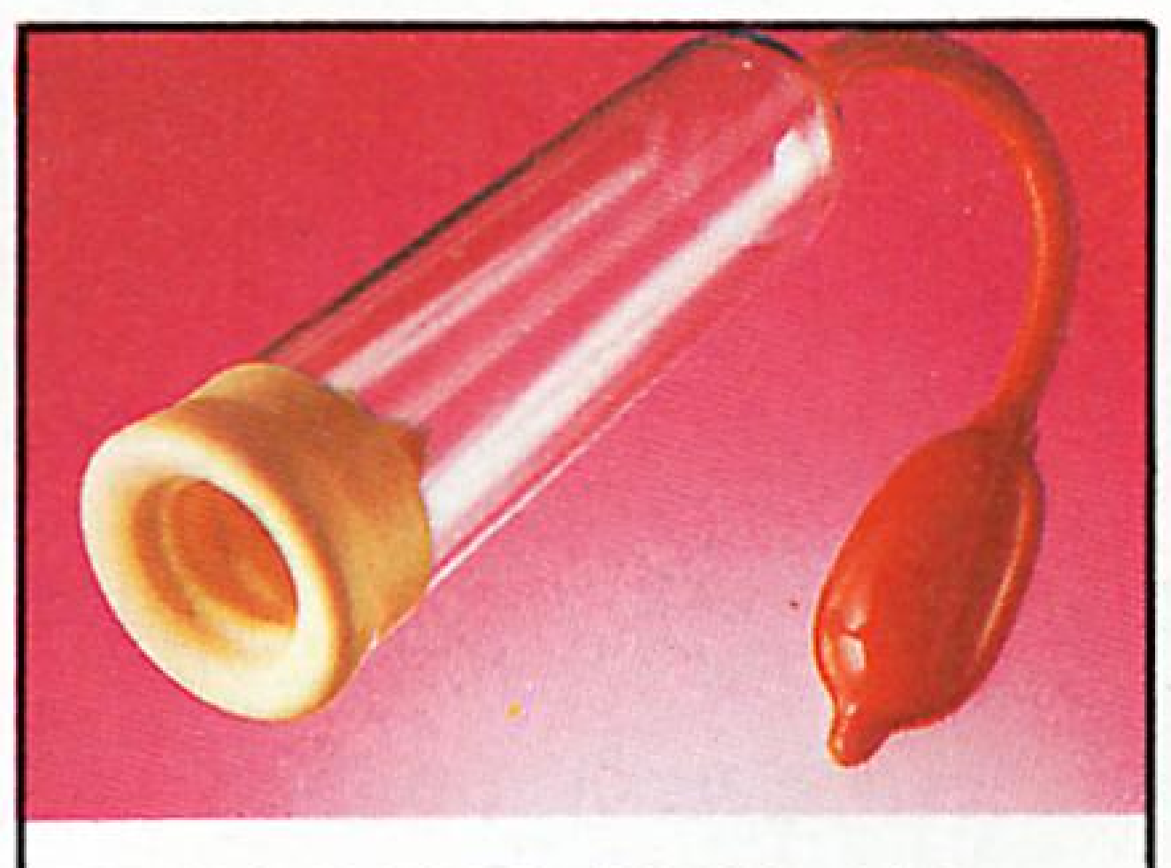

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JULIE

As soon as we saw these shots of gorgeous Julie Wilson, we couldn't help thinking her outfit looked rather like a wedding dress.

"Well, my boyfriend *has* just proposed," admitted the far-from-blushing 23-year-old from Leicester. "But I'm still considering the offer!" So meanwhile, she thought she'd get into the spirit of things with her

---

Photographs by Barry Vincent

MagDownload.org

first Club photo session.

"All that smooth, white lace did get me rather turned on," she confessed. "I felt really naughty in it – I wanted to be *wicked*! If I feel like this in my wedding dress, the poor Vicar won't let me in the church!" ♣

coming in

club

I've just seen the Production Editor's boobs in a tight T-shirt, and I can't get over them. *Nobody* could get over them. They're bloody *enormous*. Fucking *huge*. I ran into her as she came out of the ladies. They bounced me five yards back against the opposite wall. She laughed and they went *woobla woobla woobla*, shaking like big platefuls of custard.

Never really noticed them before. She used to wear big baggy sweatshirts which hid the things, but it finally got too hot and she's come in wearing this tight black number and they fucking stretch it to bursting point, a man could get lost for days in there, it's a terrifying thought but I've got this strange urge just to leap in! know I'll never be seen again but I just don't care.

Oh yes . . . next month in Club . . . well, it'll be very good. No, honestly. The absolute business. But I've got to get back to those tits now. See you next month . . .

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 8-ON SALE JULY 21ST.

BLOODY GREAT BIG STONKAS!

SHORE LEAVE

continued from page 60

door in a filmy negligee. She kissed Al excitedly and led them into the living room. There, much to Joe's surprise, he saw Sasha and two other girls in equally revealing lingerie – and they were sitting with two crewmen from the Valiant, sipping something that looked like champagne.

"Hi, Al. Hi, Joe," said the two crewmen.

"Pete and Dave," Joe stammered. "What are you doing here?"

"We're all being each other's chaperones," Al explained. He poured himself a large glass of champagne. "We're all here to prevent any transgressions of holy law." He loosened his collar and made himself comfortable on the couch next to one of the new girls.

Half the city was in the park, fucking

"Welcome to the orgy, Joe," Pete declared.

Joe didn't believe it, but that wasn't going to make him leave. Sasha, and Meeri and Jann, the two new girls, plied him with alcohol and stroked his shoulders. Kerri was off limits to him, of course, because of the twice-in-a-row rule, but he didn't have a chance to miss her. Before he knew it, he was out of his clothes and lying on a rubber sheet. Sasha stroked his cock with massage oil while he ate Meeri out. Pete fucked Sasha doggy-style. Al and Kerri and Dave and Meeri draped themselves over the couch in a remarkable arrangement of pussies, tits, lips, and cocks.

Joe had never thought he'd be the type who could fuck in front of other people, especially guys he knew, but Sasha fondled him to hardness in less than a minute. She deep-throated him until he saw stars. By then Pete and Dave were envious, so they got their turn while he banged Meeri's tiny, incredibly tight cunt, and nibbled at Jann's wonderfully thick pussy lips until she shuddered.

Give me that good old time religion, he thought happily.

He came three times before the night was over.

Joe and Al sat together in one of the recreation lounges of the Valiant, watching mournfully as Deneb IV shrank away on the view screen. Joe's prick was still pleasantly swollen, warm with the after effects of long, exuberant sex, though it had been a good twelve hours since their shore leave had ended.

"It's a damn shame," Joe said. "I wish we could put into port there every month."

"I know what you mean," Al added.

"When's the next planetfall scheduled?"

"Ten weeks. But it's Rigel V. Finding good pussy there is like trying to spot crab lice without a magnifying glass."

"Oh, well," Joe muttered. "Guess it's back to whacking off."

Al abruptly sat up straight. "You jack off?" he asked sternly.

Joe was dumbfounded. "Sure. Doesn't everybody?"

"Hell, no," Al said. "It's against my religion." ♣

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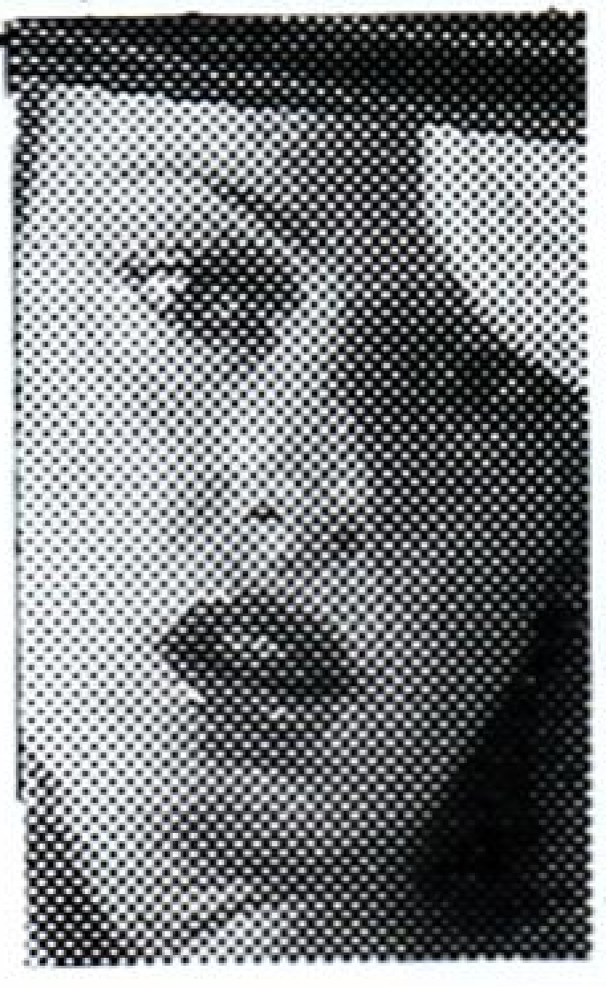

Helga Video Show

Helga stars in this hard scan movie with a host of stunning females and randy fellas. Roving camera shots of orgy sequences makes this a great video.

Climax Video Show No 1

Featured in action in this very good video are most of the 'big' names in the world of sex - includes group action and vibro sex.

Adult Collection B

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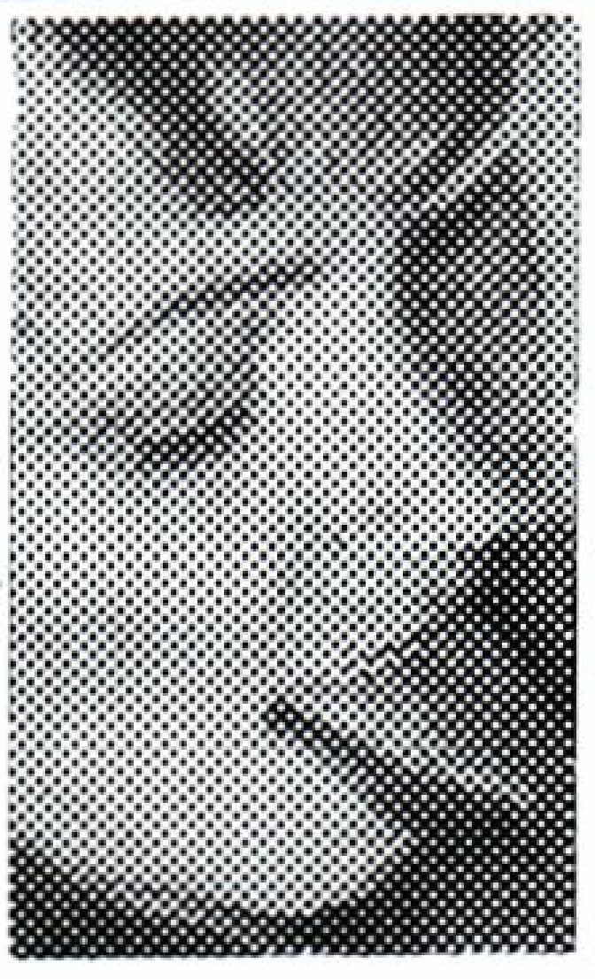
College Girls

It's a wow! Real college ravers who're willing to perform every sex act you can imagine, in front of the cameras. No inhibitions here, they get straight down to action.



Climax Video Show No 3

About a 'big' fella who likes to get his money's worth. It's packed with fascinating horny action as he tries girl after girl to satisfy his lust.

Flat Sharing Shaggers

Beautiful girls share a flat. As well as lonely nights of lesbian passion they spend their time hunting men for all to share. Not many of the men survive all these girls

Adult Collection C

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Scandinavian Orgy

Foreign beauties show off their assets for the camera. The most daring girls perform, with selected studs and with each other in a grand orgy.

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Beautiful ravers who can liven up any male in 30 seconds flat. Soon everyone's joining in and given the chance so would you.

Video Show

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Adult Collection D

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VIDEO COLLECTIONS
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Images of Erotica

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SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** *14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmorland Rd. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St., *213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

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STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

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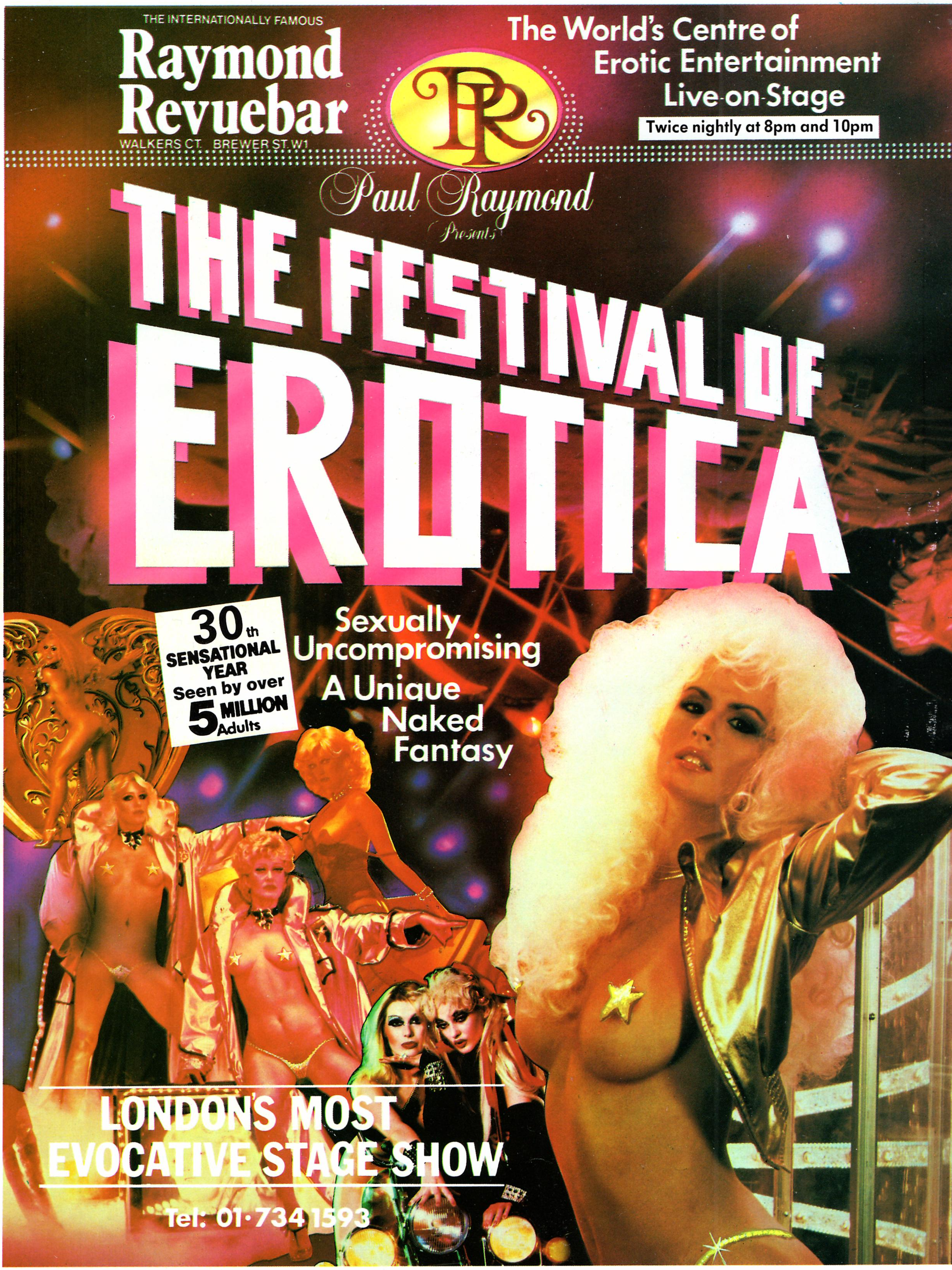

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